00140789

Drawn by R. J. Lane

Engraved by H. Robinson

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 27 February, 2016

THE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

of

WILLIAM JERDAN.

VOL. IV.

Knebworth
Herts

London.
ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE & Co
26, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1853.

00140789

THE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

WILLIAM JERDAN,

M.R.S.L., CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE REAL ACADEMIA DE LA HISTORIA OF SPAIN, &c. &c.

WITH HIS

Literary, Political, and Social Reminiscences and Correspondence

DURING THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

W Wa J

VOL. IV.

140789
a

LONDON:
ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, & Co., 25, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1853.

140789

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

TO

SIR E. L. BULWER-LYTTON.

—♦—

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am much gratified by your having done me the honour to accept the dedication of this volume to you. It may remind you of one who took the warmest interest in your early literary adventures, who rejoiced most heartily in the development of the high intellectual powers he was well aware you possessed, and who exultingly anticipates the greater aggrandisement of your fame by the stores of instruction and delight for which the world will yet be indebted to your Genius.

That you may long continue to enrich and adorn the literature of England, is the earnest wish of,

My dear Friend,

Yours most sincerely and faithfully,

W. JERDAN.

November, 1853.

CONTENTS.

Chap.		Page
I.	CRITICAL GLANCES — ALARIC A. WATTS — BYRON'S PLAGIARISMS—TOM CAMPBELL—QUAINT ANECDOTES . .	1
II.	PERSONAL NOTES ON THE WAY—GLIMPSES AT PERIODICALS AND DIFFICULTY IN PLEASING PUBLISHERS—INCIPIENT AUTHORS—GRIFFIN, ROBY, W. H. AINSWORTH, CAPTAIN WEDDELL, LORD NORMANBY, DAGLEY, CARRINGTON, PARDOE, COSTELLO—GRATEFUL FEELINGS . . .	15
III.	A FRESH START—THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES—THE NOVIOMAGIANS — BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS — THE LITERARY FUND — MISERIES OF AUTHORS — GEORGE CANNING AS THE PATRON OF LITERATURE. . .	31
IV.	EXAMPLES OF THE SELFISH—THE OPPOSITE—THOMAS HUNT —THE LAW—G. COLMAN, PRISON PORTRAITS, ANECDOTES AND APOPHTHEGMS	46
V.	REFLECTIONS ON LIFE—DEATHS OF MY BROTHER AND CHILD—MR. COLBURN, LADY MORGAN, LADY STEPNEY	62
VI.	THE PERIODICAL PRESS—CRITICISM — LAW OF LIBEL— T. MOORE—DESTRUCTION OF BYRON MANUSCRIPT— BYRON	81
VII.	T. MOORE—THE QUARTERLY REVIEW—WILLIAM GIFFORD, EARLY ORIGINAL POETRY BY HIM—WALTER HENRY WATTS—DANGEROUS JEST—CURIOUS COINCIDENCES .	104
VIII.	EGO—MY BROTHER GILBERT—THE FINE ARTS, ARTISTS, AND LORD DE TABLEY—PROPOSAL FOR PUBLISHING A HISTORY OF BRITISH FISHES	129
IX.	REMARKABLE INCIDENTS—MR. CANNING—FORMATION OF HIS ADMINISTRATION—THE DEFECTION AND OPPOSITION —PATRONAGE OF LITERATURE—ILLNESS—DEATH .	148

Chap. Page

X.—POSTHUMOUS TRIBUTE TO MR. CANNING—ANECDOTES—AN ANNOYING FELLOW LODGER—VICE-CHANCELLOR SIR JOHN STUART AT BALLAHUYLISH—HIS MOTHER—HIGHLAND STORIES — ASCENT OF BEN NEVIS — TOWN LIFE RENEWED—BUTTERFLIES AND GRUBS — EDITORIAL TROUBLES 168

XI.—SIR EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON—HIS WORKS, AND MALIGNANT CRITICS — T. HOOD—MRS. WHEELER— LADY BULWER-LYTTON — MR. DISRAELI — PUBLISHERS' PROFITS 190

XII.—G. P. R. JAMES — JOHN CARNE—J. BARTLETT—GASTRONOMIC ECONOMIES—DELUSIONS IN LITERARY SUCCESS —EMBARRASSING PRUDENCE—THE REV. DR. WARNEFORD—LAW AND LAWYERS—THE GREEK LOAN—THE CURRENCY QUESTION 210

XIII.—ANOTHER DAY WITH THEODORE HOOK—WORDSWORTH—ACKERMANN. 229

XIV.—PRIVATE LIFE—PUBLIC AS VESTRYMAN—SECRET AND POLITICAL MISSIONS—DRUMMOND CASTLE—LORD AND LADY WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY 246

XV.—FORMATION OF THE ZOOLOGICAL AND FOUNDATION OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETIES—THE FOREIGN LITERARY GAZETTE — TALLEYRAND — INTRAMURAL SEPULCHRE-CEMETERIES—THE GARRICK CLUB . . 266

XVI.—THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION — SQUABBLE WITH DR. WHEWELL, MASTER OF TRINITY—JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD, IN LONDON—EDITING FISHER'S "NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY"—THOMAS GRENVILLE—LORD ELDON 291

XVII.—OF LITERARY CHARACTERS — CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ—ROBERT MONTGOMERY—MARY ANN BROWNE—ELIZA COOK — DR. BOWRING — LADY BLESSINGTON — MRS. LOUDON—MRS. CARTER HALL 309

XVIII.—LITERARY LIST CONTINUED—GENERAL AINSLIE — SIR RUFANE DONKIN—SIR JOHN MALCOLM — DANDIE DINMONT—MR. S. PRATT—JOHN DICKINSON, F. R. S. —SIR WALTER SCOTT — COOLNESS — ABBOTSFORD SUBSCRIPTION 336

XIX.—CLUB LAW—UNIVERSAL INTERCOURSE—FALL AMONG THIEVES AND UPON EVIL DAYS — DISASTROUS CONSEQUENCES — IDLENESS — DICKENS — THACKERAY — J. FORSTER—PENSION—TESTIMONIAL . . . 351

XX.—CONCLUSION 376

APPENDIX 387

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

CRITICAL GLANCES—ALARIC A. WATTS—BYRON'S PLAGIARISMS—TOM CAMPBELL—QUAINT ANECDOTES.

An ape and a lion, a fox and an ass,
Will show how the lives of most men do pass;
They are all of them apes to the age of eighteen,
Then bold as lions till forty they've seen,
Then cunning as foxes till three score and ten,
And then they are asses, and no more men.

A dove and a sparrow, a parrot and crow,
Will show you the lives of most women also;
They are all of them doves to the age of fifteen,
Then lively as sparrows till forty they've seen,
Then chatter like parrots, until they're three score,
Then birds of ill omen, and women no more!

Old Song, some of the words a little softened.

One Mr. Ollendorff undertakes to teach you how to read, write, and speak a language in six months, and I will undertake to teach you how to criticise all that can be written in it in six weeks; I mean in the manner and to the full extent of the ability so general and so arrogant in our day. My ordeal has not been a very trying one. A few

exhibitions of spite and rancour have demonstrated a truth of which I have long been aware, namely, that gratitude was the shortest lived of human virtues; but the compensation on the other hand of liberal sentiments and generous sympathies have far outweighed the inflictions of literary coxcombic pertness, and sheer stupidity and unprovoked malevolence. Truly ashamed of my own shortcomings, for I find it is one thing to plan and another to execute, I have still comforted myself with the idea that if it must be a poor house that nobody would rob, so it must be a poor book that nobody would abuse. When I had my grin at this sort of thing, and turned over a leaf to a kind recognition and cordial eulogy from my better brethren of the pen, I could hardly help fancying my portrait photographed after the style of those ingenious professors of hirsute-chemistry, who exhibit the effects of their skill on double-dyed placards of rare attraction. Here you may observe the gentleman, with a perpendicular line of division from his middle forehead, straight down his nose, and ending at his neck. One side is of a "sad colour:" the hair is smudged by age into a dismal grey, and the old gent is anything but comely or prepossessing. But on the other side we "live at the sign of the case is altered," (as the saying is,) and magnificent raven curls, the jet of juvenility and health, afford you assurance of youthful vigour and "the front of Jove himself." In like fashion a dear sweet lady is represented; on the right coal, on the left carrots; rich in feminine beauty here, pale and sickly there; impressing the spectator (not the able newspaper of that name) with an almost painful idea of how much you may be deceived in a female, if you do not carefully examine her all roundabout.

Just so have I thought of my critically-pictured self, when glancing from the odious misfeatures of the iron-grey

and offensive carrot to the cheering traits of the living coal and curl!

Having been led to begin this volume with an allusion to the criticisms upon "my book," as Abernethy used to say, and being from my confirmed literary habits unused to put aught literary away from me, I will venture to add a few words more touching my performance. In it I have endeavoured to relate circumstances truly, to depict myself ingenuously, to speak of others faithfully, to state my opinions frankly, to express my feelings sincerely, and to season the whole with such anecdotes and pleasantries as might render it more acceptable to the general reader, or, in common parlance, more popular. Fifty years is a long time for reminiscence, and memory and talent must to a certain degree fail in reviving once vivid images, as want of judgment or just appreciation may attach too much consequence to matters of small importance. But a whole should be taken as a whole, and I have been equally puzzled and diverted by the multitude of critical and friendly missives with which I have been favoured (and much encouraged) during my progress. "I have laughed like to kill myself," says one, "at such and such a story;" "your natural touches and descriptions," says another, "have powerfully affected me; do, pray, let them fulfil their humanising effects without being marred by jokes and amusing incidents." "We are delighted; give us more of yourself," comes from a third source; and "there is, perhaps, a little too much about your personal affairs" in so and so, is the hint of No. 4. "Launch us, as you must be well able to do, more widely in the general history of the literature of your period." "Your early life and scenes in Edinburgh have restored me to the days of my youth, with a freshness I should have thought impossible," writes

a fellow septuagenerian. "I will now expect something far more interesting, since you have arrived at our own day," writes another of greener years. Without dwelling longer on the matter, than the mere indication of these "pointers," I may observe that, in my belief, there is not a single feature in the three preceding volumes of this work which has not been extravagantly praised and ("respectfully") deemed susceptible of considerable improvement, the same parts to be extended and condensed, and others to be enlarged and omitted!

> The old man, his son, and his little jackass
> Trotting along the road,

never received more various counsels than I; but, I add with pride and gratification, never with such warmth of heart and show of reason, which afforded me much to reflect upon, though I found it exceedingly difficult to amend my plan or improve the manner of executing it. A mixed and desultory life offers no opportunity for the unities; but yet I can only say in return for all the cheering voices, for which I am most thankful, and all the excellent advices of which I am unaffectedly sensible, it will be my own fault at the end of my journey if I am discovered to be carrying MY OWN ASS: and after all it is better to ride an ass that carries, than a horse that throws, you.

The true glass must reflect actual images; pain and pleasure, woes and mirth, chasing each other in our changeful course. For

> The stait of man dois change and vary,
> Now sound, now seit, now blyth, now sary,
> Now dansand mirry, now like to die.
>
> Ne stait in Erd hejr standis sicker;
> As with the wynd wavis the wickir,
> So wavis this warldis vanité.

(But I, William Jerdan cannot, with William Dunbar, add for myself)

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

But I must on to my progress, and throw the material of the past into my mind-mill, in the hope that it may work them off by something like that strange process by which we often unconsciously unwind the ravelled skein of memory, or develop thoughts from a germ we hardly knew was planted.

Among my earliest coadjutors and friends in the "Literary Gazette" was Mr. Alaric A. Watts, from whom I received many valuable contributions in prose and verse; and among them a series of articles pointing out the plagiarisms of Lord Byron, which created a considerable sensation and led to much controversy at the time. The talents of this gentleman had, whilst yet young, for literature, recommended him to the editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine," and during thirty years which have elapsed since that period, he has not only filled an eminently useful place in the periodical press, but taken a distinguished rank among the sweetest poets of the time, as well in separate publications as in the brilliant annuals which he so ably edited.

The coincidences, to say the least of them, which Mr. Watts pointed out between characters in Byron's works and characters drawn by preceding writers, and also between circumstances and language employed upon them in common, were angrily resented by the great admirers of his lordship; but still as passion is not logic nor abuse argument, there the statements and evidence remain to be sustained or refuted, as the case may be, by future commentators. The "Giaour," for instance, is traced to Mrs. Radcliffe's Schedoni, in the powerful romance of the

"Italian." Manfred is asserted to be a close combination of Marlowe's Faustus and Schiller's Moor. Sotheby's Oberon is clearly shown to have suggested much of Gulnare, and her action in the "Corsair." German authors, and little-known modern as well as ancient Italian poets, furnish many supplies in larger or smaller quantities; and English bards, of course, do not escape near imitation and even literal transcription. Young is laid under considerable contributions, and indeed the whole host from Dryden downwards. But perhaps the most humorous trait in Lord Byron's helping himself from others, lies in the profusion with which he has done so from those whom he satirised and nick-named with unsparing intemperance, such as *bustling* Botherby (Sotheby), *sonneteering* Bowles, *drowthy* Campbell, *raving* Montgomery, *stale* Scott, *ballad-monger* Southey, *turgid* Coleridge, *lewd* Moore, *simple* Wordsworth. It has been contended that the adoption of a thousand half-lines, single lines, and brief passages, do not amount to the piratical offence of plagiarism; but Lord Byron himself did not seem to be of this opinion, for he founded his critical charge against Lord Strangford for stealing from Moore, upon a solitary line. A few of the obvious resemblances after Scott may serve to illustrate (though very faintly) the nature of Mr. Watts' accusations:

A moment now he slacked his speed,
A moment breathed his panting steed.
SCOTT, *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

A moment checked his wheeling steed,
A moment breathed him from his speed.—*Giaour.*

And I the cause for whom were given
Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven.—*Marmion.*

————and she for him had given
Her all on earth, and more than all in heaven.
Of Gulnare in the Corsair.

The evening fell,
The air was mild, the wind was calm,
The stream was smooth, the dew was balm.
Lay of the Last Minstrel.

Cool was the silent sky, tho' calm,
He bathed his brow with airy balm.—BYRON.

It were too long to revive this subject with those particular details and quotations, without which its merits cannot be understood. The French literary journals took it up, and a furious contest of *les retorsions et les répliques* ensued. Then sprung up the Bowles and Byron controversy relating to Pope, provoked, according to his Lordship, by words spoken at the house of "the Nestor of our inferior race of living poets," Samuel Rogers; and the yet more violent quarrel between the noble Lord and Southey, founded on the application of the epithet "Satanic school," to him and Moore; and *a propos* of the "Literary" Gazette Exposition, I have a letter before me from Mr. Watts, who says: "I received a very flattering letter from Southey yesterday, who alluded, among other matters, with high praise, to our plagiarism papers on Lord Byron . . . . ." Mr. Watts does not mention how much Byron borrowed from d'Herbelot, which I could demonstrate; nor how much Ivanhoe was indebted to Boccacio.

Leaving, however, these battles of the books, and their authors, to be dealt with by Prince Posterity, I may note, *en passant*, a sample or two of Byron's anachronisms, recalled to memory by the grand show of Sardanapalus, as an acting drama this season. Here we find:—

My eloquent Indian! Thou speakest music,
The very chorus of the tragic song
I have heard thee talk of as the favourite pastime
Of thy far father land.

Now, as the learned and witty Maginn would remark,

Sardanapalus, in whose mouth this is put, died in the year 820 before the Christian era, and his friend, Myrrha, therefore, could hardly have talked much of the chorus of the tragic song of Greece; for this plain reason, that Thespis, the inventor of tragedy, did not flourish until the year B.C. 537, nearly three centuries after.

Again, Sardanapalus asks the same lady:—

> Myrrha, my love, hast thou thy shell in order?
> Sing me a song of Sappho, her, thou knowest
> Who in thy country threw——

But, as far as chronology is concerned, he might as well have asked her to "Sing him a Song of Sixpence," for Sappho lived about 600 years B.C.: so that Myrrha must have not only had the gift of song, but of prophecy, if she chanted the lays of her who made her appearance more than two centuries after the fair Ionian's death—that death so gloriously sung by Croly, in the "Gems from the Antique," by my loved old friend and colleague, Richard Dagley, to whom and Walter Henry Watts, the arts and artists of England owe many obligations, through the pages of the "Gazette." The Gem represents the head and countenance of the impassioned poetess as deeply dejected, and here is the inspired congenial strain:—

> Look on this brow! the laurel wreath
> Beam'd on it like a wreath of fire;
> For passion gave the living breath,
> That shook the chords of Sappho's lyre!
>
> Look on this brow! the lowest slave,
> The veriest wretch of want and care,
> Might shudder at the lot that gave
> Her genius, glory, and despair.
>
> For, from these lips were uttered sighs
> That, more than fever, scorched the frame;
> And tears were rained from these bright eyes,
> That, from the heart, like life-blood came.

She loved—she felt the lightning-gleam,
That keenest strikes the lofticst mind;
Life quenched in one ecstatic dream,
The world a waste before—behind.

And she had hope—the treacherous hope,
The last deep poison of the bowl,
That makes us drain it, drop by drop,
Nor lose one misery of soul.

Then all gave way—mind, passion, pride!
She cast one weeping glance above,
And buried in her bed, the tide,
The whole concenter'd strife of Love!

But to return to my friend Alaric Watts, with whom, during so many years, I carried on a copious literary intercourse and correspondence, always benefited by his assistance, and occasionally still more obliged to him for acting as my Lord-Lieutenant when temporarily absent from headquarters, I look back on the period with mingled emotions of pleasure and pain. Mr. Watts, like myself, did not find literature the path to fortune. Yet was he exceedingly well read, full of intelligence, cultivated in taste, superior in talent, and laborious in application. In every thing I found him straightforward, honourable, and kind-hearted; if a little warm sometimes, when we happened to differ in opinion, I will venture to record it to the credit of both, that beyond asserting our own convictions of what was due to truth in criticism, we never contravened each other for an hour.

In the retrospects of life, there are too often changes to regret more distressing to the mind than the most afflicting losses. The latter are inevitable, the conditions of existence. The former are caused by ourselves. Between Alaric Watts and I no such event ever occurred to be lamented now. He sought me first, as his senior with some experience, to advise him in his literary career. His footsteps thenceforward ran parallel to mine, and we were ever ready

to join hands for mutual help in the race. When offered engagements which he thought might be prejudicial to my interests, he, like Allan Cunningham, refused them, till exhorted by me to accept the advantageous provision. I could not suffer a generous feeling to impede their prospects; and I could only have wished that in both cases they had conducted to more crowning results. I flatter myself that what he saw of my example had some influence on Mr. Watts's course; for only three years ago, he writes to me:—"No man living, I except yourself, has ever done more for authors and artists of talent than I have done." And justly may he make this boast of himself and his efforts to serve the interest of literature and art; and I trust that he may farther follow my example, and give the public from the ample materials he must possess, an autobiographical work more worthy of its attention than it is in my power to produce—I would fain hope, without direct reference to the first verse of the heading to this chapter. It will not, I trust, be thought either too trivial or too private a trait, if I point and conclude this personal notice by quoting the pleasant manner in which my friend communicated a far more important matter to me, viz., his union with one of those women whose accomplishments and dispositions are calculated to adorn the brightest, and cheer the darkest vicissitudes of life:—"I shall call and see you directly. I have been busy since you have been from home; and, with other whims, have taken it into my head to be married! If you are sceptical, come and satisfy yourself as to the fact. This is, at all events, better than dying. Ever faithfully yours."

A few lines from another letter bear so much upon a good deal of the preceding, that I cannot refrain from copying them. "My dear friend,—On looking over the

new monthly works last evening, I could not but observe how much your 'Gazette' gives the tone of criticism. Many of these gentlemen are not quite certain which side of the question to take, whether to praise or abuse, until the ice has been broken by their *avant courier* the 'Literary Gazette.' With respect to Byron's tragedy, the opinions of the monthly harriers, *nemine contradicente*, is almost entirely consonant with your own. The 'Monthly Review' alludes *en passant* to the plagiarisms, without giving its own sentiments, and all the other journals, except the 'New Monthly Magazine,' agree in recognising the gross plunders from Otway. Blackwood, in weighing Byron's abuse of Cowper, compares him to Voltaire, who plundered from Shakespear and then vilified him, or to a man that set a house on fire, and then ran away by the light of it. "The other works condemn the play for its weakness and total want of originality."

Ranging among poets, I hope I may consider it opportune to cast a glance over my intimacy with the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," which also endured for many a year, and to the day of his death. Among the attendants at his funeral in Westminster Abbey, there were not many who mourned him more sincerely than I did, for I had participated in his eccentricities, regretted his little weaknesses, studied his better qualities, and admired his genius. Campbell's was a curiously mixed character, partaking of the sublime and the ridiculous in an extraordinary degree. In this respect there was a certain similarity between him and Goldsmith, as the latter is handed down to us in his social habits and high poetic mission—the

> ——Noll,
> Who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll.

Campbell's conversation was not of this absurd description,

but his head was easily affected, and then a remarkable jealousy respecting any merely civil courtesies from the fair sex, bestowed on others, and a puerility of manner between boyishness and coxcombry, seemed to be the attributes of the metamorphosed bard. Generally speaking, he was rather an entertaining companion, and at droll anecdote and story-telling few could surpass him. The fact is, that his brain was frequently wool-gathering, of which I can afford an instance, with which his most attached of friends and kindest of physicians (his biographer) Dr. Beattie, was not I dare say, acquainted. Tom accepted an invitation to dine with a friend in the country, who had just hired a villa for the summer months, half a dozen miles from Town. The address was communicated verbally, "near the *Green Man*, at *Dulwich*," which Campbell declared he could not forget. Owing to some confusion, however, he proceeded on the following Sunday and made his way to *Greenwich*, where he set about inquiring, in vain, for the sign of the *Dull Man*. It was suggested that he might mean the *Green Man*, at *Blackheath*, but here he was equally at fault, and the *Black Boy* somewhere near got into his head and was next tried. At length the proper direction flashed upon the tired Poet; but it was now long past the dinner hour, he was far from the place, and he sat down to his solitary chop at the nearest inn.

Perhaps he was thinking of founding the London University, or of establishing the Association for the succour of the unfortunate Poles; in both of which he took an ardent and effective part. This ardour was constitutional, and pervaded his later years. I remember him desperately in love with a fair, embonpoint, and handsome lady, who published a very nice romance, and is now the wife of another, better acquainted with banking than poetical notes;

and one day he was so smitten by a beautiful child in St. James's Park, that he put an advertisement in the newspaper to discover its residence, the result of which was excessively ludicrous. For some wags of the Hook and Co. clique, aware of the circumstances, answered the appeal, and not knowing what address to give, took the last name in the directory, a Z—— No. —, Sloane Street. Thither Campbell hurried the next forenoon in full dress, and was shown up to the drawing-room, where he found a middle-aged lady waiting to learn his errand. It was not long in being explained, and the indignant Miss Z——, on being asked to bring in her lovely offspring to gratify the longings of the poet, rushed to the bell and rang violently for her servant to show the insolent stranger to the door!

Tom told an amusing story of having a "travelling merchant," alias a bagman, foisted upon him as a bed-fellow, under a mistaken notion, in a small country inn, when travelling in Scotland; but I must content myself with a less racy preliminary. He had been stopped by the weather in the afternoon, had dined, and indulged himself with a toothpick to wile away the idle after hour. Enter chambermaid. "Sir, if ye please, are ye dune with the toothpick?" "Why do you ask? I suppose I may pick away as long as I like!" "Oh dear na, sir! for it belongs to the Club, and thae hae been met amaist an hour!" The disgust with which the instrument was thrown away may be more readily imagined than described, though he did describe it admirably.

Please ye, my worshipful readers, I think it was from Campbell, it might be from Sam Anderson or McCulloch, that I gathered the annexed characteristic Scotch facetiæ, with which I will finish this anecdotic division.

There is nothing like imitation! A baillie of Dundee,

after witnessing the Lord Justice Clerk pass sentence of death very impressively upon a criminal, happening to have a fine of eighteenpence to impose on an offender, thus solemnly addressed him: "You must therefore either go to gaol or pay the money, and the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

The minister of Renfrew was desired to pray for some newly-elected baillies, and thus he performed his apologetic duty: "I should ha'," said he, "to petition again for the sake of ithers; but, L—d, it is na worth while to trouble ye for such a set o' puir bodies!"

Rate of Interest. In a conversation which happened to turn on railway accidents and the variety of human sufferings, a bank director observed that he always felt great interest in the case of a broken limb. "Then, I suppose," said ——, "for a compound fracture you feel compound interest."

But, lest no interest at all should be felt for this episodiacal gossip, I hasten to close the page on Chapter I.

CHAPTER II.

PERSONAL NOTES ON THE WAY—GLIMPSES AT PERIODICALS AND DIFFICULTY IN PLEASING PUBLISHERS—INCIPIENT AUTHORS—GRIFFIN, ROBY, W. H. AINSWORTH, CAPTAIN WEDDELL, LORD NORMANBY, DAGLEY, CARRINGTON, PARDOE, COSTELLO—GRATEFUL FEELINGS.

> Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
> Of ilka joy while ye are young;
> Before auld age your vitals nip
> And lay ye twa-fold o'er a rung.—*Scottish Song.*

> Search we the records of an ancient date,
> Or read what modern histories relate,
> They all proclaim what wonders have been done,
> By *honest* letters taken as they run.—TICKELL.

GROVE HOUSE, Brompton, where I had established myself, as *per* last volume, was a handsome residence, and well fitted for a sanguine "Litterateur," whose fortunes were mounting rapidly and largely. George Twining was quite right in his prediction, that appearances would be productive of material benefit; and in a short time my abode became the favoured rendezvous of many individuals who had high influence, to serve the paper in the way of patronage; and of others, who possessed valuable information to communicate, or were engaged in congenial pursuits, and from whose intercourse great assistance was derived, or were launching upon the uncertain sea of public experiment

in literature, science, the fine arts, the drama, music, and adventure of every description of novelty. I assure my readers that it was a delectable position, to be the centre of all this intelligence and animation; and the spoiling of my infant years and youth, as recorded of those distant dates in Vol. I., did not fail to produce its due effect upon my mind and course of life in this fourth or fifth edition of the same sort of work. The Circean cup was gently replenished, and neither Nymph nor Sabrina could I be expected to be. Let the truth be told; no man ever enjoyed social intercourse and pleasures more intensely than I, and the intimate or casual connection with every species and degree of station, talent, and genius enhanced the enchantment—the very blacks of life making the whites more fascinating, and if the dark now and then eclipsed the bright, the bright in turn brilliantly illuminated and dispelled the dark. As I loved society, society liked me; and, without my making a boast of it, the mere particulars of my narrative must show that I was a good deal courted, and not a little esteemed. I do not know that I deserved so much kindness. All I had to offer for it were the manners of a gentleman—the feeling implanted in me by nature, which unconsciously inspires the tact never to hurt the feelings of others; that general acquantance with all sorts of affairs which my situation brought me; a tolerable gift for ready and agreeable conversation; and the perfect *bonhommie* of a good listener to all in the ring, and a warm admirer of the wit and wisdom of my companions of every class. Such were the few and humble accomplishments which made me no ordinary success in the best circles.

Keeping such company, and aided by such associations, the "Gazette" climbed quickly to such a degree of authority and influence in the literary world, and generally with

the public, that it would be very difficult to form an idea of it now, when great changes have been wrought on periodical and serial literature. Abroad it was all sunshine and flourishing; and at home all gratulation and harmony. My co-proprietors were reaping a golden harvest from my exertions, and the powerful house of Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown,.and Green threw in its help cordially to promote the common interest. Regular as clock-work the accounts were kept in Paternoster-row, and I had neither care nor trouble with them. In due time, quarterly, they were made up, and my pleasant task was to journey thither, and sign my name in the ponderous ledger, which held hundreds of other accounts, receive my third dividend, whatever it appeared to be, dine with the firm, and drink more success to the "Journal of Belles Lettres" in a bumper.*

I am the more particular in describing this process, because it was, at a very late period of my life, the main cause of much distress and pain to me. I was legally called upon to produce my books, but I had none, and never had; and the law, which, with its inflexible impartiality, knows nothing of shades or distinctions, fitted me to its bed of Procrustes, utterly regardless of the fact that it was no fault of mine not to fall within the exact measure.

There is an old proverb, "The simple man's the beggar's brother;" and, as far as my observation has gone, the easy good-natured man is at least his cousin.

It may be remembered that the period at which I have

* Considering the shortness of the time that has elapsed, the almost entire change of manners in respect to the open-house entertainment of authors by publishers is very striking. For a hundred years we read of these frequent days of meeting, and the social intercourse of men of various intellectual attainments and men of the world. Till within the last twenty years they were common in London, and productive of many advantages to all parties. Now we are more refined and elegant, and an occasional formal company has superseded the good old festive custom of The Trade.

arrived was one of buoyant prosperity; and was succeeded by a monetary and commercial panic of the most disastrous character, and spread over every class of the community. It was *sauve qui peut* with all; the wealthy and secure drew in their resources, and the less provided, the indebted and the embarrassed, were thrown into the common smash. None felt the shock more severely, as I have already intimated, than the paper interests, publishing, bookselling, printing, and stationery, with all their connections and ramifications. The Government "Gazette" was filled with bankruptcies, and fear pervaded the City with the anticipation of who should be the next. The two grand divisions of London became very ominously distinct; on one side of the barrier the rich or apparently rich, and on the other the poor or apparently poor (for you may hide wealth, but you cannot conceal poverty); those who could and those who could not "meet their engagements." A good many of my well-to-do associates succumbed in the *melée*; not from want of substance, but from want of the ready capital to carry them through; for at such times, when so many are borrowers and so few lenders, the customary accommodations are suspended, loans are called in, and the evil is increased and propagated throughout the mercantile world.

My worthy printer, for example, had just erected one of the most perfect printing houses in town (viz., the Temple, in Bouverie-street, now a great chemical warehouse), and thereby so diminished his immediate resources, that he could not sustain the pressure, and those who, under usual circumstances, could and would have helped him through, were themselves in dread, if not in danger, and their good wishes of no avail.* It was my lot to suffer

* My old and esteemed friend, John Britton, notices these circumstances in his autobiography, and in his usual just and kindly spirit.—W. J.

considerably on the occasion. My bank credit was closed, and the advances reclaimed; and all around, everybody was urgent for everything due to them. It was fortunate I was in the flourishing condition I have stated; and yet it was with much loss and some difficulty that I succeeded in consolidating my incumbrances into a bond, with my share of the "Literary Gazette" as security for 3284*l.*, to be paid off by quarterly payments of 125*l.*, equal to 500*l.* a year. Thus the beginning of my promised seven years of plenty, after the hard working-up of seven years of famine, was beset by an exhausting drain upon the future. Messrs. Twinings held the bond, and to them and Messrs. Longman and Co. some five-sixths of it were due. I had previously raised 1600*l.* on an annuity in Rochdale, upon which, with a life assurance, the premium and interest were mounted up to the ruinous pitch of 184*l.* 2*s.* 4*d.* per annum, payable half-yearly; and thus, overweighted, I had need of all my growing means to discharge these heavy obligations, which was regularly done—the first being cleared off, and the last only falling into arrear at a late date, when principal and a fair interest had been paid over and over again.

Unless the literary pursuit had succeeded with me beyond my deservings, I could not have faced, and far less have borne, so sinking a load: as it was, the turn of the tide was "hard to bide," and bound me to shallows and dangerous flats for a long apprenticeship. An expensive house-rent and premiums on life assurances for family provision, augmented the evil; and the intense wish that I were in my cheap little box of a cottage again, was only aggravated by the impossibility of retreating thither. I was tied to the stake, and Hope told a flattering tale, which I was little inclined to disbelieve; for I had not

learnt the prudence which so generally secures the advancement and fortune of the brave and wise in London competition of every description, and whose rule (worthy of being written in letters of gold) is to live on one-third of their income, retain another third to meet contingencies or reverses, and lay by the last third for sickness or old age. Such I believe to be nearly the plan by which credit is most firmly established, independence thoroughly based, and wealth and honour attained by the numerous and exemplary commercial class, which it is the boast of our mighty metropolis to possess. I speak not to the literary alone, but to every portion of my younger readers when I adjure them, if it be in their power, to adopt this scheme for their welfare and happiness, and endure everything in order to accomplish the most desirable end. Let them exclaim with Smollett—

> Thy spirit, Independence, let me share;
> Lord of the lion-heart and eagle eye—
> Thy steps I'll follow, with my bosom bare,
> Nor heed the blast that howls along the sky.

The blasts of debts and poverty are a thousand times more disastrous and fatal.

One fortunate point was, that if my own independence was threatened, that of the journal I edited never was compromised; though nothing was more diligently asserted and propagated by parties concerned in imitative and rival publications. They were the true men, and the "Gazette," a mere publisher's hack. If it were so, I can only say that the great majority of publishers must be a very ungrateful set; for from that day to this, they never did what was worth thanks either for me or my works. But it was not the case. My partner, Mr. Colburn, was so offended by my impartiality, that he purchased a large

share in the "Athenæum," and threw away a very considerable sum upon the support it tried to give him whilst it was equally ineffectual in its endeavours to injure his property in the "Literary Gazette."* The following is another example of such charges and vindication of my course. Mr. Whittaker having made a complaint to Mr. Orme, the letter was enclosed to me, and ran thus :—

"Ave Maria Lane.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I am sorry to see unmanly remarks in the 'Literary Gazette' on works that I publish so frequently occur, and as no critic can always be wise, I have but little doubt but works which pass through my hands will, on the average, sell equally the same, whether noticed in a kind or wanton manner by that journal.

"Having considerable power in sending advertisements, I am under the necessity of stating, if such practices are continued I must withhold sending any to the 'Literary Gazette,' and in thus expressing myself, I feel certain that your feelings are with mine, and

"Believe me,

"Yours very truly,

"GEO. B. WHITTAKER."

My answer on receiving this will prove that the "Gazette" was not undeserving of the confidence reposed in its honesty by the public.

* Mr. Buckingham had previously offered to sell the Athenæum to me, and about this time the Lit. Chronicle, the property of Mr. Davidson, printer, was also desirous to be bought up; but Athenæums, Museums, New Literary Gazettes, Somerset House Gazettes, and other imitative rivals of "the Gazette" made so little way with the public that my co-partners did not think it worth while to pay, even a trifle, for their copyrights.

"C. ORME, ESQ.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I fancy Mr. Whittaker would have the 'Gazette conducted as his own weekly journals were; and consequently to sell as many and last as long. This complaint, however, *just now*, is very extraordinary: for, if you will take the trouble to refer to the last four weeks' papers, you will find that ten of his publications have been noticed, and all with praise, except one rubbishy novel, in which he had no interest.

"It is utterly impossible to produce a review which shall always be puffing: and every person of common sense must feel that individual pretensions, like those set up in our friend Whittaker's letter, must be contemned if we mean to cultivate an honest reputation with the general reader.

"I shall write Mr. W. a note which, I trust, will satisfy him.

"And am,

"W. J."

"G. B. WHITTAKER, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have been greatly surprised by receiving a letter from you to Mr. Orme, complaining of 'wanton' and 'unmanly' criticism on your publications, in the 'Literary Gazette;' and threatening to withhold your advertisements if 'such practices are continued.' Of course you are the best judge of the proper mode of managing your own affairs, and you will do in this respect whatever you deem most advantageous. I should be sorry to see you consult your own interest so little as to do what you say.

"With regard to the terms you apply to the reviews, I am much astonished at them. My feelings towards you are

friendly in every way, and as far as can be done consistently with truth (from which I will not depart for all the advertisements in London) I am, and ever have been, disposed to speak kindly and even favourably of your works. And be assured, that indiscriminate praise is not the course to serve any publisher; at any rate, I will not sacrifice my independence and integrity by making the 'Gazette' its organ.

"But what increases my wonder, on this occasion, is the want of foundation for the charge. I have just looked at the four last 'Gazettes,' and find—

"No. 457.—1. Kitchener's Economy of the Eyes. Commended.
2. Greek Epigrammatica. Highly praised.
3. Herban, a Poem. Said to be of much promise.
4. Hubert's Museum. Praised, for which the author has sent his thanks.
No. 458.—5. Memoirs of Monkeys. Praised.
6. Highest Castle, &c. Declared what it is—rubbish.
7. Camisard. Reported to be a respectable novel.
No. 459.—8. Flora Conspicua. Much commended.
No. 460.—9. Clara Gazul. Commended in a way to sell it.
10. Natural History of the Bible. Highly praised.

"Thus it appears of your ten publications noticed in last month, *nine* have been favourably treated, and only *one* rebuked. In the forthcoming number your 'Norman History' will also be highly spoken of; and it really does seem to me, that you cannot have seen the 'Gazette' yourself; but must have taken up your opinion from somebody's assertion, without the least examination or inquiry.

"However, all that I have to say is, that I wish you well, and shall continue to do so; no matter how you act towards the 'Literary Gazette.' As for that journal, I will not give up one jot of its fairness, impartiality, or justice, to conciliate all the publishers in London. I am,

"W. J."

I put this single proof forward to show the principles on which I invariably acted; and from which I never swerved, because I do not believe that any periodical and its editor, were ever exposed to the industrious circulation of systematic falsehood in a greater degree than the "Literary Gazette" and myself for many years.

The "Traditions of the Western Highlands," written by Dr. Maclean, recommended by the present estimable Vice-Chancellor, John Stuart, formed a series of extremely popular papers; and Gerald Griffin,* introduced by Dr. Maginn, became an occasional contributor to the "Gazette." This amiable and accomplished writer soon inspired me with a sincere regard; and led to circumstances on which I can look back, even at this distance of time, with melancholy satisfaction; for I had welcomed his earlier productions with great commendation, and had it now in my power to cheer him in his literary toils, and ultimately to smooth parts of the rugged path which consigned him to a premature grave.

Mr. John Roby, a banker at Rochdale, and author of "Traditions of Lancashire," "The Duke of Mantua, a Tragedy," and other successful productions, also became a literary connection and friend, till his sad death two years ago, by the wreck of a steam-packet, between Liverpool and Edinburgh, severed another of those intimacies, woven with golden threads, to embellish the web of our mortal pilgrimage. Mr. Roby was endowed with much fancy and talent; and in the midst of important business cares, could not resist the bent of his mind, but pursued the fascinations of poetry and legendary lore with an earnest affection. He had the most extraordinary ear for music that I ever met with, and of the susceptibility of which I can give no other idea, than that it acted upon tones or chords,

* See Appendix, A.

as the prism acts upon a ray of light, and enabled him to discern every compound element as it were separately and distinctly. He had also a fine taste for natural scenery, and excelled in describing it. To him I was under many obligations.

"My Grandfather's Legacy," was one of Miss Pardoe's early efforts, and well received in many successive numbers; and Miss Costello, who I presume tried her girl-powers on the stage, in the year when the "Literary Gazette" first issued from the press, was now evincing her charming qualities in the more lasting arena of literature. About this time the Marquis of Normanby, then Lord Mulgrave, manifested his adhesion to literary pursuits by publishing his novel of "Matilda," and Sir Henry Bulwer, since so highly distinguished as a diplomatist, did the same by his "Autumn in Greece."

Mr. W. H. Ainsworth, in 1826, began his literary career with "Sir John Chiverton," a romance in one volume, and of some promise.*

Captain Weddell, too, returned from his antarctic voyage, and reminding the world of the Baffins, and Davises, and Willoughbys of elder times, by his extraordinary achievements in a merchant ship, was added to the number of friends, with whom every year, and such literary occurrences as I have noted, increased my ample store, and improved that happy intercourse to which I owed so much of personal regard and public influence.†

After years have rendered it necessary for me, in justice to myself, to dwell a little more on these points than might otherwise have been requisite, even in an autobiography, but I wish to assert, before the time of doubt or

* See Appendix, B. † See Appendix, C.

contradiction is past, and have it understood in candour to my memory, that my literary duties were most conscientiously performed, and will be trustworthy so long as their record commands a reference; that the great effect exercised by the organ under my direction lost nothing of its force by being generous and kindly;* and that a quarter of a century, with its human share of cares, toils, troubles, and sorrows, also witnessed thousands of reciprocal good offices or grateful feelings, arising out of my ability to serve my fellow-creatures, and the liberal, unstinted use I made of it. I have blown my trumpet in favour of many a one; and I am not anxious about any remarks which may be provoked by my indulgence in this defiant blast in praise of myself. And further, as some counterpoise to the opinions and assertions I have quoted in the preceding chapter, I shall beg leave, from the letters of three months at this period, to extract a few miscellaneous selections, in order to show my position, and the esteem in which I was held.

Mr. Lupton Relfe, publisher, writes: "I have sent two sets of proofs of 'Whims and Oddities.' You have indeed a strong claim on me. Your review of the 'Whims' has been, I imagine, the sole cause of its rapid sale. I have already disposed of 600 copies without a single advertisement."

Mr. Dagley, the author of "Death's Doings," (to which I contributed †): "It was not without a portion of alarm, mingled with the pleasureable emotions (raised by your kindness and partiality) that I saw my individual character and talents so highly rated; nor am I now entirely free

* I cannot lift a handful of the letters addressed to me during these many years without finding the majority of them full of acknowledgments for courtesies shown and benefits conferred.

† See Appendix, D.

from anxiety on that account. But it is impossible that I should feel other than grateful for the overflowing of your good will. Nor were the passages alluded to read by my family without a strong (I may say a brimful) sense of it; for their eyes gave tokens of their feelings for the favourable view in which your notice had placed me."

Mr. Britton, with vol. iv. "Architectural Antiquities:" "I submit it with confidence to your head and heart, knowing that one can discriminate, and the other feel for and sympathise with fellow-labourers in the literary vineyard."

Mr. N. T. Carrington, author of "Dartmoor," &c., &c.: "I beg leave to return you my most grateful thanks for the very kind notice which you have been pleased to take of my poem, 'Dartmoor.' The 'Literary Gazette' was sent to me this morning by the minister of the parish of Wembury, and no person unacquainted with the hopes, the fears, the pains, and perils of authorship, can tell how sweet was that moment. God bless you and him; for it is probable it may be the means of rescuing me and my little ones from the ruin which hung over us." *

Felix Macdonogh, author of the "Hermit in London:" "My heart sickens when I have to name my distresses to any one, but the agonising pressure of suffering wrings lamentation from me; and as it is only from good feelings and benevolent minds that we can hope for relief, or even sympathy, I do address you in boundless confidence. * * [What was needed need not be told, let it suffice that it was described as] an additional obligation added [men in misery do not write in the best style] to others engraven in indelible characters on the heart of your unfortunate but faithful servant, F. M."

* See Appendix E.

Mr. Charles Ollier (asking an especial act of favour): "Therefore step out of your way for once and do a kindness to me, as you have done already, in many ways, to hundreds. I do not mean as regards the pages of the 'L. G.,' but in your private capacity."

Sir F. Freeling: "I unfeignedly hope and trust, for the sake of your family, that you will reap the benefits of your exertions in behalf of others. The inhabitants of the Row are not of a generous race."

Allan Cunningham (introducing F. W. Smith, a sculptor, for my good offices, and with a request to execute my bust): "If you will oblige him in this, I am sure you will please many friends, for the result will be an admirable portrait of the far-famed editor of the 'Literary Gazette.' He must take you not in one of your ireful moods, but when you have got some delightful work to praise and admire, that we may have what ladies call a pleasing likeness."

Rev. G. R. Gleig, author of the "Subaltern," and now Chaplain-General to the Forces, at Ash, at the end of April, (and the close of an important politico-literary confidence): "Come and see me. Now is the time when trout begin to play, and the hedges are putting on their liveliest green. Come, and kill the one, and enjoy the other. Yours most truly."

"T. B. C. must do violence to his feelings did he not return his warmest thanks to Mr. Jerdan for his unexampled kindness to him. He assures Mr. J. that he expected no more than the trifle mentioned in his last note for the article in question; but in T. B. C.'s present situation, such assistance as Mr. J. has afforded him is of incalculable benefit. He is truly sorry that the matter furnished, and promised, is of so little value to Mr. J.; and deeply regrets that his health and abilities are not better, to enable him,

by some intellectual exertion, to make an adequate return for such kindness."

I conclude with a letter from Mr. G. Twining, as affording some traits of my character, and the agreeable condition in which I stood with my bankers till the revolution of 1825-6.

"Monday Night.
"'Tis now the witching time of night,'
"i. e. past 12.

"My dear Sir,

"Unless your draft for 40*l.* wishes to travel to the south, having lately come 'north about,' it shall pass to your credit with our house. On my return from the city this morning, I found a note from you directed to me. I read the first and second passages over and over again, endeavouring in vain to comprehend them, and thinking they were some literary effusions which I could not comprehend, but at last I felt convinced they were not intended for me, and '*vix ea nostra voco.*' It is very tantalising to come on Wednesday to shake hands with me, when I am gone. I *rise* with the lark on Wednesday, and *settle* with it to rest, I hope, at Calais.

"How can I get a quarter's 'Literary Gazette' at Göttingen for Mr. Rothschild? Pray, if you can, let me know to-morrow (Tuesday). Remember the third Sunday in August. Will you be kind enough to tell the archdeacon [Pott] I am much disappointed, &c., and introduce my ladies.

"I spent some time this morning with Mr. Cartwright. He has not found out the way of making pain turn into pleasure as it were by the touch of Harlequin's wand, nor does he *suppose* he has; but certainly by his kind and

soothing manner, and his agreeable and sensible conversation, he has made me *submit*—no easy matter!—to pain, and he has robbed it of much of its sting. Believe me, that,

"'Where'er I turn, whatever realms I see,'

"I shall be, my dear Sir,

"Sincerely yours,

"G. T.

"I assure you I did not mean this for rhyme."

A critic, fancying himself really a-top of his profession, must flatter himself that he is a wiser and a better man than the author upon whom he pronounces judgment. The Samo-Thracian Aristarchus alone could be his prototype; and woe to the dog that should attempt to bark in his awful presence. It is thus that we have so many literary mountains in labour, and such puny births, or rather abortions; such pop-guns, discharged as if they were heaven's hoarse artillery; such dogmatic airs assumed by ignorance; such connoisseurship paraded by want of taste; and, above all, such intolerance, pretending to vast superiority, either in consequence of a want of self-examination or a far more unpardonable hypocrisy.

Do not these few epistolary extracts, taken without selection from among thousands, prove that there may be a better order of things in the relations of literature; and convince young hands emulous of distinction, that the snarling of mischievous curs is not half so useful as the barking of honest house-dogs.

CHAPTER III.

A FRESH START—THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES—THE NOVIOMAGIANS — BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS — THE LITERARY FUND—MISERIES OF AUTHORS—GEORGE CANNING AS THE PATRON OF LITERATURE.

> So, by the sleep of many a human heart
> The crowd of men may bear their busy part,
> Where wither'd, or forgotten, or subdued,
> Its noisy passions have left solitude :—
>
> Ah ! little can they trace the hidden truth,
> What waves have moved it in the vale of youth !
> And little can its broken chords avow
> How once they sounded.—All is silent, now !
>
> ANON. *On an old Water-wheel.*

THE weighty affairs of 1826 arranged, there was something like new life, and a new start. After the storm, the world began to look up again among my old friends and associates, and energy and enterprise were again awakened in the public generally. I felt my full share in the impulse, and zealously took my part in the revived order of things. I became a member of the Society of Antiquaries, being proposed (as I see by a note from Sir H. Ellis) by Mr. Gwilt, Mr. Woodfall, Mr. P. Vere, Dr. Thomas Rees, &c. ; and for some time I felt much interest in the society. But I contributed only two communications : one on a golden

grasshopper, found in a very ancient Greek tomb ; and the other, on the forms of money of all ages and nations, such as shells, ring-money, perforated money, links of chains, hook-shaped, weighed, round, &c. &c., as adapted to the habits and costumes of the people ; a subject which, in my opinion, would furnish curious matter for much research, and an essay far longer than could be presented to any learned body. As years accrued, I found that my eight guineas entrance, and four guineas per annum subscription, met with no adequate return, or inducement to continue a member ; for not having time to hunt him up, I never could get papers or volumes of the "Archæology" from the then fat, contented, and rosy official, of the name of Martin, and I therefore discontinued my attendance ; and, as the Quakers say, was "read out," or ceased to belong, though still procuring the reports of the meetings for insertion in the "Gazette," and otherwise supporting the institution by all means in my power.

Among the incidents connected with this event, was the formation of a social club of F.S.A.'s, who found the transactions of the parent society as little attractive as I did, and who adopted the illustrious Roman name of Noviomagians, in honour of the lost city of Noviomagus, which they asserted they had identified near Bromley in Kent, and close to the rural retreat so much enjoyed by the illustrious William Pitt. Thither, in commencing our career, we went to dig and dine, and certainly turned up a few bits of broken pottery on the spot ; but whether actually taken from the bosom of the earth, or carried there by some humourist of the party, I am as unable to determine as any original inhabitant of the city, if now called on, would be. For, in fact, though united under a sonorous title, and pertaining to a very grave association, this offshoot of the Antiquaries was any thing but

solid and serious. On the contrary, all the members assumed heterogeneous offices, and with Lord High Presidents, Lord High Constables, Lord Keepers, Lord Treasurers, Father Confessors, Poet-Laureates, Keepers of Records, &c., &c., the monthly meetings were full of fun, and, sometimes, practical jokes, conducive to great merriment. But in the midst of these high-jink enjoyments, it must not be thought that the real business of Archæological inquiry and science was quite neglected. Papers of rare interest were communicated at almost every meeting; valuable antiquities, recently discovered, were submitted for judgment; and inscriptions, seals, instruments, ancient documents, coins, &c. &c., were carefully inspected and made out. To say that these productions were infinitely superior to those, contemporaneously, of the National Society, is saying very little in their favour. They were, independently of squibs and crackers of every description, often exceedingly instructive, and always entertaining; and sometimes not the less so from being of a character unfit for public reading or discussion. So good were many of the Evenings, that I should not be surprised if, at some future day, a history, and specimens of them, should appear in print for the gratification of the outer world. I think the idea originated with Mr. R. Balmanno, at the time so intimately concerned in the promotion of the Fine Arts and Institutions for the benefit of Artists, and his early companions comprehended the late Mr. R. Lemon, of the State Paper Office (gorged with remarkable pieces of information), Mr. A. J. Kempe, the Roman antiquary; Mr. Newman, of London-bridge celebrity; Mr. G. P. Corner, of Southwark, an able archæologist; Mr. T. C. Croker, who has made his name known by writing on local Irish remains; Mr. Windus (with his fine museum); Mr. Rosser, Mr. Brandreth, all

assiduous and noted archæologists ; two or three of whom, I believe, yet keep up the tone of the Noviomagians, in union with younger blood filling the ranks of the dead, and of elder members, who grieved too much for the departed friends of their jests and hilarity, to be able to enjoy the same spirit with fresh levies in recruited combinations, where—

> A narrower circle seems to meet
> Around the board—each vacant seat
> A dark and sad remembrance brings.

I have known few comrades whose loss I more deeply mourned than those of Lemon, Kempe, Brandreth, and Rosser, each of whom was warm in personal attachment, and valuable contributors to the "Literary Gazette." Boon, kindly-natured, and full of intelligence, the light of their wonted places became dark to me.

In other societies I took an earnest part. From 1821 I was a member of the Horticultural ; a steward at two of its festivals, whilst the "Gazette" was an efficient organ for making known and accelerating its progress. To the Artists' Fund, and the Artists' Benevolent Fund, I rendered similar homage during all my literary time, besides being a constant subscriber to them. In truth, there was not a benevolent institution in London to which I did not contribute with pen and purse ; and, above all, the Literary Fund was an object of my zealous and ceaseless exertion, and in the recollection of the few of its remaining best friends, I will add that I devoted more time, and did more for it in bringing in new supporters and liberal subscriptions than any individual that ever took an interest in its administration. Only the founder Mr. Williams, the Earl of Chichester, who obtained the charter, Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, whose efforts never failed, and, from his position,

were productive of great benefits, could compete with me for utility and productiveness; though there were then other warm and feeling allies, whose cordiality and humanity partook not of the coldness, and statistical economics of the present day. The Rev. Dr. Yates, the soul of goodness and charity, was secretary; and after the business of the monthly meetings was over, a majority of the leading vice-presidents and members of the council and committee, were accustomed to dine together at the adjacent Freemasons' Tavern; Sir B. Hobhouse, even after gout seemed to defy him, generally taking the chair, and promoting, together with the sociality of its official friends, the utmost pecuniary resources and beneficent purposes of this, at any rate, kindly apology for the debt due to literature, and almost repudiated by the British nation. To these dinners, men of rank, fortune, and influence were invited by individuals, and, by the end of the season, so pleasant had their system of recruiting been, there was hardly a steward to seek for the ensuing anniversary, and already had a generous amount of subscriptions been secured. By such means was the Literary Fund raised, and enabled to exalt its head on high; endowed with a large realisation of capital, and made so far independent of the aid to be derived from the anniversary celebrations. In this good work, I call to mind, with affectionate regard, the earnest and valuable co-operation of such individuals as the late Mr. Christie, by whom I was introduced to the society, Mr. William Tooke, Mr. Britton, and other warm-hearted friends of suffering authors. With me it was a favourite custom, when any money was inadvertently or ignorantly sent to the "Gazette" for illegitimate purposes (any which could not be returned), to impound it for the Fund; and from this source frequent and considerable subscriptions were derived. From the

Marquis of Normanby, on one literary occasion, I acquired 50*l.*, and from Mr. G. P. R. James, on another, 67*l.*, by negotiating the sale of manuscripts confided to me for publication, and handing over the proceeds; and one curious accident procured a pleasing addition. In one of my walks near Grove House, I met a feeble old man, poorly clothed, and appearing as if he had seen better days. Touched by the circumstance, I spoke with him, and made an offer of a small sum of silver, half-a-crown, which he gratefully declined. To my surprise, I discovered that he was the wealthy father-in-law of the wife of a friend of mine, who happened to know me personally, and told of our encounter with a good laugh at my intended charity. The result, however, was 20*l.* by J. A., through W. Jerdan, to the Literary Fund, as published in the subscription lists for years, till I was disconnected with the administration. And this I notice as a just cause of complaint from a leading benefactor. The above and other contributions ought never to have been obliterated from these records, were it only for the encouragement of others; but they have been dropped out; and it is nowhere publicly intimated that such a person as W. J. ever successfully exerted himself to advance the prosperity of this excellent institution. A dislike to new principles in the grants, a cabal, and a paltry insult, which I thought the official authorities ought to have taken up, caused me to retire from it; yet with every warm wish for its increase and liberal and humane management. There have been some vexatious quarrels and difficulties since, but I trust the charity has not only not been permanently injured by them, and that, being got over, it is steering its way according to the compass of its launch and early voyage, succouring the helpless and sinking, without too much fine-drawing about their cases and claims,

and accumulating more and more means by which this succour may be more and more extended. I should think it right to insist that, as in the olden times, the humbler labourers in the literary field have as just a claim to proportionate relief from the fund, as their more eminent brethren whom adversity has thrown upon its bounty. It was never created for officers alone; but also, and equally, for privates in the ranks—which distinction was lost sight of, but has I hope been revived.

The Guild of Literature now so generously supported, and, with the aid of its popular dramatic adjuncts, making its prosperous way, is an enlarged and probably more skilfully modelled adoption of a plan proposed by me to the Literary Fund, about which I was very sanguine for several years. The promise of Crown-lands, free, in Essex, and some powerful co-operation, including a list of donations, amounting to above 1000*l.*, induced me to believe that augmented subscriptions and the volunteer gift of MSS. for publication, would enable us to found quiet and pleasing retreats for the reception of unsuccessful and worn out authors—upon whom house-rent is generally the most grievous of their burdens—but a party in the committee of management opposed the design, and to my great regret I was foiled in my earnest endeavour to carry this favourite project into execution.

In truth I was intensely devoted to the interests of the Fund, and exerted myself in every way to enrich it, as well as to see to the sympathising administration of the succours it afforded; which is one of its most irresistible claims to universal support. It was in the personal distribution of many of these grants that I witnessed so much of the utter miseries of able and accomplished men of the literary class, as filled me with the deepest sorrow at the time, and has

left that impression on my mind, of the too frequent wretchedness and helplessness incident to the pursuit of literature, which cannot be effaced, and has perhaps grown into almost a morbid feeling.

It may be, I trust, some apology for that feeling, and some recommendation of the Literary Fund, to more of the public support than in spite of its deserving it has ever under any circumstances received, to glance at two or three cases in which I was requested by my considerate coadjutors to see to the most prompt and beneficial application of the relief. In one instance, a poor "low" case, for which, with the disposition to which I have alluded to afford no help except to writers somewhat distinguished, there was some difficulty in obtaining a vote of 10*l.*, I went to the address, not far from my residence in Brompton, and found, in a single apartment, a broker's man in possession on an execution for rent, a dead child of two or three years of age on a rug in a corner, a living mother and a living baby on the semblance of a bed, covered with a horse-cloth, on the floor, and the "Literary Man," who had really written some creditable productions, sitting stupified, like an impersonation of Apathy, on a broken chair. Good God! let any one trust their imagination to this heart-breaking scene. I was a "literary man" too, but in ostensible wealth, and certainly with every enjoyment of life in Grove House, within three minutes' walk of my unhappy contemporary. Well, immediate necessities were supplied by the agency of the assistant broker, who took my word for the settlement of his charge, and partook, I believe, of the supper he brought in, before he departed; the corpse was buried, and, as the landlord fell within the range of my numerous acquaintances, I had influence enough to compromise all matters, and release my hapless client with a few pounds in

his pocket. I will yield the truth for the argument of my adversaries in the Fund, the relief was only temporary and ineffectual; but it did change the chamber of ruin and mortality, as I have stated, and it entailed on myself a claim for trifling assistance which I answered, for years, till I lost sight of the poor author, who in one of his applications writes thus: "I almost despair of your calling the circumstances to mind. [I never could forget them.] Since that period my ills have multiplied tenfold. Penury, illness, almost madness have made me their sport by turns, and I am even more like a spectre than a man." He then tells me of Tales for which he had received a Minerva press price, after twelve visits to the city, viz., ten shillings! and adds some acknowledgment for my having cheered him in sickness and sorrow.

I am not boasting of such things, for they have been a portion of my nature and life. I could not help them. And yet I instance them with an approving conscience, to point the way to consolatory reflections in later years, to those who, in connection with the Fund and the press, are treading in my footsteps. Towards the end, in prosperity or misfortune, they will assuredly be made sensible of the difference between having employed their power (small or great) in assisting or depressing, in cherishing or crushing their fellow strugglers. For be they as proud and self-confident as they may, I need not inform them it is, or has been, a struggle with them all, from penny-a-liners, through all gradations, to the crack favourites of the time.

An almost similar case led me, entrusted with a larger aid, to meet the exigencies of an author of much higher character—one indeed of the ornaments of our national literature, and it so happened that I could not fulfil my mission till late on the Saturday—between evening and

night at Pentonville. The letter I had received spoke, it is true of an "afflicted situation," which as regarded the writer he should have esteemed a trifle; but his "family *commanded* immediate assistance." I was not prepared for a condition, if possible more wretched than the preceding;—far more wretched, for there had been penurious respectability, appearances to keep up, gentility to preserve, and sensibilities more acutely affected by these accidental misfortunes. I do not think that distress is always aggravated by the mere difference of position, for in the depths of woe there is great equality between the lower and the upper orders; but there is something in the humiliation of those who have stood high which affects the minds of the spectator with more of pity, and must add some degree of poignancy to the sufferings of the unhappy. In the instance to which I am alluding, I encountered a situation, if possible more deplorable from the contrast and unexpected extent of the affliction, than the former. There too was death, bare walls in consequence of the removal of furniture under a distress, and absolute want. The Saturday night had come, not only without a provision for the Sabbath morrow, but without a meal for pressing hunger. It was dreadful. I almost cursed myself for not having hurried up on the Friday, which I might have done but for my indispensable editorial duties; and I hastened to do myself, as well as I could, what the broker's man had shown me the way to do. I believe that I sent in as much meat from the butcher's shop as would have subsisted the inhabitants for a fortnight, and a tolerable supply from the baker's and the tavern, and (finding the warehouse open) something like a dozen of blankets, and a counterpane or two. This occupied me several hours, and when I got back, my friend, as he was for all his after life, had returned from a useless excursion

into the money land; and so I supped with him and his wife about eleven o'clock and approaching the small hours, was so elevated that I was glad of a cab to carry me from Pentonville to Brompton. If my weight was as light as my heart, the horse had little to draw; which, however, made no difference in the driver's drawing as usual upon my good nature and hatred of dispute.

Prisons and hospitals presented appeals no less appalling. It was fearful to contemplate the degradation and torture to which men of intellectual endowments and talent were reduced by the enthusiasm of their natures and the incertitude of their efforts, their fallacious devotedness and too common defeat. The authors of "Wine and Walnuts," and "The Hermit in London," which were so popular in the "Literary Gazette," could not, with all their exertions, resist the appointed fate. Old age, penury, and neglect withered and sank them in the grave. Imagine the pang of having an application for a sovereign made from an individual of literary note with whom you have met for years on terms of social intimacy, and to be thanked for averting starvation, with the apology, "I would not otherwise have appealed to you, knowing that one of your benevolent constitution, even at the best of times accustomed to think so little of Self, at such a period as this would not fail when let into the secret of my troubles, and my utter destitution of means. But I was taken unprepared, and my last shilling engulfed in the vortex of that bottomless gulf which I fear will for ever remain open, to the terror and misery of those circumstanced like myself." He was by this time lodged in gaol; one of the most ingenious men of the day, both with pen and pencil.

I might multiply these melancholy tales* through a

* Some of the inferior order, but still exhibiting abilities which, in any

whole volume, and the simple narratives would need no attempt at pathos to point the sad varieties of human sufferings which they involved; but, deplorable as my evidence would be, I will rather prefer the corroborative testimony of other witnesses, whose sentiments on the subject of literary distress and the futile nature of literary pursuits will not, perhaps, be so angrily impugned as, in certain quarters, mine have been. Bernard Barton, probably influenced by Charles Lamb's half querulous, half sportive complaints of the "slavery of the desk," to which he was pinned in the India House, talked of giving up his situation in the Bank, in order to devote himself entirely to letters; and what wrote the amiable Elia in answer to this intimation?

"Throw yourself on the world without any rational plan of support beyond what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you!

"Throw yourself rather, my dear sir, from the Tarpeian Rock, slap down headlong upon iron spikes. If you have but five consolatory minutes between the desk and the bed, make much of them, and live a century in them, rather than turn slave to the booksellers. They are Turks and Tartars when they have poor authors at their beck. * * * Come not within their grasp. I have known many authors want for bread, some repining, others enjoying the blessed security of a spunging-house, all agreeing they had rather have been tailors, weavers, what not, rather than the things they were. I have known some starved, some to go mad, one dear friend literally died in a workhouse. * * * Oh, you know not, may you never know, the miseries of sub-

other employment, would have procured bread, have not clothes to stir out of their den or even paper to write upon, and *solicit* the smallest sums. I know that I may be told that such as these have no right or title to be ranked with or aided as literary men; but they were so, notwithstanding.—W. J.

sisting by authorship! 'Tis a pretty appendage to a situation like yours or mine; but a slavery worse than all slavery to be a bookseller's dependent, to drudge your brains for pots of ale and breasts of mutton. * * * The booksellers hate us. * * * Keep to your bank, and your bank will keep you. Trust not to the public; you may hang, starve, drown yourself, for anything that worthy *personage* cares," &c. &c.—*See* vol. ii. "*Life of Charles Lamb*," by Sir T. Talfourd.

And from a very different source our worthy Quaker poet received a like warning; for Byron, after speaking highly of his talents and productions, tells him—

> "You know what ills the author's life assail;
> Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail.

"Do not renounce writing, *but never trust entirely to authorship.*"

There are just enow of exceptions to prove the universality of the rule in England. The calling of literature, like the old state lotteries, has a tempting prize for every thousand blanks.

A letter from Mr. Canning, whom I had prevailed upon to preside at one of the anniversary celebrations of the Literary Fund, will, I am sure, be interesting to every reader.

"Gloucester Lodge, May 4, 1822.

"DEAR SIR,

"I hope you will have considered the prompt communication (through Mr. Backhouse) of my willingness to accept the invitation of the Committee of the Literary Fund, as a proof of my disposition to do anything agreeable to you. But, I am sorry to say, my acceptance has involved me in great difficulties. It has not 'rained, but poured'

similar invitations, not to dinner indeed, but to morning meetings, for the last week or ten days. I decline all; having long ago made up my mind not to figure on the 'platform' (as the blue and red tickets inclosed to me suggest) of any of those institutions. But my one acceptance embarrasses my refusal, and destroys the roundness of my assertion, that I do not frequent such meetings.

"Have you signified my acceptance—and, if not, can you delay doing so?

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your obedient and faithful servant,

"GEORGE CANNING."

"I trust I need not tell you that I felt sensibly for your misfortune in India." [The reported death of a near relative.]

When the dinner took place, agreeably to the annexed letter,* five years later, it was one of the most memorable ever witnessed. Mr. Canning was accompanied by the famed M. de Chateaubriand, who, on his health being drunk, nobly acknowledged that he had been succoured by the Fund when he fled in distress from the guillotine of the French Revolution, and now requited the benefit by a donation of fifty pounds! †

As I shall have a chapter to devote to my illustrious and lamented friend, I shall only notice in connection with my

"F. O., April 28, 1827.

"Sir,—Mr. Canning has at last found time to read the letter which you addressed to me on the 21st inst.

"Mr. Canning consents to become a member of the Royal Society of Literature, and consents to preside at the Literary Fund next May.

"I am, sir, yours respectfully,

"A. J. STAPLETON."

† See Appendix F.

present subject, that Mr. Stapleton's letter indicates a matter of high literary importance and unavailing literary regret. In frequent conversations with the patriot Minister he spoke to me of his determination to exert his utmost power for the elevation of the authors and literature of the Empire; and it was simply an initiative step in this direction which authorised me, even without previous directions, to place him in any position which could contribute to the progress of this glorious object. What he would have done, had God spared him to an idolising people, is now but the vision of a shadowy dream to me; but to this I can bear witness, that his purpose was earnest, comprehensive, and exalting, and that the literary classes of England have deep cause to rue the day they lost so sincere and warm a champion.

CHAPTER IV.

EXAMPLES OF THE SELFISH—THE OPPOSITE, THOMAS HUNT—THE LAW—G. COLMAN, PRISON PORTRAITS, ANECDOTES AND APOTHEGMS.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
  As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
  Although thy breath be rude.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
  As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
  As friends remembered not.
Heigh ho! SHAKSPEARE.

In tracing my literary course through sunshine and shade, generally liked for my facile good nature and obliging disposition, if for no better qualities, I am sorry, so near the end of it, to be obliged to repeat how much I have experienced the truth of the maxim, that benefits, like flowers, please only when they are fresh. When I look at the innumerable acknowledgments of services which crowd my study—quires of thanks, and professions of everlasting gratitude, I can scarcely believe that I am living in the same old world which I inhabited some time ago, dispensing kind offices with no parsimonious restrictions.

I consider it the worst of all standards by which to measure friendship or gratitude, to test it by pecuniary returns. It may be true, that if you would learn the value of money, the readiest and surest method is to try to borrow some; but the axiom does not hold good throughout the reciprocal relations and duties of life. But there are rarely wanting opportunities to evince a grateful sense of obligation, if the hearts of the recipients are right in their breasts, and it fills us with melancholy reflections to contemplate the reverse, when this is not the case. One need not care much for the constitutional ebullition of natural venom; but I confess that I have been somewhat hurt by having my expectations in other quarters disappointed. There were, at least, a few persons in the best literary positions, on the publication of my biography, to evince their grateful, and to me advantageous, remembrance of very considerable services I had rendered them in bygone years. Did they avail themselves of the chances? Alas, no; they had forgotten the days of their adversity when I helped them efficiently up the first steps of the ladder to the position in the periodical press which they now enjoy. Among others, the leaders of two of the most extensively circulated journals in London, and a distinguished critic also connected with the press, treated me and my work either with damning, faint praise, or careless neglect. Slight as my merits may be, they ought never to have missed an occasion on which they might honourably and justly have done their utmost to repay their debt to me. It is painful to think they did not. The first, when taking refuge for a season in a foreign country, and afterwards as a candidate for a literary employment, and under all subsequent circumstances of varied struggles with fortune, was much beholden to my friendly assistance: the second, at a later period, in return for a

sterling benefit, when he was at a very low ebb, "hopes he will never prove unworthy of my bounty;'" and the third, resorting to London as a broken man, with irresistible recommendations to me from those I and the public admired and esteemed, reaped the advantages of my influence, (styled at the time my "giant kindness!") and though not so well placed as the others, is, nevertheless, a prosperous gentleman on the press, and (as is No. 2) connected with its most successful members. The time arrived for them to show themselves good men and true, and they failed to use it. Common natures are always anxious, if they have risen ever so little, to cast an oblivion over their periods of misfortune; and I truly believe that they often succeed so far as to blind themselves to the misty distance, and consequently fail in performing one of the brightest duties of humanity.

I write not this, however, as a complainant. I have set myself to paint a picture of life, and especially of literary life, as it has been presented to my observation; and, rejoicing when I have the bright tints and cheering lights to spread on my canvas, I deem it also an unavoidable part of my work to employ true colours on all objects and rub in the shadows (transparent and opaque), which disfigure the moral much more than darkness deforms the physical system of the earth. Of my *soi-disant* friends, therefore, I only write the epitaph—"Requiescant in pace;" my "giant" and other kindnesses have been ill requited by them; but I have had my recompense in similar kindnesses from others.

In adversity it is sufficiently annoying to meet with common-place familiar countenances looking so coldly as is enough to give you chilblains; but the aggravation so exquisitely expressed by the immortal bard in the motto to this chapter is indeed a bitter moral distress. You may despise it, but

at the same time you cannot get rid of a feeling somewhat analogous to that experienced when you have foolishly lost anything of value, and you keep blaming yourself for your carelessness and want of rational circumspection in trusting a cheat and believing in a delusion. In the one case the absurdity of the accident, and in the other the short-sightedness of the act, produces a correspondent sense of shame and annoyance that you could have been guilty of either folly.

I have been describing three literary examples out of many which may incidentally appear hereafter, and I will, for the present, satisfy myself by relating an instance which will show that ingratitude is not confined to any particular class.

When Mr. Canning called the New World into political existence, I happened to have an intimate friend so ill-off on a modicum of half-pay, as to be glad to eke out his scanty means by clerking it in the back office of a bookseller. On one of my Sunday visits to Gloucester Lodge, the great topic of the day was brought up in conversation; and it struck me how eligible the party in question would be for one of the South American appointments. In the spontaneous ardour of regard I spoke of his qualifications, and gave so favourable an account of him, that the result was his attendance in Downing-street next morning (Monday), his satisfactorily passing muster as to fitness, and his immediate appointment to a situation of very considerable responsibility and emolument.

The ebullition of grateful thankfulness it may readily be supposed was overwhelming; but the selfishness of the man of the world so soon intervened, that even before his preparations for his voyage were completed, an evident disposition to throw off a little of the burden of the

obligation was discernible, and I was made somewhat uncomfortable by the idea that I had rendered a life-important service where it was not truly deserved.

The hour of departure however arrived, and no notice had been suffered to indicate any change of sentiment, if in truth the circumstances alluded had created aught beyond a slight vexation. From the port of embarkation I received the following note :—

"My dear Jerdan,

"I thank you sincerely for your kind and affectionate letter. We shall, I doubt not, meet again, and I trust in better condition than we part. Your letter did not reach me until this morning. I fear something very negligent has happened to it. It had no post-mark upon it, and the seal looked as if it had been attempted. [I had pledged myself to Mr. Canning that my friend was suited for a political station !]

"* * * * * [his wife] *joins me in blessings and in prayers for your happiness and prosperity*, and of all those that belong to you.

"Dear Jerdan,

"Ever faithfully yours,

"* * * * * *."

And this was the last blessing and only thanks I ever received from the individual whose fortune I made. A preceding letter returns thanks again "for all your kindnesses to me and my family. Should any of yours wander to the other world, be assured, my dear Jerdan, that I shall be to them a father, as you have been to me a friend." I got a few trite letters from him during his absence, describing his duties and growing prosperity. He returned home an

independent, if not a wealthy, man. There has been a public testimonial subscribed to testify the sense entertained by my contemporaries and the country of my "services to literature, science, the fine and useful arts, and benevolent institutions, during a long period of years," and his name does not even appear in the distinguished and gratifying list!

And let me add that, though in an inferior degree, there are numerous names missing, which their owners ought to have rushed to place there, had their memory of benefits conferred on them by me been commensurate with their efficacy and the professions of everlasting estimation they extorted at the time they were bestowed. But thus runs the world away, and my ex-friend, the ex——, has got some company to keep him in countenance; and he need not blush much deeper than the rest.

This individual owes everything to me, and ought to have been ready, if required, to peril half his fortune on my behalf: does not the contemplation of such dark recesses afford a more intense delight when we can turn our eyes away from them, and accustom the retina to the bright and cheering view of the generous and noble deeds which happily counterbalance in society the blackness and baseness of the meaner herd. Of these, thank Heaven! I have had my share; and for them I sometimes shed a grateful tear to the memory of the dead, and give my whole heart with my hand in thankfulness to the living.

All my past life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone;
Like transitory dreams given o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.

And Memory, looking back so far, plays fantastic freaks

with these images, as life's kaleidoscope shows them glittering into all kinds of fanciful forms, picturesque, grotesque, lively, brilliant, or strangely dim, as the mental shiftings of the glass present them. It brings before me a friend, among the faithless faithful to the last, and whose loss I still mourn with melancholy regret. I allude to Mr. Thomas Hunt, whom it is necessary, in order to elucidate a future event, to introduce here.

Mr. Hunt was brought up as an architect in the office of Sir John Soane; and his talent and genius were worthy of the school in which he was formed. He became what is called a labourer-in-trust on the establishment which has the charge of the Royal palaces; and when I first became acquainted with him, resided in Stable-yard, St. James's, where his taste and means enabled him to live in a handsome manner, with an excellent wife and a fine young family rising around him. He was also the surveyor to a London district which included Hatton-garden, Ely-place, and the disgusting slums which yet infect the wretched lanes and alleys that lie between them and what is now the continuation of Farringdon-street, and through which the abominations of Fleet-ditch stagnated on their filthy Stygian way to the silver Thames! I have accompanied him to inspect these places; and Field-lane and adjacent environs, beastly though they yet are, may be deemed gardens of the Hesperides to what they were only thirty years ago. But to return to my friend.

Although Mr. Hunt then held only an inferior situation in the Board of Works, his abilities were so fully appreciated that the principal alterations in St. James's Palace were committed to his charge. He designed and fitted up the State apartments for holding courts and levees, the splendour and conveniences of which, together with the accessories,

are attributable to him. He also altered the house towards the park for the abode of the Duke of Clarence, with whom he was an especial personal favourite, as he was with others, both male and female, of the Royal family; and, in short, he was the palatial factotum, esteemed and indulged by all ranks, from the throne itself to the officials in board-rooms, barracks and kitchens, whom he had it in his power to oblige in their several departments, whenever architectural alterations or improvements were required; which, in palaces, is very frequently. Among other results, that from the cuisine was of a kind to nourish epicurism of the most refined order; and it must be owned that our labourer-in-trust, and a few of his intimates (some who have since risen to eminence and titles in the royal household) were wont to enjoy these occasions *à la* Lucullus. They fared like kings, and kings like George IV. knew how to have things done to perfection. Unfortunately such a style of living entailed further expenses, and the kind-hearted and social Hunt consequently became embarrassed. He fell within the fangs of the law, and afforded one other sad instance of the misery inflicted by that predicament, from which, in a position like his, there is no escape. His earnings were very considerable, and his just expectation of preferment full of promise; but in the meantime he was obnoxious to every legal assault, and as Macbeth had a spy in the castle of every thane, so had the persecuted Hunt a bailiff fee'd in almost every sheriff's officer's close-barred house in London. Yet this did not save him from frequent arrests, and he led the life described by Walter Scott of a toad under a harrow, of which every tooth gave him a tig. And it would have been worse—absolutely ruinous—but for the protection of person afforded by the palace, where he latterly occupied apartments at the top of one of the gateway-towers,

and kept as free from trouble as circumstances would permit; sometimes having only Sunday on which to venture from his turret, and sometimes enjoying freedom more at large from having cleared off, or oftener bribed off, pressures. Yet he was not quite so fortunate as a well-known character, connected with the drama to the loss of many thousand pounds, who, being elected an M.P., when next waited upon by a civil catchpole, sent down the message by his servant: 'It is of no use your calling now, Sir, my master's in Parliament;" and upon a troublesome inquiry by a friend, occasioned the question and answer—"Master's gone out." Q. (curiously) "Is he in prison?" "No, he's in the house!"

This was a sad life for a man of good feeling, industry, taste, and genius; but in those days more than now, it was the life of all debtors whose means were considerable enough to excite cupidity, and not accruing quickly enough to satisfy the exigent demands of creditors, or satiate the rapacity of the law. It is a hard struggle to pay forty shillings in the pound, be subject to every sort of ignorant and vulgar reproach, and suffer oppressions more intolerable than slavery itself: and be reproached as a reckless spendthrift to boot.

But such was the lot of my estimable friend and valued contributor to the "Gazette" in its highest range of intelligence. His volumes on Tudor Architecture, published by Messrs. Longman, had great effect in recommending this most consonant style of building again to the choice of country gentlemen; and gracing English landscape with appropriate and picturesque mansions, instead of Greek, Roman, or Palladian inconsistencies, so naked, bizarre, and uncongenial with all the features around, the climate, and the conveniences of life. Bifrons, the seat of the

Dowager Marchioness of Conyngham, is a fine original specimen of Mr. Hunt's skill, and the country is now richly studded with structures of which he furnished the earliest examples; and the only drawback to which revival consists in the frequently grotesque imitations committed by blundering architects and uneducated builders.

Mr. Hunt furnished a wearisome example of the truth, that a man held down by debts and duns, cannot too soon bear the brunt of his luckless condition by asserting his own native and independent spirit. Otherwise he will be reined in and curbed as long as he lives, and can produce a guinea to plunder. The race-horse and the draught-horse are alike severely wrought for the benefit of those who obtain the power to ride and drive them for their own benefit. The highest qualities will be called vices, and the strong or noble steed will die unpitied "a hack on the road."

The fine law-maxim that he who cannot pay in purse, must pay in person, might be worth something if the person really, instead of imaginarily paid. But the canon is a sheer sophism, and a sham apology for the revenge of ruin. See the industrious tradesman or man of talent torn from his labour and family, and incarcerated in gaol overwhelmed by law expenses; and all that is done is not to produce honey, but to convert the working-bee into the useless drone in the social hive. For prison hurts not the rogue long expectant of its arrival and provident against its chances: it is the horror of contamination of honest industry and struggling respectability.

> For this is Law, and this is it
> Which makes us here in prison sit;
> Which grounded is on holy writ
> And reason.

Much good has been accomplished in law reforms, since

the period of which I am now speaking; but so much yet remains to be achieved that I trust a few pages of retrospect may not be without influence in hastening the remedy for the yet remaining evils of the pernicious system. For still is law the Upas tree in its nature and the Banyan in its means of extension. It thus spread its baneful shade from a thousand new roots till it covered the wholesome land; and hapless they who sought a shelter under branches distilling a poison to destroy them. Yet Christianity we are told is part and parcel of the common law; alas, that it should be so small, so homœopathic a part! Hunt was wont, on the other hand, to cite as a great benefactor of his species a certain active mercantile individual, whose epitaph was, "Here lies a man who never employed an attorney;" and in moments when there could be a respite to "carking care," would recite the following whimsical parody of a juvenile favourite, on the King's Bench;

This is the house the king built.
This is the debtor once so free, that lies in the house the king built.
This is the creditor, mercilessly, who seized the debtor, once so free.
This is the lawyer who for a fee did the work of the creditor, mercilessly.
This is the judge of the Common Plea, who sanctioned the lawyer, who for a fee, &c.
This is the gaoler, called turnkey, the help of the judge of the Common Plea, &c.
This is "the body" to pay all three, namely, the gaoler, called turnkey, &c.
This is the land of liberty, which imprisons that body to pay all three, &c.
And this is the debtor's family, on the parish and starving piteously, all in the land of liberty, who by his body is paying all three, namely, the gaoler, called "turnkey," the help of the judge of the Common Plea, who sanctions the lawyer who for a fee, did the work of the creditor, mercilessly, who imprisoned the debtor once so free—all in this land of liberty and in the house the king built!!

Of the King's Bench, I remember George Colman giving a vivid description, and sketching characters of much dramatic interest:—A prison optimist, who maintained that

everything in gaol was superior to aught on the outside, exposed to the persecutions and troubles of society. A celebrated vocalist, ever unconsciously, by fits and starts, humming or whistling airs, the links of which were chained to melancholy reflections, such as—

> Ye mind me of departed joys,
> Departed never to return—

and "Home, sweet home," and similar ditties. Captain K—ne, a lunatic, who, after his examination, being asked by one of the solicitors, "Do you know me?" answered, "Yes, by nature you are an honest man—by profession a rogue." He was consequently found to be insane. An old man, who lived three weeks after his committal, praying for nothing but that they would carry him once more outside the walls, in order that he might die happy, but which could not be. An imbecile, from long confinement, imagining that he had succeeded to a large fortune, building a magnificent château in Spain, paying all his debts with cent. per cent. interest, and making every body rich and joyous. A reckless spendthrift officer, of good family, so drunk on the appointed morning, that he could not be taken up to the Insolvent Court to receive his discharge. All these, and more, and scenes in which they figured, did the admirable dramatist sketch and impersonate with striking effect; but I have a yet fresher recollection of his description of four gigantic moonlike circles chalked on the high walls for ball-play, which, whilst walking forth on a gusty night, he likened to huge glistening demon eyes, from the reflected light of the dim lamp below, glaring on the prisoners lodged in the opposite buildings, and affecting them variously according to their situations and feelings. Some of the captive tenantry, occupied in revels, cared nothing for the ominous inspection upon their deeds; others, starving and

wretched, gazed on the fancied fiend with an intensity of suffering nearly allied to madness. And then the whole was wound up with a ludicrous account of Marshal Jones, the keeper, wheeled round in a chair of state, like the celestial Emperor, dreaded by his subjects; though with far less reason than since his rule, when the greater strictness of the laws enforcing prison discipline, has led to more severity in the treatment of debtor prisoners, whilst criminal prisoners are, in many cases, petted and promoted by spurious benevolence, to their inmost gratification and hopeful delight.

My intimacy with Colman was rather desultory; but still, on numerous occasions, I had the pleasure of meeting him in friendly society, and enjoying the piquant raciness of his conversation. I remember sitting in trio with him after dinner, at my friend Mr. Robert Clarke's, when he entertained us with his idea of the tale, entitled, "The Two Parsons and One Shirt," which he afterwards wrote in such humourous verse; and so lame and absurd did the story seem, that Clarke and I agreed that even George Colman could make nothing of it. At the same time, he related an anecdote of a French gentleman, whose purse was in the last stage of *emigré* vacuity, but who had succeeded in gaining the affections and hand of a young English lady of some fortune. The wedding-day was appointed at St. James's Church, and poor Monsieur was *au désespoir* for the means of getting over the ceremony, and whisking off his bride, "accorden to de Anglaise costume," from the church door for the ex-urban honeymoon. He could not ask for any of the bride's portion before their union, and in his trouble he consulted the wag of the day; who represented that he could only accommodate him with a small supply for the post chaise, et cetera, and consequently

advised a very short excursion on the very short resources. And whither does the reader think he sent the deluded Frenchman? To the Elephant and Castle, which he quitted the next day, as "one most noisy and troubled hotel, all de night, dat he never did sleep at!!"

Having fallen into the train of Colman reminiscences, I may as well finish this chapter with a few more examples of his facetious humours, and other anecdotes, after the manner of "Moore's Memoirs," edited by Lord John Russell, and exceedingly lauded by critics, who have so justly censured my poor work for its want of sequent connection. But fifty years of literary life, mixed up with "all the world," defies system. Of the fair sex George was a fervent admirer, and embodied, in the first place, Byron's verbal creed, though not his practical faith, when he finely says that women are our nurses in youth, our mistresses at a riper age, our companions in old age, and at all ages our comforters and friends.

Walking up the Haymarket one day, with his handkerchief hanging out of his pocket, a good-natured fellow gave him the hint, "You'll lose your handkerchief, Sir." "Not," retorted George, "if you'll pass on." The bitter dispute between him and his brother-in-law and partner was wont to explode in violent altercations. In one of these, Mr. Morris accused him of "taking away his name;" and the following dialogue ensued:—C, "How did I take away your name?" M. "By vilifying me with other odious epithets." C. "What?" M. "You called me a scoundrel, Sir." C., with a forced grin, "Keep your name!"

He would illustrate Lord Monboddo's theory thus. Suppose a comet were to come into collision with a planet, each might partially destroy and replenish each with new races, so as to become a new conjunct orb. By this means one

comet might replenish our earth with human beings having tails ; and another replace them with a superior and tailless order.

His ridicule of the methodistic legends of special providences, was pointed with the story of a chestnut-tree struck by lightning, so that the nuts fell down ready roasted to save trouble ; and the attachment of perfect friendship was exhibited in the instance of a loving pair of cronies staggering home from the tavern, when one tumbled into the kennel and besought his comrade to help him up. "Ah, no," hiccuped the true friend, "I am too drunk to do that, but my dear boy, I will lie down by you ;" which was no sooner said than done.

Insulated from the stream of conversation in which such pleasantries and original remarks were wont, like Yorick's, to flow and keep the table in a state of high social enjoyment, they can afford only a meagre idea of Colman's conversational qualities. His wit was intermingled with the acute apothegms of the experienced man of the world, who had seen life, and marked its multiform features. *Ex. gr.*

In our times to say "impossible," is to confess a weakness of the brain.

Old age being naturally wrinkled and ugly, ought to use every endeavour to make itself amiable and agreeable.

Weak men are the best—the fittest companions for weak women, and are most liked by them. They rightly prefer Silliness to the Silly.

"She speaks but says nothing," quoth Hamlet of Juliet. Is it not the case with too many of the sex ?

Of a braggard he observed, that fellow puffs himself like a railroad train when starting, but much worse, for he continues it throughout the whole tedious journey.

We generally see females in mourning, in merrier mood

and laughing louder than males; especially in public places and holiday times. Something of death seems to have made them more independent.

Providence appears wisely to have ordained that women shall not bear children after a certain age. The vital value of mothers, without whose cares orphans would be so wretched, is exemplified by this divine law. The Spanish proverb is a good warning: "Late children make early orphans."

I conclude these scraps of Colmaniana, with a Shakesperian reading by a provincial performer. Hamlet meditates on the ghost that perhaps

> The devil——
> Out of my melancholy,
> (As he is very potent with such spirits,)
> Abuses me to damn me.

which the actor, *rotundo ore*, pronounced,

> The devil——
> Out of my melancholy,
> (As he is very potent with such spirits!).
> Abuses me too, damme!

CHAPTER V.

REFLECTIONS ON LIFE—DEATHS OF MY BROTHER AND CHILD—MR. COLBURN, LADY MORGAN, LADY STEPNEY.

> Show his eyes, and grieve his heart,
> Come like shadows, so depart.—SHAKSPEARE.

> Oh, life! deceitful lure of lost desires!
> How short thy period, yet how fierce thy fires.
> Scarce can a passion start (we change so fast),
> Ere new lights strike us, and the old are past.
> Schemes following schemes, so long life's taste explore,
> That ere we learn to live, we live no more.—A. HILL.

GEORGE COLMAN has led me an arrow flight from my friend Thomas Hunt, the first of two individuals of the same name between whom and myself the warmest and most cordial relations subsisted, till death burst asunder the bonds of amity and affection; the last was Mr. Hunt, so justly celebrated for his treatment and cure of impediments in speech. With the former I spent many a joyous, with the latter many a pleasant day. The retrospect is tinged with a saddening and sombre, yet not darkly black, but tinted gloom. True it is that all these scenes and their grateful personal associations have passed away. Our brightest meetings and those who made them so delightful;

where are they? The merrier they were, the more poignant is the reflection that they never can return. Fun, frolic, wit, the interchange of glowing sentiments and friendships, and it may be loves—all gone, vanished into thin air, as if they had never been, and were only supernatural dreams. *Veluti in speculum*, and Memory the Bottle Imp.

There is a beautiful class of landscapes, in which is painted a vista through woody scenery, with the brilliant streaks of sunshine through the trees, alternating with the shades that fall upon the greensward from umbrageous density impervious to light. Even so it is when we look back on the vista of a long life. Alas, the sunny gleams belong but to the morning and noon. As the day draws towards its close, the shades thicken as the brightness departs, and soon the spreading darkness enshrouds the whole. Where are the jocund groups that enlivened the scene? You call and call in vain; and Echo through the tangled forest, answers, "where?" Hasten then before you are borne thither inanimate clay—hasten to the adjoining cemetery and take one last sweet lesson and fond farewell, communing with the lost of other years, as the long grass whispers, along with yours, the sighs and moanings of the cold wind into the graves below.

At this period I lost my immediately elder brother, Gilbert, the luckless Glasgow weaver, doomed to a harder fate than the pursuit of literature, by the change of times and habits incorporated upon them. In youth he was the sprightliest of the sprightly, wonderfully active, brave as a lion, fearless and kind-hearted. His lot was a lowly one, and it was only a few months before his death that he succeeded to a competency by a portion of family property falling to his share.

I also lost a distinguished friend to whom I was warmly attached, and of whom I must speak hereafter, Lord de Tabley, the noble exemplar of refined taste and munificent patronage of native art.

And yet nearer home, and consequently the more deeply felt, my youngest, Georgiana, the namesake and god-daughter of Lady de Tabley, was taken from me. I have no right, even in an autobiography, to intrude my private griefs upon the public ear, but I may give a few lines to the sympathies of those who have been bereft of their beloved offspring. My own love of children throughout my life has been so intense as to be almost a ruling passion; and long after I have gone to my rest, the memory of many a one, now parents themselves, as well as younger friends, will suggest a not unkindly recollection of the writer of this work. My little darling Georgiana was carried off by an affection of the mesenteric gland, and for some time before her death I was well aware that no medicaments could save her. But still I could not reconcile my mind to the approaching sacrifice, and I hoped against hope to the very end. In the enchanting light of a summer morning, my child, about twelve months of age, turned upon her pillow, put her arms around my neck, touched my lips with one soft kiss, and in that kiss breathed her soul to heaven. I never can forget the moment. I was not then accustomed to death. It was the first mortal breach upon the integrity of my happiness. Whilst whole in this respect, the trials of fortune were but passing breezes. In myself, my inner self, and mine, I was unhurt, and I fancied myself invulnerable. When the worst happened, my sanguine nature ever pointed to its being soon retrieved; but this stroke was beyond all flattering unction of the soul.

Despair was in my last farewell
As closed her eye,
Tears of my anguish could not tell
When she did die.

And truly might I add for the sentiment, though too infantile for the literal application, in Moir's affecting strain:—

Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight;
There dost thou glide before me still,
A thing of light!
I feel thy breath upon my cheek,
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak,
Till, oh my heart is like to break,
My angel.

My emotions were, indeed, so intense that I almost imagine, to a certain extent, they were peculiar. I have seen and known how deeply others grieved on similar afflictions; but, for a season, I could taste no comfort, and if I could explain my feelings, it would be not that I lamented so irrationally the loss I had sustained, though that was bitter enough, as that the blow struck me as a hammer might a perfect sphere of glass, and, by shivering it to pieces, prove how frail and helpless it was to resist the calamities fated for all on earth. Till then, the stings and arrows of life, however outrageous, affected me most slightly, if at all; but now the spell was broken, and I was the stricken deer, exposed to be wounded and desolated by every accident. In this mood, I would not consent to part with my dead treasure. I loved her in her coffin, and morning after morning returned her last kiss to her pale lips, till at length mortality asserted its claim to the perished floweret, and I was forced to yield to the stronger power, decay. Since then, I have endured many a heavier grief; but none has ever produced a convincing sense of the utter helplessness of humanity, like the first.

The constant demand for literary occupation was a blessed

relief; and it is one of the counterpoises attendant upon pursuits of this kind, that if their idealities and boon of other worlds than the actual world in which you exist, in which to recreate the mind, have a tendency to cause injurious negligence, they are also potent in soothing sorrows and blunting the stings of worldly troubles. Oh, Dreamland is a happy land, and happy is he who can transport himself into it and enjoy all its visionary delights, shutting out from the aching sense, if but for a brief hour, the wrongs and afflictions of the crushing real. In that realm there are not even doubts or fears, and its air-built castles are far superior in splendour and enjoyments to the grandest palaces of substantial elements. No wonder that the literary temperament is prone to seek refuge within the baseless fabric, and range over the exhaustless bounds of its imagined treasures!

But whatever charms literature may encompass in *posse*, it is seldom without its annoyances in *esse*. I have produced thirty-three ample volumes, reflecting like a panorama the literature of England during as many years, and if there may not be genius enough to stamp them with high authority, there is, at least, honesty enough to entitle them to be consulted as faithful annals by those who are engaged, hereafter, in congenial inquiries. And I am the more desirous to affirm this truth, because, as the great success of my undertaking naturally provoked competition and rivalry, it was the marked object of some of those trading speculators, as I have previously stated, to represent the "Gazette" as a mere publisher's organ and servile hack to parties who held interests in its property. I must except from this charge a very nice and honourable paper, called the "Somerset-House Gazette," whose principal feature was art, criticism, and encouragement. But the

Fine Arts alone have never sufficed to support even a weekly expositor, and the "Gazette," the first that ever broadly espoused and unintermittingly promoted the cause of our native school, was found to be sufficient to overcast the respectable claims of its tasteful contemporary. Of other rivals I care not now to speak. Some did dirty work enough to disparage their prototype, and try to build their own prosperity not so much on their own merits, as in prejudicing the public by false insinuations against its integrity. It was, in short, the poor sold instrument of the booksellers, whilst they were the most independent and impartial of critics. Were it worth while, I could a tale unfold, with marvellous illustrations; but in a few years all such things find their level, and the triumph of a season may be earned by unworthy means, without rendering exposure necessary or impeaching selfish pretensions. The honour of the truly literary tournament ought to be to excel by surpassing merits; the disgrace of the trading literary contest is to outstrip by mean cunning and conscious falsehood. The tricks of trade are bad enough in chandlery and pettyhuckstering, but in Letters, *absit omen*, misrepresentation, envy, depreciation, malice, detract perniciously from the glory of pursuits which should refine and elevate the souls of its professors.

Perhaps this may sound like declamation, but if I could communicate to my readers a hundredth part of the data now lying around me, they would have a hundred fold more reason to be convinced of the discreditable principles and fallacious conduct of some of their would-be and partially accepted guides.

To mark my own hardly achieved position, and show in some measure the influences which all editors of, and writers in, the periodical press must be prepared to yield to

or resist, I cannot think, though personal, it will be out of place, in illustration of periodical literary history, in memoirs like mine, to place upon the record.

The following is a letter addressed by Mr. Colburn to "Wm. Jerdan, Esq., and Messrs. Longman and Co.," on 31st December, 1827 :—

"GENTLEMEN,

"As my partners in the 'Literary Gazette,' I think it right to apprise you that I have joined Mr. Buckingham in the new literary journal, the 'Athenæum.'

"I have determined on adopting this step in consequence of the injustice done to *my authors* generally (who are on the liberal side), by the 'Literary Gazette.' I cannot any longer consent to see my best authors unfairly reviewed, and my own property injured, and often sacrificed to the politics of that paper.

"At the same [time] I may state, that the step I am now taking does not seem to be likely to injure the sale of the 'L. G.' The 'Athenæum' will be published on another day in the week ; it will address persons of other politics, and, *when likely to be treated with impartiality* in the 'L. G.,' early copies shall be supplied to both publications on the same day, leaving it to chance which shall anticipate the other in its notices of them.

"I remain, Gentlemen,

"Your very obedient servant,

(Signed) "HENRY COLBURN."

As the writer of this epistle immediately paid the piper, and caused others ultimately to do the same, in consequence of this little suicidal act of pique and folly, I should not dwell further upon it, except for its weight in establishing

the honourable character of the "Literary Gazette," under my editing, and its right to be consulted as an independent reference in after days. At this period many of its reviews (as well as other contributions) were written by the most distinguished literary individuals then living, some, alas, since lost in the sad havoc of more than a quarter of a century; and I can affirm that no principle but that of, not severe and inexorable, but candid and truthful justice, and a sense of what was due to the public, ever led to the expression of censure in the pages of my publication. Indeed, one of its reproaches was its good-nature, and being indiscriminately favourable to everybody. The latter was not true, but it answered the purpose of depreciators, who aimed at rising by a course opposed to good-nature and abusive of everybody not of their own clique. I have taken the trouble to cast my eye over the year's "Gazette" which inflamed Mr. Colburn to throw his purse and strength into an antagonist journal, which of course he expected to be more subservient to his views than the "L. G.," which it never ceased to represent as a mere publisher's hack! I may have overlooked some trifles, but I find the account to stand thus:—

"Truckleborough Hall;" briefly described and ignored on account of its being political, which the "Literary Gazette" shunned discussing.

Buckingham's "Travels in Palestine;" warmly praised and largely quoted.

Count Segur's "Recollections;" the same.

"The Natchez," with critical remarks; much commended.

"Vivian Grey," by B. Disraeli; the same.

"De Vère;" extolled as it merited.

"Falkland," with its genius and talent acknowledged, yet condemned for its immoral tendency.

"Military Sketch Book;" commended and quoted.

"Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone" (a strong temptation to political bias); declared to be a valuable production, with pointed observations on questionable parts.

"English Fashionables Abroad;" truly confessed to be trashy.

Dibdin's "Reminiscences;" eulogised for its light anecdotical qualities, and much quoted.

Sir Jonah Barrington's "Sketches;" still more praised.

Cooper's "Prairie;" lauded.

"Reuben Apsley;" praised, with two pages of quotation.

A high opinion expressed of the poem, entitled "O'Neill, or the Rebel."

"Journal of an Officer in the German Legion;" "Van Halen's Imprisonment in the Inquisition;" Cunningham's "New South Wales;" Dr. Kitchener's "Oracle" (Ah, me, posthumous!); "The Mummy," by Miss Webb, now Mrs. Loudon; Lady Charlotte Bury's "Flirtation;" Allan Cunningham's "Sir Michael Scott;" Cooper's "Red Rover;" Lord Normanby's "Yes and No;" "The Clubs of London;" and "Herbert Lacy;" all spoken of favourably, some with very slightly modified, and some with great praise.

It might be thought that such a series of panegyric should have satisfied the most exigeant expectations; but towards the close of the year, when one number contained the highest eulogy on "The Clarendon Correspondence," the number immediately adjoining gave a critique on Lady Morgan's "O'Briens and O'Flaherty's," which hurt the feelings of the publisher. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*, and hence his conjunction with the "Athenæum" and another Buckingham.

> For when a lady's in the *case* (the printer's)
> You know all other things give place.

Now, I confess never to have admired aught of Lady Morgan but her talents; and I fancy there was no love lost between us; for I remember at one of poor dear Lady Stepney's soirées, that innocent being caught occasion to introduce Lady Morgan and myself formally to each other. I had a laugh in my sleeve, and I afterwards heard, through the kind communicativeness of the female coterie, that her ladyship signified her wonder at the "idea of presenting that odious man (*i. e.*, me) to Her!" I believe it was on this so momentous evening that I incurred the displeasure of our lively hostess, with whom I was previously, especially at the time her novel of the "New Road to Ruin" was preparing, a prodigious favourite. But there was a literary dinner party on that day, at which she did me the honour to appoint me to the place usually occupied by the husband, and, on leaving the dining-room with two or three ladies, to be in readiness for the reception of the soiréean guests, to me was delegated the command of the cellar, and the charge of making her friends comfortable. Among the number were Captain Sir James Ross, just returned from one of his famous voyages, Mr. Lockhart, and others of note, amounting exactly to such a small phalanx as nearly absorbs a bottle of claret in one circuit round the table. It must be owned the wine was very good, the opportunity rare, the cellar little disturbed since it lost a master (whose London conspicuous mottled grey silk stockings were now quite forgotten), and his *locum tenens pro tempore* exceedingly well disposed to perform the rites of hospitality entrusted to his priesthood with religious liberality. I certainly contrived, through toast, sentiment, and the eliciting of interesting conversation, to do justice to my position and astonish the fine old butler by the frequency of his intercourse with the Bacchanalian regions. Yet, in

excellent order and not over-due time, after we had heard the knocker announce ten or a dozen arrivals, we ascended to the fair blue and miscellaneous assemblage above ; but I found I had so cracked my credit, that I was never appointed a vice-president again.

My offence to Mr. Colburn was, therefore, not political as pretended in his letter, for there was not a single political notice within the year, such themes being, as appears by the list, systematically avoided, or liberally alluded to ; but, as it seemed, Lady Morgan was, unknown to me at the time, an idol of his Heroine worship ; hence, upon consultation with her ladyship, the schism took place and a more pliant organ was sought. Mr. C. paid dear for his whistle, and I have had no small reason to regret that ever I penned these honest strictures on the great O novel :

" We remember, two or three years ago, when we happened to dissent from Lady Morgan on some literary estimate of a work (we believe her own), that she published a replication, in which she elegantly threatened to '*stir US up with a long pole.*' We have read the 'O'Briens and the O'Flahertys ;' and we are convinced, by its length, that it is the identical pole which was then menaced. In spite of this conviction, however, there is neither feud nor faction on our side ; and standing as we do on *immovable* principles, (allowance being made for difference of opinion and errors in judgment,) between the authors who appeal to our court, and the public which appreciates our decisions, we confess our sorrow to have to state many objections to this novel, which, deformed as it is, displays a masculine energy of mind and very considerable acquirements. But Lady Morgan has been too much before the world—and the critical world ;—has, by the boldness of her positions, challenged too much animadversion ; and, indeed, has

been too much an object of controversy as an individual (which ought seldom to be) and an author, to render it expedient for us to do more than consider her latest publication *per se*.

"It is no vain boast, but an honest excuse, when we say, that if the 'Literary Gazette' could recommend these volumes for the perusal of the females of England, many thousand young and interesting women would read them :— But we cannot and will not utter that recommendation. It may be equally true, we hope it is not, that curiosity to see what is condemned, may excite an equal number to haunt the forbidden ground: if it should be so, the fault is not ours,—and we have, painfully, done our censorial public duty.

"The novel is called a 'National Tale;' and for aught we know, it may be so, inasmuch as it may be a true picture of a profligate *coterie*, in high life: but we do know enough of the higher circles of society to know that all are not alike, and that if there are Catilines, there are also Aristides'; if there are Messalinas, there are also Cornelias; and therefore we will not receive this as a *National* Tale. Ireland has been, and is degraded enough, but surely its general character cannot be so abominably low and disgusting as is drawn here. And especially that Sex, the grace, the refinement, the purification of the other ;—that Sex could not—cannot exist in a state so debased and revolting to manly feelings. We grieve that such a picture should have come from the pen of a woman ; there is not only not a virtuous, but there is hardly a decent female character throughout the work. Ladies of rank are rank ; abbesses and nuns are intriguing courtesans ; and as for the lower orders they are lower than their stations. The libel, too, is wrought up with congenial spirit ; and only

the plain words which are now forbidden to decorous writing, could tell what the 'womankind' are who figure in this saturnalia of Irish life. In all our reading, we never met with a description which tended so thoroughly to lower the feminine character. At the same time, we have to remark that it is impossible to paint unprincipled conduct and dissolute manners, without raising gross ideas and using indelicate language. Mrs. Behn and Mrs. Centlivre, it is true, might be more unguarded; but the gauze veil cannot hide the deformities,—and Lady Morgan's taste has not been of efficient power to filtre into cleanness the original pollution of her infected fountain. * * *

"Our strictures it will, we trust, be felt are not directed against the author of this work, but against the nature of the work itself. The very ability shown in grouping and placing in vivid lights such a number of worthless persons, aggravates the evil. A shadowy scoundrel, or a dimly seen demirep, make little impression on the mind; but when the scoundrel and demirep are brought out, in every detail, with the full force of a striking pencil, it is impossible to contemplate them without being defiled. Lady Morgan appears to have bestowed great labour upon her task." * * *

The fidelity of this criticism is confirmed by the fact that the objectionable novel fell much sooner and more into oblivion than any other fiction by this very clever writer. It is curious enough, that with Mr. Colburn's new ally, Mr. Buckingham, I had occasion to have some slight explanations two years before, when he complained that a paragraph in my review of his "Travels among the Arab Tribes," was susceptible of being misunderstood. The matter was easily put right, and years afterwards I had the satisfaction of acting cordially with Mr. Buckingham in

the *first movement against intramural burial*, against which infectious custom he and I convened the earliest public meeting, and addressed it, at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross. I have also co-operated with him for the furtherance of other objects of patriotic, moral, and philanthropic tendencies.

But to return for a moment to the firm and impartial spirit in which I conducted the "Literary Gazette," in the midst of the dirty insinuations to the contrary; and to the difficulty of satisfying publishers when the least censure is demanded, and expressed in ever so candid and gentlemanly a tone, I will take the liberty to print here a letter from my old friend Mr. Cosmo Orme, then "private and confidential," but having no seal of secresy requisite now.

"My dear Sir,

"From the enclosed letter you will find that another friend of the house is offended with it in consequence of a very indiscreet article in the 'Literary Gazette.' I also beg leave to refer you to the manner in which a Mr. S—— is treated in a former number. This Mr. S—— is brother-in-law to * *. *, one of our oldest and best friends—he is a most successful author, and one of our best connections—and he is lately elected * * *, and * * *, who took an interest in the election, states that no man could be more generally respected.

"The partners of the house have expressed themselves to you on the same subject, collectively, and you must be aware by this time that they act promptly. In confidence allow me to state to you that overtures have been made to the house respecting a Weekly Literary Journal, by one of the first publishing and carrying houses in the trade, who, in

conjunction with others of equal power, have determined to support such a paper, being careful that it is conducted with ability, discretion, and impartiality.

"Yours most truly,

"C. O."

To all such reclamations, my reply was to assert the perfect integrity of my literary course, and request my partners to inform complainants that they had no control whatever over the conduct and opinions of the "Literary Gazette." And thus the storms blew over, something like the disputes of Captain and Mrs. O'Wattell,

Sometimes a kicking, and sometimes a kissing;

and I have only *apropos*, to remark that in my general intercourse with publishers, I found them, one and all, much more inclined to be pleased with a smart handling bestowed upon the works of other parties, than with the best humoured tickling in the world applied upon their own.

The subject, and the foregoing mention of Mr. Colburn's publications in 1827, put me in mind of the first literary *coup d'essai* of a now much more celebrated character, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. B. Disraeli's "Vivian Grey," in 2 vols. post 8vo., appeared in April, 1826, and the continuation, in three volumes, in March, 1827. In my notice of the first, I observed, "We will for once venture on a prediction relative to the work, namely, that 'Vivian Grey' is destined to occupy no trifling share of the attention of all those favoured persons, whose habits at once permit and impel them to fill up a regular and allotted portion of their time in turning over the leaves of those numerous piquant productions with which the press of the day so profusely teems.

"We shall not pretend to give a detailed account of this singular and original work; partly, because it is so singular that we might not be successful in conveying to the reader any very satisfactory notion of it; but chiefly because every body will read it who reads at all for amusement. We shall only say, therefore, that 'Vivian Grey' professes to depict the history of an ambitious young man, of first-rate talent, various accomplishments, and high fashion, on his entry on the path of life; and that, besides developing the strong character of the hero himself, it presents the reader with sketches of all the persons with whom his views and adventures bring him into contact; and that all these persons have the air of being depicted from living individuals, known to every one who is acquainted with London, and mixes with its social Corinthian architecture, be it genuine or spurious. The characters, indeed, seem to us to have more than 'the air' of being drawn from actual life; for that they are so drawn, and are even intended to be so considered, is pretty evident. But whether Vivian Grey and his friends and foes, are real or merely imaginary, certain it is that they are drawn with great spirit, vividness, and truth; we are afraid they belong to a class of which we never can approve in literature—personal portraits and satirical caricatures. . . . In short, the writer of 'Vivian Grey' is a person who says whatever he has to say in the language, and with the air, of a man conscious of his own powers, and practised enough to venture saying what he likes in his own sharp and desultory manner."

The review occupied above three pages of the "Gazette," in those days no slight tribute to the author's talent; but when the additional three volumes were issued, four columns satisfied my sense of the tribute due, though the newspapers had never ceased to teem with conjectures about the

authorship, and whole coteries disputed about the application of the characters to living individuals. As the latter publication pursued a similar line in Germany as the former did in England, and the personal portraits were less amenable to guesswork, I simply expressed an opinion that more had been attempted than accomplished, and that with the recognition of great talent, I was at a loss to understand the purpose of "Vivian Grey." It seems now, that it was a foreshadowing of coming events, extraordinary enough for any romance, and furnishing matter for the "Edinburgh Review," "Times," "Morning Chronicle," and half the press of England, for lucubrations in the present day. And as the matter of the identification of Mr. Disraeli's dramatis personæ continues to excite so much public notice, I cannot do better, little though it be, than copy his own letter on the subject at the time, when a sly attempt was made to worm the secret out of him, and get a key to the characters. But the modern Samson was not to be taken in, and he wrote in answer:—

"(PRIVATE.)

"I am very much surprised at Mr. Colburn's request. How my knowledge of the characters in 'Vivian Grey' can be necessary to, or indeed in the slightest degree assist any one in understanding the work, is to me a most inexplicable mystery. Let it be taken for granted that the characters are purely ideal, and the whole affair is settled. If any collateral information be required, in order to understand the work, either 'Vivian Grey' is unworthy to be read, or, which is, of course, an impossible conclusion, the reader is not sagacious enough to penetrate its meaning.

"Of course, I have no intention of denying that these volumes are, in a very great degree, founded on my own

observation and experience. Possibly, in some instances, I may have very accurately depicted existing characters. But 'Vivian Grey' is not given to the public as a gallery of portraits, nor have I any wish that it should be considered as such. It will give me great pleasure if the public recognise it as a faithful picture of human nature in general. Whether it be anything further, rests with the author, and should only interest him. I cannot prevent surmises; but I shall always take care that from me they shall receive neither denial nor confirmation.

"In part of the former volumes, a number of names and characters were introduced which were evident portraits or caricatures. I can understand any reader of those pages being naturally desirous to comprehend their full meaning, and seeking auxiliary means to procure the desired knowledge; but to comprehend the full meaning of the present volumes, the public has only to read them; and if there be anything obscure or unsatisfactory, it is the author's fault—he is a blunderer. All the notes and keys in the kingdom will not make him more intelligible.

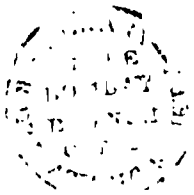
"THE AUTHOR OF V. G."

Who could have foreseen or predicted that such was the primal start of a Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the Commons of England? The author first brought into public notice by the objectionable class of literature, the essence of which consisted of personal portraits and satirical caricatures—touched off with a sharp pencil, though in a desultory style—did not promise to become an eminent statesman and great financier; but so turned on its axis the wheel of human fortune, and so have been developed talent, qualities of an unsuspected nature, yet strongly tinctured with the obvious original leaven, and the Right Honourable

Benjamin Disraeli has worn the golden robe of one of the highest offices in the state, and may again appear in a lofty political position among the more distinguished of the land—a Star of the first magnitude and brilliancy.

A STAR, have I said? yes! And was there a presentiment of this, and of a coming event casting its shadow before, when the booksellers, Marsh and Miller, about 1828 or 1829, announced from his pen "The Star Chamber," which, though advertised, never appeared, or perhaps it might have interfered with the writer's progress to the exaltation of being a star in the Cabinet.

About the same time, if I remember aright, Ridgways published Mr. Disraeli's first political essay, "A Peep into the Great World," a massive three-and-sixpenny pamphlet, which I dare say is now out of print, and did not then create any considerable sensation.



CHAPTER VI.

THE PERIODICAL PRESS—CRITICISM—LAW OF LIBEL—T. MOORE—DESTRUCTION OF BYRON MANUSCRIPT—BYRON.

> Leave to low buffoons, by custom bred,
> And formed by nature to be kicked and fed,
> The vulgar and unenvied task, to hit
> All persons, right or wrong, with random wit.—
>
> STILLINGFLEET.

> Law does not put the least restraint
> Upon our freedom, but maintain't,
> Or, if it does, 'tis for our good
> To give us freer latitude.—BUTLER.

My last chapter indicates what strange changes may occur in five-and-twenty years, yet it is only the salient alterations which strike the common observer as extraordinary, whereas the almost total revolution in every sublunary condition, up and down, is by far the most marvellous phenomenon. The imperceptibly slow and gradual turn of the wheel affords no idea of motion, and, individually, men perceive no alteration in themselves, whilst they are astonished at the alterations they see in all around them.

> 'Tis thus from hour to hour we ripe and ripe;
> And then from hour to hour we rot and rot;
> And thereby hangs a tale,

which is never understood till too late to be of any use.

Confident Youth fancies nothing can withstand it; whilst convicted Age knows how enormously it has been befooled. At all periods of life, it is wisdom to make the best of a bad bargain.

Truce, however, to moralizing, and to revert to more literary matters; which, drawn from my own experience, bear upon the internal constitution, and the public consideration due to the critical literature of the periodical press. In vindicating the "Gazette" from the aspersions with which it was so insidiously assailed and misrepresented, till a pretty general belief was obtained for the falsehoods, I do not mean to say that it, or any journal of its class, can be carried on with perfect freedom, and uninfluenced by any circumstances. On the contrary, personal regards and attachments, literary connections, and friendly interferences must have an effect in enhancing praise, and moderating blame; and, in a baser manner, rivalry, envy, and malignity will, in some instances, have the opposite effect in producing damning faint praise, or undue commendation, and abusive censure. To the former, I plead very partially guilty—the latter, I utterly repudiate and deny. I never penned a malevolent article during the whole of my long career; and, to the best of my knowledge, I never concealed or perverted a truth, even when noticing the performances of those I knew to be my unscrupulous enemies.

With regard to the soft impeachment of a little favouritism, it appears to me, on the retrospect, to be unavoidable; but then, it can hardly be considered an injurious deception practised upon the public. For the error is very venial and the illusion generally as transparent as it is slight. If believed to the very letter, it could do very small wrong: only raising for the moment some colleagues or allies a degree above their legitimate station, to sink into their

natural oblivion nearly as soon as their less lucky compatriots. The press has more power to *de-press* merit, than to exalt mediocrity, or force inferiority into transitory popularity. It can often crush the flower, but never give the weed a permanent acceptation.

Well, then, on looking back, I have to acknowledge having occasionally lent myself to the flattering unction of emitting not altogether or quite deserved eulogy; and if, by this means, I have contributed to exalt indifferent poetry (as I doubtlessly sometimes did) into temporary notice—poor wit and slow humour (as in annual imitations of Hood) into recreation for social hours—small-ware archæology (of Ireland, for example) into national acceptance—and literature or the arts in any of their branches, into more esteem than they justly merited, even for a brief season, I now cry peccavi,* and beg pardon of the momentarily misled world.† In sober sense, when carried to excess, I am ready to allow that undue panegyric may be as deteriorating to sound principles and correct opinions as vile injustice; but a mere leaning to kindness, rather than severity, cannot materially delude the public taste; and when we reflect on the cruel sacrifice of individual interests and hopes by the immolation of inoffensive efforts, there can be no question in the generous heart to which side the balance of the sternest criticism ought to incline.

I shall add but one other point to this digression, which

* An eminent publisher, and specially of school-books, was wont to say, "I made them cry Pessavy;" it was the same who admired the *Cantharides* supporters of the vestibule of St. Pancras' Church.

† Besides the all-but universal acknowledgment of the fairness and truth of the Literary Gazette, I, on one occasion, received a farewell letter from a distinguished foreign ambassador, ordering the paper to be addressed to him, abroad, and assuring the editor that during all the time he had been in England he had been guided in the purchase of books by his opinion, and had to thank him for having never once been deceived by it.

is, that I always found two parties who differed from any general suspicion that the "Gazette" had coloured a trifle too highly, and these were the publishers of the works and their authors. The only exception I can remember to the former rule, was that of John Murray ridiculing me for the intense admiration I expressed for "Anastasius" (but my judgment was fully borne out by the sequel); to the latter, I cannot recollect a single objection being offered, but rather intimations that better place, longer extracts, and more extravagant eulogy, might fairly have been awarded.

The same feeling accounts for what all editors must have experienced, viz.: not quite the ingratitude of many of those who have sought and received their useful aid, but when helped forward by it, their proneness to ignore the assistance, admit a cool absence of gratitude, and ascribe all their success to their own surpassing merits.

Perhaps the "Gazette" was never a more efficacious organ of literature or more flourishing than at this period, though it maintained the proud station for a length of years. Its regular and occasional contributors were numerous and of the foremost rank, and it continued to originate and take the lead in important designs, some of which were immediately carried into effect, and others only realised at the present day, or left in a state of progress for consummation hereafter. Among the lesser instances of this sort, I may again refer to the foundation of the Melodists' Club, for the promotion of English melody and ballad composition, which at once struck deep root, and has ever since pursued with *éclat* the harmonious tenor of its way. (See vol. iii., page 281.)

The idea, as I slightly stated, was first started at a dinner-party at my friend's, Mr. William Mudford, at that time editor of the "Courier," and author of the "Contem-

platist," a series of essays; the "Account of the Battle of Waterloo;" the "Five Nights of St. Albans;" "Mary of Buttermere," and other works of various character and popular worth. Mr. Mudford, in 1818, brought a curious literary charge against Scott, which, as far as I know, was never contradicted. "The Border Antiquities of England and Scotland," 2 vols. 4to, "by Walter Scott," being advertised, Mudford reclaimed against this assumption of the entire authorship, and affirmed that very nearly half the work was written by himself, that he relinquished the task, and Scott afterwards completed it; and when it came out in an entire form (for it was originally published without a name, in quarterly parts) allowed his name to be placed on the title-page as the writer of the whole. Connected with this fact, Mr. Mudford mentioned two amusing circumstances drolly illustrative of critical sagacity. During the publication in detached portions, in one of the most respectable monthly journals in which it was noticed, the reviewer, led or misled by the nature of the subject, ascribed it on the strength of the *internal evidence of the style* to the pen of Walter Scott, and when it appeared with that name, exulted with no small self-glorification on the preceding proof of his accuracy of judgment; but, alas, at the time he made the happy discovery Scott had not written one line of the work! The second instance was afforded by a critic on the two volumes, who quoted largely the felicitous specimens of Scott's style, every one of which happened to have been written by Mudford!

"Nature," observed an acute philosophical writer, "has so framed the human mind that the particulars of transactions which are intended only for a particular purpose, make a very slight and transient impression on a memory, the vigour of which is, in every successive hour, devoted to a succession of new matters." To this, as well as to

advanced years, I fear I must ascribe many imperfections in my Memoirs; but the establishment of the Melodists has left an "impression" equally strong and agreeable. Braham and Sinclair entered at once warmly into the proposition: with such leaders it could not fail. Sinclair was then in all his freshness of voice and fame; Braham (still wonderful in 1853) was in the full and vigorous possession of those extraordinary powers with which, as a mere boy, he had electrified the town on his *début* under Mr. Palmer at the Royalty Theatre, forty years before, viz. 1787. And I am now speaking of twenty-six years ago! having only lately listened to my old friend and matchless tenor with the utmost delight, enabled to vouch for powers of song which seem to be immortal. John Parry soon became an active member of the Club, and ultimately secretary; and to show its early force, I may specify Weber, Curioni, de Begnis, Duruset, Sedletzek, Horne, T. Cooke, T. Welsh, Broadhurst, Bland, and other eminent musicians, foreign and native, as setting the example of displaying all their accomplishments at the first meetings; an example which has been so richly and advantageously followed ever since, rendering the entertainments attractive for the novelties introduced and the charms of the music, both in selected and original compositions.

But discords will arise, even alongside of harmonies, and I had the mortification at this time to be convicted of and amerced for, the only libel for which I was ever prosecuted during my procrastinated wielding of that perilous weapon, the pen. There was a poor, vain, puffing creature, called Wright, who dealt in wines and Opera-tickets in the Opera Colonnade, and who was just fool enough to throw people off their guard in not fancying him a rogue; the character is not uncommon in London trade, where the absurdity of

the ass is often closely linked with the cunning of the fox. Well, in one of the light gossiping letters from Paris, which were inserted to diversify the graver scientific and literary topics of the "Gazette," my correspondent happened to say that "Wright's champagne was justly so called, because he makes it all himself, without the aid of the grower in France." Having heard a report that Wright vowed vengeance for this calumny, and swore he would prosecute the paper for 20,000*l.* damages, I was so amused with the threat, that in noticing it I jestingly explained that all the libel meant was, that "the wine was so good that it must be, as he advertised, his own, and not nasty French stuff." For this accumulated offence, the dealer did really bring his action, and the Lord Chief Justice, not taking the joke (as Lord Campbell would have done), directed, "Had not the libel been repeated a second time, he thought *the smallest damages* would have been sufficient; but as the defendants had chosen, after a representation from Mr. Wright, to persist in setting themselves up against the law, it would, perhaps, be right to make them larger than they otherwise would have been;" and so the jury found a verdict of damages, Fifty pounds! The facts, however, were, that Wright never made any representation at all, and that "We" never entertained a thought of setting ourselves against the Law, any more than against the Gospel. We had laughed, with others, at the arrant folly of the rumoured prosecution—or as a trick to bring the composite wines into notice—and our second libel was, in verity, but an indifferent pleasantry upon the ridiculous subject. But everything prosecuted was a libel in those times; and the greatest hardship I felt on the occasion, was the having my excellent taste in champagne impugned by a judge and jury, as if I could not tell the sparkling genuine from the execrable sham.

Rhubarb champagne was not then invented, but, besides creditable gooseberry, there was abundance of the manufacture from cider, perry, lemon acid, tartaric acid, turnip juice, &c., &c., with the dangerous disguises of cherry-laurel-water, and various preparations of lead, not to mention carbonic acid gas, impregnated with the more harmless bouquet from sweet-briar, and flavours from orris-root, clary, elder-flowers, and other innoxious adjuncts, to excite my wrath. The truth is, that so little did I credit the rumour that Wright would ever have the impudence to come into court, that I received the first announcement of my misfortune on dropping into Messrs. Longmans, Paternoster-row, about dinner-time, when I was saluted with, "You are a very pretty fellow to show your face here, just after being found guilty of an atrocious offence, and fined fifty pounds." As the sailors say, one could only grin and bear it, and so I sought relief in epigrams, of which the following are samples :—

THE LAW OF LIBEL.

To call a rogue a rogue is a piece of defamation,
Since it hurts him in his own and his neighbours' estimation ;
So the rogue may bring his action, and get plaster for his sore, sir,
For a false cut, a broad lump : more for truth, for truth hurts more, sir.

THE ATTORNEY.

(The name of Wright's man was Harnett.)

Of all men on the earth to be accurst,
A pettifogging lawyer is the worst ;
His path through life is stinging like a Hornet,
And his best deed ! the devil himself would scorn it.

UNCERTAIN CERTAINTY.

Who say libel-law's uncertain ? Their wits are surely lost !
Let them try it, and they'll find it is certain to their cost.

THE JURY.

Take judges' dicta, gentlemen of sense,
And give an unwhipt rascal recompense:
Punish for truth, to make it known to fame,
Jurors and con-jurors are not the same.

Master Wright, however, had attained his object, and could afford to laugh at my epigrams, without instituting new actions for new libels, and outfacing the laws. The "Gazette" was mulcted, with law expenses, of between a hundred and a hundred and fifty pounds; and the Plaintiff furnished more champagne for masquerades and flash parties than ever. Lord Chesterfield built an amusing hoax upon the occasion. Desiring to boil a glorious boar's head and ham, from Germany, in champagne, he sent to Wright for his "own" cheap vintage, and the fellow, rejoicing to let in a customer of such rank, sent in some of the finest champagne he could purchase in London at less than half the price he gave for it. It was excellent fooling; but the end was melancholy. Wright went wrong in trade and mind, and the last I heard of him was in an asylum under Dr. ——, whom he was always tempting to buy his imaginary wines, such as he supplied the Majesty of Heaven and the Trinity with (blasphemy in insanity), and finally wrecking himself upon the delusion that he could not walk, because he had only two left legs (not [W] rights), which pertained to the tender bodies of Miss Love and Madame Vestris! How they managed without them did not occur to the maniac.

As between melody and libel, life went on, presenting similar alternations between sunshine and rain; the black and white squares of its chess-board, whereon I continued to move and mix with its pawns, knights, bishops, and rooks, and have a sidelong glance even at royalty. Upon the whole it was a busy and very exciting time with me;

not only *nulla dies sine lineâ*, but no day without manifold engagements, and pre-occupation for weeks in advance. There could not be a more rapid or variable course. It was now mourning, now merry-making; now grave business, now gaiety; now labour, now sport; now suffering, now enjoyment; now the shafts of offence, now the caresses of obligation; now a pinch, now a plethora. I am told that among the offended, a small poet, Mr. D. L. Richardson, has cherished his resentment even so far off as the East Indies, and so lately as to the present date, reviewing and girding at my biography with as much malice, though with less slashing talent, as Sam Phillips himself. There happened to be another Dromio, or Richardson, whose initials were T. F., and who, naturally enough, reclaimed against being mistaken for T. D., for stating which fact, in no complimentary manner, to the wholesale and retail puff system of T. D. aforesaid, (who sent paid paragraphs in praise of his book to a hundred newspapers, and then quoted a centenary of eulogiums as the opinions of the press), this same T. D. has, I am told from India, visited my transgression in some journal he adorns in Calcutta. It is always unsafe to wound one of the *irritabile genus*, and dangerous to sting even a gnat poet. But there are better and more pleasant things to reflect upon; and

> Where are the visions that round me once hovered,
> Forms that had grace in their shadows alone;
> Looks fresh as light from a star just discovered,
> And voices that music might take for her own?

Oh yes, dear Moore, and you were one of the lively and intellectual circle, of the pleasant and the profound, of the social and the learned, of the sound-sensed, practical, and the genius-fraught imaginative who filled this crowded, stirring scene. What a list I could furnish, what reminis-

cences I could bring up; but there can only be glimpses of some few of the figures, and snatches at some few of the circumstances, as they vanish into the past.

The reader need not be told that Moore was a delightful companion; among men, ever full of anecdote and entertainment, and, when the dining-room surrendered its inmates to the better society of the drawing-room, a perfect Orpheus to enchant the only portion of creation it is worth a wish to charm. Seated at the piano, and chanting his own Irish melodies, with all the sentiment and expression of the poet, though almost like recitative and without strong powers of voice, he was then in his glory, his small figure magnified into an Apollo, and his round countenance beaming, or perhaps the more accurately descriptive word would be sparkling with intelligence and pleasure, whilst Beauty crowded enamoured around him and hung with infectious enthusiasm upon his every tone. It is only by reference to the *furore* sometimes witnessed at a *chef d'œuvre* in opera executed by a perfect artist, that an idea can be formed of the effect of Moore's singing to a refined circle, whose silence of admiration was but casually and briefly broken by murmurs of delight. I have seen instances of extraordinary excitement produced by his musical fascinations,

> Trembling, fainting,
> Possessed beyond the muse's painting,

young female feeling almost overcoming decorum; yet, sometimes, the playful predominating, so that it was not out of place to hear, as I once did, a witty old Scotch lady perpetrate a bad pun, and tell him that he made a paradise like the Greek Hesperides by his Peri-days!

I have read, with much regret, the Memoirs of Moore now issuing from the press, and giving so unfavourable, and, in my judgment, so unjust a colouring to his character.

The publication, without reserve of his private memoranda, has contributed to create a considerable prejudice against him ; and his editor ought to have known that it is easier to defend an individual against grave charges than rashly to throw out every slight offence to bear its comment. Persons who have never been admitted to the higher circles of society—and such are the vast majority of the readers, not to mention the like preponderance of the critics of such works—are apt to mistake the laudable ambition to enjoy so inestimable a privilege to "tuft-hunting," and a parasitical subserviency to the great. But Moore had no occasion to fawn on and flatter wealth or station : he was too much courted to need to court, and his taste and discrimination speedily taught him, of plebeian birth, that perfect good breeding, refined manners, intuitive respect for the feelings of others, cultivated intellectual endowments, pure honour, and noble and generous sentiment were very generally to be found in the best aristocratic intercourse, and that he was indeed a fortunate man who could, on any grounds, aspire to and be admitted to so elevated and elevating a position. I make no boast of my intense gratification in having been allowed to share in similar distinctions, on which I look back not only with individual pride as having been earned by no self-abasement, but as the source of confirming every gentlemanly sense and habit, and informing and raising the mind to a superior standard of social intelligence and conduct. I speak from experience and observation in defending Moore from so erroneous a construction as has been put upon passages in his diary, and though the question affects the most exalted in the land, I would fain fortify my opinion by the homely proverb, "Show me your company, and I will tell you what you are." In spite of little envious cavils, therefore, you may depend upon it that there is no free and

friendly communion more agreeable, more instructive, or more mutually beneficial in every way, than that between talent and rank. Where the parties are worthy of their respective conditions, it is therefore simply natural that they should seek and attach themselves to each other, for the sake of progress in improving time and giving an otherwise unattainable zest to life.

Moore was formed to shine in such society, and reap from it in return the advantages which it alone can bestow.

As one of the most interesting literary matters in the biography referred to, relates to the burning of Lord Byron's manuscript confided by his lordship to Mr. Moore, and as it has led to a public statement by the present Mr. Murray, publisher, and other correspondence, I may here insert a few particulars connected with the subject which will throw a little further light upon it.

As was to be supposed the "Literary Gazette" would take some notice of so strange an event. I, from the best information I could gather, and from quarters most nearly concerned in the transaction, prepared a brief account, which, considering the terms of intimate friendship in which I lived with the late Mr. Murray, and my wish to be quite correct, I deemed it my duty to submit to him previous to publication. It was as follows :—

"BYRON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"The history and recent destruction of this MS. is so singular, that a brief account of it cannot fail to interest literary readers. It is generally known, that above three years ago Lord Byron put into the hands of his friend, Mr. Moore, at Paris, a sketch of his life up to that period, with the power of disposing of it for publication. On coming to England, Mr. Moore sold this MS. to Mr. Murray

for 2000 guineas. But it had been seen by a number of persons, and even copied, either entirely or partially by some, and its contents came to be much talked about and canvassed. We are confident we hazard no invasion of the truth when we say, *that being written in gall and bitterness of spirit, soon after the author left his family and country in disgust, this narrative would not only have disgraced his memory, but would have compromised and blasted the characters of many persons who move in the highest circles of British society and fashion.* It was natural, therefore, that these, as well as Lord Byron's family connexions, should, as Time's whispers betrayed the secrets of the Memoirs bit by bit, become anxious for the suppression of this dreaded MS. By what spring moved it is needless to trace, but certain negotiations between Mr. Moore and Murray were the consequence. The MS. was Mr. Murray's, paid for, and in his possession : and it was covenanted that Mr. Moore should have the revisal of it previous to publication, in order to remove the most offensive passages ; and afterwards, that if not redeemed before Lord Byron's decease, Mr. Murray was to have the right to publish it within three months of that event. Very lately, we understand, farther and not altogether friendly arrangements were spoken of between these parties ; but the matter stood as we have stated when the account of Lord Byron's death arrived. With this crisis came the tug of dispute. Mr. Murray, impressed with the obloquy which the Biography would cast upon the name of Byron, and with the infamy of its numerous libels, consulted with the friends of the family, and principally with Mr. Wilmot Horton, who is related to Lady Byron. Mr. Moore, actuated by a like sense of the impropriety of the publication, conferred with his friends, and, through Mr. Luttrell, wished to redeem the MS.

Mr. Cam Hobhouse also, one of the warmest (and, as it seems to us, one of the most disinterested) friends of the late Lord, interfered to save his posthumous fame from this stroke; and Col. Doyle appeared for Mrs. Lee, Lord Byron's half sister, with a similar object.

"After some angry conferences, in which Mr. Moore and Mr. Murray differed essentially upon the construction of the agreement between them, the latter, in our opinion, very generously, surrendered his property in the MS. to the friends of Lord Byron (thus making the sacrifice of a property worth at the present time many thousand pounds), and it was committed to the flames. Mr. Moore, on his part, returned the 2000 guineas which he had received for the copyright with interest; but we learn with satisfaction that this honourable act is not likely to be any permanent loss to him, as the sum has been again placed at the command of his friend Mr. Luttrell by Mr. Horton (if he chooses to accept of it), as the representative of the family of Lord Byron. With the passionate feelings of any of the individuals who have been concerned in these transactions we have nothing to do, either in our private or public capacity. We think the final determination fortunate for all parties; for the dead, for the living, and for the country generally; and we also think that such a MS. ought never to have been sold in contemplation of being published. What blame attaches to this, is we hope redeemed by the sacrifices finally offered and made; and our only fear is, that they may be rendered partially vain, by the existence of transcripts in other quarters."

Notwithstanding recent assertions, including the remembrance of Lord John Russell from having partially read the manuscript, that there was little or nothing in it to warrant the description I have put in italics above, I am entirely

convinced that it contained a great deal of such objectionable and injurious matter. Indeed, I had numerous passages communicated to me, which would have set the coteries of London in flames, and compromised several parties in the most painful manner; and to plain, common understanding there could be no other valid or sufficient reason for the formal burning of the MS. before witnesses assembled to see the deed performed. Being well acquainted with Mrs. Lee, on intimate terms with Mr. (Sir) Wilmot Horton (in whose palace, at Candy, I had afterwards a grandson born), and also familiar with nearly all the other individuals concerned, I do not reiterate my belief on guesswork, but on certain information received at the time from head-quarters on every side. But to return to my narrative. I had an immediate reply from Mr. Murray, which I insert in fairness to the argument:—

"Albemarle Street, Friday.

"My dear Sir,

"I assure you, upon my honour, that the account you enclosed to me is so very erroneous in almost every particular, that I would beg, as a *personal favour*, that you would omit any mention of it, with particulars, until an account can be made more satisfactory to all parties.

"I send you something very general, but I would infinitely prefer your waiting until next Saturday; but I again assure you that the printed account is throughout erroneous, and I trust that it will therefore be totally omitted.

"J. M.

"W. Jerdan, Esq."

The enclosure alluded to was as follows, and written in a different hand, but I have distinguished Mr. Murray's corrections and additions by printing them in italics:—

"A general interest having been excited touching the fate of Lord Byron's Memoirs, written by himself, and reports confused and incorrect having got into circulation upon the subject, it has been deemed requisite to signify the real particulars.

"The manuscript of these Memoirs was purchased by Mr. Murray, in the year 1821, for the sum of two thousand guineas, under certain stipulations, which gave him the right of publishing them three months after his Lordship's demise. When that event was authenticated, the manuscript consequently remained at Mr. Murray's absolute disposal, and a day or two after the melancholy intelligence reached London, Mr. Murray submitted to the near connections of the family that the manuscript should be destroyed. In consequence of this, five persons, variously concerned in the matter, were convened for discussion upon it.

"As these Memoirs were not calculated to augment the fame of the writer, and as some passages were penned in a spirit which his better feelings since had virtually retracted, Mr. Murray proposed that they should be destroyed, considering it a duty to sacrifice every view of profit to the reputation of the noble author, by whose confidence and friendship he had been so long honoured. *This proposal of Mr. Murray's was strongly opposed, and he again urged it with increased zealousness, renouncing even every claim to indemnification for what he had paid, in order to obviate objections as far as he possibly could.*

"The result has been, that, notwithstanding some opposition *first offered*, he obtained the desired decision, and the manuscript was forthwith committed to the flames. Mr. Murray, *notwithstanding his renunciation of every claim to repayment of the purchase-money*, was immediately reimbursed in the purchase-money by Mr. Moore, although

he (Mr. Murray) had previously renounced every claim to *reimbursement* (struck out for 'repayment')."

I shall not offer any further remark on this curious affair, but as I happen to have brought so many popular characters upon the stage, I may as well take the opportunity to illuminate my readers with a few more particulars of their sayings and doings, which are connected with this period of our literature. The first is a letter from Mr. Murray on various topics, but the first passage remarkable as exhibiting where there might be a cross light upon the Byron MS. business.

"Albemarle Street, June 14.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I thank you for your attentive hint respecting Mr. Barry, of Genoa. Mr. Hobhouse has, as usual, prevented their going to Mr. Moore!

"I think you have overlooked Captain Smith's 'Life of Captain Beaver,' which, if not so well put together as it might have been, contains many very curious facts regarding a remarkable man. In the course of the day I will send you the first copy of an interesting work, in its way and at this time, 'Forest Scenes in the Wilds of North America.'

"With kind compliments,

"I remain,

"My dear Sir,

"Yours very truly,

"JOHN MURRAY."

Mr. Douglas Kinnaird writes me—"Lord Byron was such a humourist that it were dangerous to affirm from memory

what may or may not have fallen from him in his wayward moments. The truth is, he never ceased to play off his waggeries upon friends and acquaintances and the public at large, regardless of consequences. Recklessness was a striking ingredient in his eccentric spirit." Another letter of Mr. Murray's exhibits a trait :—

"Albemarle Street, Tuesday.

"My dear Sir,

"I send you the fair sheets of Count Gamba's account of Lord Byron's proceedings amongst the Greeks, and trust that you will find it a simple, unaffected statement of facts and actions that do credit both to the author and his subject. Lord Byron, like Lord Nelson and Lord Erskine, sinks into contempt in the common affairs of life, but his mind awakens, like theirs, in any great cause. He appears here as a man of good taste, sound judgment, and discretion—totally the opposite of his colleague, the Hon. L * * * S * *.

"Most truly yours,

"JOHN MURRAY."

A letter I received from the late Earl of Carlisle, to whom the "Hours of Idleness" was dedicated in 1807-8,* after mentioning other matters, explains another epoch in Byron's life, viz., his taking the oaths as a peer, and his unfounded resentment for a supposed slight on which occasion produced

* "In those days I first saw and knew a little of 'Lord George Gordon, a minor,' at any rate a young man indulgent in not a few youthful habits and frolics. His head-quarters were near mine in Brompton, for he lived in furnished lodgings in Queen-street, with a great dog that used to trample my garden, and a smaller page who, owing to some mistake of sex, was exactly the opposite to the lubberly boy disguised in girl's clothes in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor.'"—W. J.

his angry attacks upon his most estimable friend and relative, which were only apologised for when the fall of the gallant Howard on the field of Waterloo awakened nobler feelings, and produced the affecting poetic burst which bewailed that family and national loss :—

"I beg leave to return my best thanks for the prints you were kind enough to send me, and also for the 'Literary Gazette.' The account of Mrs. Jordan's memoirs appears to be done with considerable delicacy, and I have no doubt has given satisfaction where anxiety may have existed.

"In talking the other morning on the subject of Lord Byron, I may have misled you respecting his introduction to the House of Peers. A peer by descent, after receiving his writ, takes the oaths at the table of the House of Lords without any introduction. A peer newly created is introduced by two peers of his own rank.

"Lord Byron was misinformed in conceiving that Lord Carlisle ought to have introduced him. He also, I believe, took some offence at being referred to the Heraldic College for the proof of his pedigree prior to the issuing of the writ; but there was, I am convinced, no intention whatever of treating him slightingly.

"Thinking that I was not quite accurate the other day, I have troubled you with this explanation.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your very obedient servant,

"CARLISLE.

"Grosvenor Place."

But Byron is almost diverting me from Moore, to whom I must return, after quoting two more letters from Mr.

Murray, to show the esteem in which he held the "Gazette" and its editor :—

"My dear Sir,

"My father having discovered, that by making McQueen [the plate printer] work night and day and at meal times, he can have a sufficient number of plates struck off in time, has determined on printing the second volume of Byron on Wednesday next.

"He sends you the first copy which has gone forth.

"Very truly yours,

"J. MURRAY, Jun.

"W. Jerdan, Esq."

"Albemarle Street, June 27, 1831.

"My dear Jerdan,

"The inconvenience, not to say annoyance, of which your letter so naturally complains, has arisen, at least in the most particular instances, from the uncertainty with which the works were published ; but this is not likely to occur again in any case, but even if it should, I will take particular care that your plans shall not be affected by it ; and, in future, I will take care to secure the priority for you. With kind wishes,

"My dear Jerdan,

"Most sincerely yours,

"JOHN MURRAY."

I find I must break into another chapter with my Mooriana. I shall accordingly close this with three notes : 1st, one from Moore to Mr. Rees, on my review of the "Epicurean," "Literary Gazette," No. 545 ; 2nd, an appointment upon a subject I may yet have to notice ;

140789

and 3rd, a letter from Mr. Lockhart, which *inter alia* says, "Mr. Moore, as you will perceive, is very indignant with Mr. F. M. Reynolds for publishing an *extempore* without his consent. The poet asserts in a letter to Murray, that they offered him 600 guineas for the benefit of his name in the 'Keepsake,' and that he declined the offer. Whether was Heath or Moore the most mad? Our tumbler-shying was nothing to this!"*

Our tumbler-shying belonged to a day of the highest jinks (of which by-and-by) spent with the F. M. Reynolds aforesaid, son of the dramatist, author of "Miserrimus," and, nathless, a right good fellow, possessed of much talent, emulous of literature, and fond of associating with literary men. He died prematurely, abroad, not long ago.

"Athenæum,
"Saturday, June 30, 1827.

"My dear Sir,

"I cannot resist—hurried as I am—writing you a line, to beg you will convey my best thanks to Jerdan for the service he has done me. His article is not only very friendly, but is also very skilfully executed; and he has put my book in so favourable a light, as to extort a little admiration of it, even from myself.

"Should you be called upon for a second edition, pray let me know in time, as there are two or three verbal errors I should like to correct.

"Just off to the Dandy Dinner!

"Ever yours,

"T. MOORE."

* Southey asked 50*l.* for a contribution about a cock and a hen for "The Christmas Box," in 1828. Miss Edgeworth got 30*l.* according to my advice for a tale in the same little annual.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Mr. Moore is very desirous of meeting you, and I have made an appointment with him to meet you *at Power's in the Strand*, to-morrow (Monday), at two o'clock precisely.

"He leaves town on Tuesday morning early.

"Yours, very truly,

"OWEN REES.

"Sunday."

A letter of W. Gifford's having reference to matters previously stated, may aptly fill up this page.

"Friday Morning.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I am grieved and surprised at your note. I wrote, myself, civilly to your correspondent, and told him that I had prepared my answer to Bellamy *before* you had entrusted me with his remarks; but that if Bellamy gave me any occasion to reply further, I would then very readily avail myself of them. I thought I had returned them. This, it would seem, I have not. I will look over my papers this evening, and inclose them to you without delay.

"By the by, your old acquaintance, Taylor, seems out of his wits. He calls his paper the 'Parson's Paper,' and yet he is daily printing the blasphemies of a poor ignorant wretch whom he calls Stockham!!

"Ever yours, in haste,

"W. GIFFORD."

CHAPTER VII.

T. MOORE—THE QUARTERLY REVIEW—WILLIAM GIFFORD, EARLY ORIGINAL POETRY BY HIM—WALTER HENRY WATTS—DANGEROUS JEST—CURIOUS COINCIDENCES.

When we read his satire we fancy him right in the name of T. Moore, (Timour) the Tartar; but when we come to hear his love ditties, his name changes into A. Moore (Amour).—*Private.*

All chance direction which thou canst not see.—POPE.

I REMEMBER being invited by a very ingenious mechanic to inspect a machine he had invented, to equal, if not supersede, chronometers, for the measurement of time; and who set out in his explanation—"You see, Sir, the first movement is to mark every one or *two* hours *hourly!*" upon which

"I took up my hat and I walked away."

But, on reflection, I was sorry I had been so precipitate, as I confessed he must, indeed, be a clever fellow who could manage to get the business of two hours into one, and the thought has recurred to me with triple force since I have been employed in writing this desultory, yet time-consuming and laborious work, and found it delayed far beyond the

date at which I owed it to my publishers and the public. *L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose ;* though arrogantly denied by the first Napoleon on that invasion of Russia, which first led to his downfall (*Je dis,* he replied to the apothegm of the Russian ambassador, *c'est moi qui propose, et c'est moi aussi qui dispose*) is, in my belief, a great truth, and I am equally convinced that with regard to mental operations, though one man may take a horse to the water, a hundred cannot make him drink. At least, so it has been with me in my attempts to proceed with this volume, and I only hope it may not bear too many and too perceptible indications of the *invita Minerva.*

From the beginning of his career, or rather the portion of it contemporaneous with the "Literary Gazette," the social qualities of Moore, independently of his genius, made him ever a favourite in its pages. It felt for his misfortunes and rejoiced in his successes, with only an occasional protest against some of his personalities and opinions.

> Quid sentire putas omnes, Calvine, recenti
> De scelere.

> Yes, Moore, the debt of sympathy is paid
> To worth deceived, and artless faith betrayed ;
> And still we hope, for thee and us remain,
> Mines of the fancy, ingots of the brain ;
> Whilst safe from cockpit law the Muses guard
> The wealth, already funded (1819), of the bard.

> How few, like Moore, can see without dismay,
> Their worldly stock to alien hands a prey!

Yet with all my admiration and regard I could not bestow any praise upon the first life of Sheridan, ascribed to him whilst living abroad, and upon which he bestowed about as much pains as his noble Editor has bestowed upon his

Remains: a sort of even-handed justice, yet, in a literary point of view, much to be regretted. "The Loves of the Angels," however, restored all to rights, and its sparkling brilliancy and breathing beauty were duly acknowledged; though it was critically observed that its exquisite touches of nature had occasionally their foils in fictitious sentiment, and the dazzling force of its happy imagery was sometimes attenuated into the ingenious trifling of fanciful conceit. And, finally, when the genuine "Life of Sheridan" appeared with his (Moore's) name, due justice was paid to that unequal, but interesting and popular publication. Poor Sheridan! who thought a man might surely be permitted to take "a glass of wine by his own fireside," as he remarked, enjoying that consolation at the Piazza Coffee-house, whilst the adjacent Drury Lane Theatre was burning. Moore in conversation abounded in lively anecdote, rather than in original wit or humour, as his biography exemplifies in many an instance, and recalls others to my memory, of which I may hereafter make some use. At present, I shall only allude to the whimsical story of Lord Muskerry, on his deathbed, saying:—"I have nothing to reproach myself with, for I never in my life denied myself anything;" on account of its being, as I thought, "capped" at the time, by a similar tale of an unfortunate Manchester manufacturer, who had not stinted himself in any sensual indulgence, till he fell into circumstances which 'eventuated' a meeting of his creditors. At this the poor fellow was sadly bothered by pestering inquiries and disagreeable questions, which produced that intestine effect of a guttural noise, known by the name of a grumbling. No change of position could stop the unpleasant phenomenon, when in the midst of other unpleasant queries, the sufferer struck his hand violently against his

stomach, exclaiming—"Domm thee, hold thy tongue! *thou* can'st not say that ever I wronged *thee* of ought in my life!"

Till the melancholy period at which Moore's fine faculties gave way, I maintained a constant friendly intercourse with him. When he came to town and occupied his lodgings in Duke-street, St. James's, I was among the foremost summoned to his levee; and during his stay, many of our pleasant engagements were enjoyed in unison. Among more serious circumstances I cannot forget accompanying him and his inestimable wife, though so slightingly treated in his Memoirs, to see their son off for India. Both parents were extremely affected, and Mrs. Moore in particular seemed to have a presentiment of the fatal issue, for she wept even more abundantly than a fond mother does on parting with her child.

But one of my most interesting congresses with Moore, occurred during a week's stay with Mr. Bowles at his delightful residence, Bremhill. Bremhill itself, with its charities and ceaseless devotion to the wants, spiritual and temporal, of the poor, and education of youth, its poetic tastes and cordial feelings within, and its sweet aspects in the landscape without, was truly a serene and delicious retreat from the turmoils of London; and its attractions were greatly enhanced by the proximity to Moore at his cottage of Slopperton, and to the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne at their Palace of Bowood; with whom a close and neighbourly intercourse was continually introducing fresh pleasures to the harmony that prevailed. I mention Lady Lansdowne in order to pay a tribute to her benevolence in "scattering bliss around." By her position enabled to do so, her Ladyship exceeded the good Mrs. Bowles in her philanthropic devotedness to

assure the comforts and welfare of all who lived within the sphere of her wide influence.

I shall not, however, dwell longer upon the recollection of joyous hours spent in the society of Moore; the last bright spot I shall notice was in the Castle of Dublin, where, after a sumptuous entertainment by the Lord Lieutenant, the Marquess of Normanby, a whole evening was charmed into midnight by an assemblage of the beauties of Ireland, to be enchanted by the melodies of Moore.

From Moore I will pass to another distinguished literary and personal friend whom I lost at the time on which I am now engaged—William Gifford, with whom I was made acquainted by Mr. Canning, which led to a confidential intimacy that lasted to the day of his death—my latest mornings passed with him being at Ramsgate, immediately preceding the close of his stirring career—and Mr. Canning survived him only a few months. Under his auspices I contributed to the "Quarterly Review," and on one occasion bestowed great research and labour upon what was intended for the leading article, several sheets in length, but an event occurred upon the meeting of Parliament which rendered all my painstaking nugatory as far as publicity was concerned, though I was handsomely remunerated for my stifled manuscript.

The subjoined note will show outside barbarians in what manner such things are done under able editors:—

"James Street, Nov. 22.

"DEAR SIR,

"I had proposed to myself the pleasure of calling on you, but the fear of increasing a cold which is perpetually before me, delayed me from day to day.

"The present number is, as you have probably seen,

printed, and nearly ready for publication; but I am extremely desirous of meeting Parliament, at its opening, with the succeeding one, which must have something of a political tendency. I shall, therefore, be happy to hear from you at your earliest opportunity; for as we have but two months before us to get nearly a world of matter, not an instant should be lost.

"I am well convinced that you must have taken no ordinary pains, and am truly sorry that you have experienced any interruption from illness. Kemp and I, indeed, are but too well acquainted, but what business have you, young and strong, with such an impertinent visitant?

"I shall hope to hear from you as soon as your leisure will admit; and am, dear Sir,

"Yours very truly,

"W. JERDAN, ESQ." "W. GIFFORD.

"(PRIVATE.)

"James Street, May 6th.

"DEAR SIR,

"The little paper headed Pindarees is a verbal copy of *Official* Communications from the East Indies. Since it was printed, a notice has been given in the House of a motion for papers on the subject; this, of course, renders it improper, and indeed impossible to give them in their present form. Will you have the goodness to take the substance of them, and, with the assistance of the publication herewith transmitted, mould them up into a little article of eight or ten pages for the present number? You will find the account of the Pindarees at p. 118, and there is just enough to make an amusing and interesting paper at the present moment. I shall be glad if your leisure will allow you to oblige me in this. As for the rest

of the book, it may be dismissed in two lines, as neither of much novelty or much account. I have an excellent article on the formation of an Indian army, and some little account of these marauders will complete it.

"Your other article is not at present in my hands. I need not say more at present on this head, but I hope to give it in this number. Circumstances have made some curtailments necessary, but on this subject you shall hear from me again.

"Ever, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

"W. GIFFORD.

"W. JERDAN, ESQ."

I revert to an early period of Mr. Gifford's life, because I am in possession of what I believe to be some very interesting memorials of it, and juvenile examples of his poetic talents unknown to his biographer and the public. In the Preface to his Juvenal, published by G. and W. Nicol and R. Evans, 1802, he says:—

"Hitherto I had not so much as dreamed of poetry: indeed, I scarce knew it by name; and, whatever may be said of the force of nature, I certainly never 'lisped in numbers.' I recollect the occasion of my first attempt. It is, like all the rest of my non-adventures, of so unimportant a nature, that I should blush to call the attention of the idlest reader to it, but for the reason alleged in the introductory paragraph (the delay in the publication of his Juvenal). A person, whose name escapes me, had undertaken to paint a sign for an ale-house: it was to be a lion; but the unfortunate artist produced a dog. On this awkward affair one of my acquaintances wrote a copy of what we call verse: I liked it, but fancied I could compose something more to the purpose: I tried; and by the unanimous

suffrage of my shop-mates, was allowed to have succeeded. Notwithstanding this encouragement, I thought no more of verse, till another occurrence, as trifling as the former, furnished me with a fresh subject: and so I went on till I had got together about a dozen of them. Certainly nothing on earth was ever so deplorable: such as they were, however, they were talked of in my little circle, and I was sometimes invited to repeat them, even out of it. I never committed a line to paper, for two reasons: first, because I had no paper; and, secondly——perhaps I might be excused from going farther; but, in truth, I was afraid, for my master had already threatened me, for inadvertently hitching the name of one of his customers into a rhyme. . . . . I was found in the twentieth year of my age by Mr. William Cookesley, a name ever to be pronounced by me with veneration. The lamentable doggrel which I have already mentioned, and which had passed from mouth to mouth among people of my own degree, had, by some accident or other, reached his ear, and given him a curiosity to enquire after the author . . . . . but nothing could slacken the zeal of this excellent man; he procured a few of my poor attempts at rhyme, dispersed them amongst his friends and acquaintances, and when my name was becoming somewhat familiar to them, set on foot a subscription for my relief. I still preserve the original paper; its title was not very magnificent, though it exceeded the most sanguine wishes of my heart; it ran thus: 'A subscription for purchasing the remainder of the time of William Gifford, and for enabling him to improve himself in Writing and English Grammar.'"

Some time after Mr. Gifford's death, a resident in his native town of Ashburton intimated to me that he had been enabled to make a collection of the youthful effusions thus

characterised by their author; and, after some correspondence, I became their possessor, through the medium of Howe, a bookseller of Exeter. They are now on my table, and, together with the well-known and dire denunciation of Peter Pindar, and several other compositions, of the authenticity of which I am not assured, include the identical lines on the ale-house sign, though the memory of the writer had misled him as to the subject. As this production of so distinguished a man must be considered a literary curiosity, I have much pleasure in presenting it to my reader, and also four other original poems, coming within the same category, which I cannot discover to have ever been printed, the present Mr. John Murray writing to me that he has no information on the subject. The genuineness of the five I have deemed worthy of preservation was vouched by three old inhabitants of Ashburton, and early friends of their writer. I commence with—

THE SIGN PAINTER; AN ODE.

as specially acknowledged by him.

1.

Two strangers through the town were walking,
Of this and that at leisure talking—
Till, half their journey o'er,
One of them for a moment stood,
And, fill'd with most amazement, view'd
The sign at Taprell's* door.

2.

"Dear sir," said he, "I lately heard,
(And much the dismal tale I fear'd,)
That painting was declining:
But was mistaken, I believe;
And for my comfort I perceive
There's no such need of whining.

* An innkeeper, who had for his sign "The Rose and Crown," very rudely drawn.

3.

" For proof of this, lift up your eyes,
And with agreeable surprise,
Confess yourself convicted ;
For such the beauty of these lines,
Where so much skill and beauty shines,
It can't be contradicted.

4.

" Here Rubens, Teniers, Steen and Stella,
Droll Hogarth, and Sir Godfrey Kneller,
Must own themselves outdone.
Their feeble efforts can no more
Compare with this than dross with ore,
Or Luna with the sun."

5.

Came by a man : " Friend, tell us, do,
This famous painter's name that drew
' The Rose and Crown ' so noble."
He bow'd : " Then hark ye, gentlemen,
If I must tell you flat and plain,
'Twas done by Daniel Dobell!

6.

" A greater wonder I've to tell ;
Daniel, though he can paint so well,
A carpenter by trade is :
Many a hog's stye hath he rear'd ;
And he can make, as I have heard,
New limbs for jointed babies."

7.

O, Daniel, for a moment lend
Thine ear to an officious friend—
Who, if he might, would choose
A subject for thy second piece
Unknown to Rome or ancient Greece,—
Then pray attend the muse.

8.

With shades and lines—long, short, big, small,
Display the beggar'd prodigal,
A-feeding with the hogs :
If that wont do, then—(let me see)—
Why let thy second painting be
Daniel amid the dogs.

9.

First for thy pallet I advise
That thou dost make ('twill well suffice)
Thy drawing-board of deal;
Then, secondly, thy glue-brush take—
'Twill a most noble pencil make,
By lessening of its tail.

10.

Thy glue-pot to a paint-pot change,—
Nor think the metamorphis strange,—
And when that thou hast done it,
Suppose thy leather apron gay
To be a piece of canvass grey,
And draw thy portrait on it.

11.

Let Taprell have our praises too;
To him our thanks are justly due,
For raising from the ground
Where he obscurely grovelling lay,
And bringing to the face of day
A genius so profound.

12.

Hail! Daniel hail! of parts sublime,—
And do not spend thy precious time
In shoving saw and plane:
Throw those vile, cramping tools away;
Commence a painter—and we'll say
That Raphael lives again!

The next example is an epitaph, in which will be recognised the dreadful vigour which belonged to Gifford throughout his literary career:—

EPITAPH.

Where ragged nettles mark the rising ground,
And pois'nous night-shade breathes infection round,
Bill Brazen rots. In the good patriarch's phrase,
"Evil and few were his unhallow'd days:"
Yet in these few and evil the rank knave
Choused of a head-stone his poor father's grave;
Abused his mother;- grudged his children bread,
And coffin'd them in wig boxes when dead;

Bullied his sister ; kicked his wife to th' door ;
Belied the parish books, and starved the poor.
Till grown too bad for this bad town, kind Heaven
Suffer'd the miscreant westward to be driven ;
Where three long years in solitary state
He dragg'd the drunken hours through scorn and hate ;
Till as he lay one night devoid of rest,
And conscience woke the worm within his breast,
A wint'ry blast, with hoarse, tremendous roar,
Rush'd through the gallery, burst the faithless door,
Approach'd him, touch'd—" Christ Jesus ! save," he cried,
" A wretch ! a hateful wretch ! "—shook, groan'd, and died.
Now buried here, the scorn that dogg'd his way
Through life, still scents, and opens on his clay.

* * * * * *

Stranger ! this scene demands an awful pause :
A vicious world takes arms in virtue's cause :
Vice cowers beneath the shame she boasts to brave,
And finds chastisement on this side the grave.

The chief interest of what follows is its indication of Gifford's early attention to the stage ; the seed-corn of the future editor of Massinger, Jonson, Ford, and Shirley.

FRAGMENT OF A PROLOGUE.

[It was a custom with Gifford and some youthful associates to act plays at which persons were admitted gratis. On one occasion, just before the play was to begin, a person proposed writing a prologue ; on which Gifford, without any hesitation, quickly scribbled out one, of which the following lines are a part :—]

No Garrick here majestic treads the stage ;
No Quin, your whole attention to engage ;
No practised actors here the scene employs,
But a small number of raw girls and boys.

As when some peasant, who, to treat his lord,
Brings out his little stock and decks his board
With what his ill-stored cupboard will afford,
With awkward bows, and ill-placed rustic airs,
To make excuses for his feast prepares,

So here I stand, all trembling in your sight,
Come to behold the audience of to-night;
And, conscious of its meanness, hardly dare
To bid you welcome to our homely fare.

Would you, ye fair ones, in our cause appear,
Your looks would silence every critic here;
If you but smile, 'twill cheer our tim'rous hearts,
And give us courage to perform our parts.
Since then to please you has been all our care,
Bear kindly with us, and attentive hear.

Another epitaph suggests a reminiscence of Burns.

Within the chambers of this tomb
Is laid, alas! poor Johnny Coomb.
Ye sons of Momus seek his bier,
There drop the tributary tear;
And mourn his fate, deprived of breath
By the deceitful wiles of Death.
Long had our hero mock'd his art,
And laugh'd to scorn his conqu'ring dart;
But Death, who for his conquest burn'd,
Resolved to leave no stone unturn'd.

John got himself a suit of clothes—
Coat, waistcoat, breeches, shoes, and hose;
And, as he knew his jaws were thin,
Tied down his hat beneath his chin.
Thus furnish'd out from top to toe,
Like any other country beau,
He came to town—his station chose—
And lay at ambush at "The Rose." *

Have you not seen a spider fell
Rush rapid from his gloomy cell,
To seize some wretch, and then convey
Back to his den the trembling prey?
So Death ran out, and cross'd the street,
The object of his hate to meet.
"And what dost sell, old friend?" he cried;
"Why, nuts, my master," John replied;
"Up with your copper, and I'll call—
'Tis but a-ha'penny, hap how't shall."
Death says—"Well, friend, I'll try my luck;"
And straightway out a ha'penny took.

* A public house.

"Now, tell me, Johnny, what you'll call;"
"Why I'll heads for't, hap how't shall."
Then Death aloft the ha'penny threw;
And John, who kept it still in view,
And looking down with aspect sad,
Cried out—"'Tis tail, I vow to Gad."
Death, who his every motion watch'd,
Now saw his time, and out he snatch'd
From underneath his coat a dart,
And stabb'd poor Johnny to the heart.

The last example exhibits the stern critic in the soft bands of love, as witnessed by a

POETICAL LETTER FROM GIFFORD,

WHILE AT OXFORD, TO A FEMALE OF ASHBURTON, WHO HAD REPROACHED HIM FOR HIS NEGLECT.

Thou, to whose shrine I bow; at whose command,
(Though low my reed and artless be my hand,)
I take the rural pipe and sing and play,
Regardless what the senseless world may say.
Though mean's the bard, I'm bid by Love to write,
And this shall plead for what I now indite.
Love reigns the mighty monarch of the mind,
Knows no superior, by no laws confined—
But triumphs still without the least control
O'er all the grand endowments of the soul.
Believe the muse! the flame, no more suppress'
Glows with unusual ardour in my breast;
Thy dear idea fills my every thought,
Nor e'en in slumber is thy name forgot:
Thy charms are ever present to my view;
Whate'er I do or say, I think on you.
When balmy sleep seals up these wearied eyes,
And Fancy bids her images arise,
I fondly clasp thee in my longing arms,
And gaze transported on thy matchless charms:
So pleased with this illusion do I seem,
I wake but grieved to find it all a dream.

Since you, and you alone, are all my care,
Accept these lines—the fairest of the fair!

The other poems, which I have rejected as spurious or doubtful, possess striking thoughts and passages of verse,

and in some cases illustrate Wordsworth's theory of the child being father of the man. Thus, the "Man of Reform" is a germ quite germane to the mature editor of the "Anti-Jacobin" and the "Quarterly Review." The others claim no particular notice, but I add their titles, as it is possible some of my readers may be able to identify them as his, or appropriate them to their proper authors. They are "The Maniac," "On Happiness," "What is Love?" "The Murder," in poetic prose, "The Harlot," "Henry's Letter to Emma," "To Joy," and "The Chieftain's Funeral." To these poetic effusions I will only add a prose letter which I received at Hastings, and which I am anxious to preserve in my biography, because it speaks of a dear friend of mine, Mr. Walter Henry Watts, so long and much respected by every member of the periodical press, (inasmuch as they proposed to erect a monument to his memory by subscription, in Kensington Churchyard, which some want of energy prevented being done,) an accomplished artist, an able and ingenuous critic on the arts, a fair *litterateur*, though not aiming at important works, and my loved and honoured colleague in the "Gazette" for many a year.

"Sept. 22nd; Guns now firing.

"My dear Sir,

"I called at Murray's this morning, and found your kind letter there, with which I was not a little pleased.

"I am glad you find Hastings so restorative. Ryde, to which I went, did nothing for me, for I returned to town in a feebler state than I left it. Since that, however, I have picked up a degree of strength very unusual with me, and am, indeed, better than I have been for a considerable time.

"I saw a friend of yours last evening, of whom I think very favourably indeed, Mr. Watts, the miniature-painter.

I owe his acquaintance to Mr. Wright. I have seldom seen a more modest and amiable man. He was glad to hear of you.

"In the hope of seeing you from day to day, I delayed thanking you for a little volume of poetry. It was far, indeed, above the common stamp, and augurs well of the genius and talents of the young writer. His style is spirited and picturesque. I would recommend to him the perusal of my old acquaintance, Massinger, that will add sweetness and rhythmical powers to the verse that wants nothing else to be paramountly excellent.

"And now to business. I rejoice most at Mr. C.'s conversation with you, and shall feel extremely obliged to you, if you will immediately undertake the whole. I can add nothing to your plan, which embraces the topics most material to our purpose. Mr. Canning talked over the subject with me, and I understodd that it was his wish you should undertake it. Unfortunately, my illness rendered me unable to see any person for some time, and when he left England he was so hurried, that though he sent Backhouse to say that he would call upon me, he could not find leisure. I heard not, therefore, what he had done.

"I am sorry to say, that I cannot find your proof. In my chaos nothing is where it should be. I hope, however, to procure a copy, and have desired Murray to examine our printer's treasury, their papers are sometimes laid up for a long period. I hope, however, that you will be enabled to commence without it, and in the interim, every exertion shall be made to recover it. With great regard,

"I am, dear Sir,

"Faithfully yours,

"W. GIFFORD."

Mr. Watts was the writer and editor of the "Annual Biography and Obituary," 15 vols. 1817—1831; a replication to parts of Shee's "Rhymes on Art," and other publications, to few if any of which he appended his name; and so, an individual much respected in his day, and the author of a great deal that was very useful and beneficial to the public, passed away with hardly a mention in a catalogue, to tell that he ever existed, or improved mankind. Yet had he most of the throes and gratifications of authorship, though the Anonymous saved him from some of the former, and robbed him of some of the latter. The pleasure of seeing oneself in print, only to be estimated by those who have glozed over the type—of seeing one's mental self in everlasting reflection, whilst one's bodily self can only be contemplated for a few minutes in a pond, or a mirror—of having proof sheets, equal in interest to love letters—of being reviewed flatteringly, indifferently, or abusively, each conveying a degree of consequence and satisfaction, the first for the delight in its praise, the second for the superiority felt in looking down on mediocre intelligence, and the last for the luxury of complaint and the demonstration of abominably bad usage. In good humour, therefore, let me again put myself right by averring that I never meant to portray myself as a victim to literary pursuits, nor to paint the profession of literature in the darkest colours, or rather shades of distemper; though I might quote curious authorities, half in jest and half in earnest to the point, for Molière has written:—

> Pégase est un cheval
> Qui mène les grands hommes à l'hôpital.

Byron:—

> Hard is the fate on whom the public gaze
> Is fix'd for ever to detract or praise;

Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.

And Moore :—

In the woods of the north there are insects that prey
On the brains of the elk to his very last sigh :
Oh, Genius! thy patrons more cruel than they,
First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die.

And Campbell, who beat all hollow in his peculiar diatribe against publishers, by toasting Buonaparte, as a benefactor of his species, because he had hanged a bookseller.

But to return to my still lamented friend. I beg leave to copy a very strange story relative to him, which was inserted in the "Mirror" some ten years ago, and the truth of which I can corroborate from alarming communications made to me at the time by Mr. Watts, of which A. and B. (our mutual friends, Mr. Gaspey and Mr. Mudford) were ignorant, as I was of their almost fatal pleasantry.

The relation runs thus :—

SOMETHING MORE THAN A JOKE.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A LATE ARTIST.

Mr. W. H. W., a gentleman connected with the fine arts, and long known as a member of the London press, died last year. He had through life borne a high character, and was remarkable for the general urbanity of his manners and his benevolence. In society he appeared mirthful or serene ; but there were moments when he was strangely disturbed, and mournful recollections seemed to overwhelm him with something more than grief. At times he would start in great agitation, affected by a simple expression which had touched a chord that fearfully vibrated through his whole

frame. He remained single, but was said to have experienced a disappointment in an affair of the heart, early in life, which had driven him to the verge of madness. On one occasion, walking with a friend in London, they met an individual on whom Mr. W. gazed stedfastly, but did not speak to him. They passed, and he then exclaimed, "That is a scoundrel; he got for his wife the woman I ought to have married."

What it was that at times disturbed him, it is not in the power of the writer to reveal. Though intimate with him for years, no explanation was ever volunteered. His liberal nature and unimpeachable integrity, as they gained him the affectionate regards of a large circle of friends, might have been expected to secure him from the hostility of every one. But that he had enemies, bitter and most terrible enemies, the following narrative, committed to paper, immediately after the circumstance and conversation it describes, will clearly demonstrate.

On Thursday, Dec. 21, 1821, A. and B., who had long been on friendly terms with Mr. W., went to dine at the Burton Ale-house, in Henrietta-street. While there they recollected that Mr. W. lived in the neighbourhood (he then lodged, I think, in Southampton (Bedford) street), and thought he would like to join them. They sent a waiter to invite him to do so. Mr. W. had visited Macclesfield a short time before, and to cause him some ludicrous surprise, as well as to make him come more speedily, they ordered the man to say that two gentlemen from Macclesfield desired to see him. The waiter went, but returned with the answer that Mr. W. was out for the evening. On leaving the tavern, the companions resolved, as he was to dine in company with them on the following Monday, to play off a further joke on their friend. They called at his

residence, and finding that he was still from home, left a message for him, that two gentlemen from Macclesfield had called to see him, and would do themselves the pleasure of waiting on him again, at seven o'clock on the evening of Monday. They expected that this would cause him to leave the party with whom he was to dine, at the hour named, and they proposed to drink his health in his absence, and then send a servant after him, with a note to state what had been done, and to announce that the two gentlemen from Macclefield awaited his return to thank them for the honour they had conferred.

Monday came, the party dined together, and Mr. W. was present, but did not withdraw, as A. and B., or A. at least, thought he would. In the course of the evening, B. spoke to Mr. W. about Macclesfield, but nothing remarkable occurred till the party had nearly left the dining-room, and A. and B. found themselves alone. It was then that B. told A. he had a most extraordinary communication to make respecting Mr. W. They were, however, interrupted, and no opportunity offered for making it that evening, but on the following Thursday they again met, and B. gave the following statement :—

"The revelation I have to offer will cause you great surprise. On the day after we called on W., and left word that two gentlemen from Macclesfield would wait on him again, I received a note from him couched in these terms :—

"'Dear B.,—For God's sake let me have a quarter of an hour's conversation with you, at your own house before you go to dinner, on a matter of VITAL importance to me. Your half distracted,

"'W. H. W.

"'P.S. Pray mention this to no human being.'

"The word 'vital,' B. continued, had three lines drawn under it. I confess I thought that he had detected us, and was playing off a counter-trick. I, however, returned the following answer :—

"'Dear W.—I am afraid to flatter myself that you jest in your otherwise alarming letter.

"'You will find me at home at four o'clock. Yours,

"'B.'

"I almost expected, when I went home, to find him laughing and dancing in the drawing-room ; but on looking at him I found he was much disturbed. He spoke with a faltering voice, and altogether his aspect indicated the severest distress. 'How can I,' he exclaimed, 'how can I tell you what I have to say?' After some pause he proceeded :—

"'I am reduced to such a situation that I have no alternative but to put an end to my existence or to leave the country. Can you, and will you, assist me with the means of doing the latter?' I told him that I knew he was accustomed to view some things in a very peculiar light, and begged of him to impart what he had on his mind to some of his friends, with the expectation that they would convince him that neither of the steps which he contemplated were necessary. This he declared it was useless to do. His case was one in which argument could be of no avail. He said he must quit the country, though the idea of leaving his connexions in England gave him great pain. I endeavoured to draw from him his secret, that I might advise him upon it, but in vain. He begged of me to ask no questions, and declared that he would answer none, but demanded of me whether I

could and would enable him to go abroad? I, at length said, 'I can and I will, if it be necessary.'

"I then made a new attempt to draw from him the cause of his distress, but to no purpose. Suddenly a thought flashed across my mind that there might possibly be some connection between his present conduct and our prank of Thursday. I was about to leave the apartment to procure the cash he wanted, but I now paused, and, fixing my eyes steadily on him, said:

"'Before I comply with your request I have one question to ask.'

"'I will answer none,' was his reply.

"Upon this I placed my back against the door, and retorted on him in a peremptory tone—

"'You must not leave this room till you have given an answer to one question.'

"He seemed struck by the determination of my manner, and, after some hesitation, desired to know on what subject I wished to interrogate him.

"'Tell me,' said I, 'if that which disturbs you was communicated to you yesterday?'

"'It was,' he replied.

"'Did you hear of it before you went home at night?'

"He wildly asked—'Why do you ask—why, why? No, it was not told to me before I went home at bed-time.'

"I now," continued B., "felt convinced of that which before I had, I know not why, suspected, and I went on to say—'W., you must yet answer me a third question:—Does that which has moved you arise out of anything that you were told about two gentlemen from Macclesfield?'

"On being thus addressed, he ran up to me with an air of wildness not to be described, seized my coat, and impetuously exclaimed—

"'Good God! what do you mean? Yes it was!'

"I then told him to be calm; and added, 'it was I and A. called, and by way of a joke left that message.'

"He looked greatly amazed; a crowd of thoughts seemed running through his mind, and being scarcely able to stand, he threw himself on the sofa in great disorder, completely overcome by his feelings, and remained for some time incapable of speech. What he could have imagined, or what may be the cause of conduct so extraordinary, I cannot guess. In the course of our conversation he assured me, in the most positive manner, that he was not leaving the country in consequence of anything that could be thought dishonourable; and that he was not flying from the officers of justice, or seeking to avoid danger of that sort. How singular the accident! Had he applied to any one else, excited as he was, he might have carried his point without being questioned, and have been, through a joke, an exile from his country for life. No person in existence but yourself could have prevented his flight by supplying the requisite information, and it might not have occurred to you to put those questions which I happened to ask."

The writer knew Mr. W. for many years subsequently, but no explanation of this strange affair was ever given. Beyond the annoyance of the moment, he is not aware that Mr. W. in any way suffered through it, but consequences more serious than those which seemed likely to grow out of it have seldom been seen in real life as the result of what was meant to be a perfectly friendly and harmless joke. It was thought prudent never to make the incident a topic of conversation. Silence has been observed for more than twenty years, but the grave having closed over the lamented individual, whom it concerned, the incident is no longer deemed a secret.

Such was the extraordinary tale, and as it must at least be considered as a case of remarkable coincidence, I need not hesitate, in these days of mesmerism, clairvoyance, table-moving, and supernatural intercourse through Rappers, like so many Witches of Endor or practisers on the credulity of Marshal. Saxe, to confess an overweening predilection for the occult science of Co-in-cidence.

Suppose I relate a few recent instances as told to me, to close this miscellaneous chapter; and I hope I do not transgress the bounds of privacy in doing so.

Lord A. F— happened to drop into Coutts's with his friend Mr. W—, who wanted to draw some money, for which purpose he got a cheque from the cashier, and filled it up for 200*l.*; on receiving which, he observed that he had something to say to one of the partners, and excused himself for running into an inner room a few minutes for the purpose. Lord A., left standing by the counter, noticed laughingly, "Well, it is a very pleasant thing to be able to walk in, and get helped to 200*l.* in that way." "If your lordship wishes to draw," replied the cashier, "I will hand you a cheque." "Oh, yes; but as I do not keep an account here, that would be of very little use," said my lord; and the conversation went on as his lordship thought jocularly. "I beg your lordship's pardon, but I shall be very happy to cash it." "But I tell you I have no money in the bank, and never had any at Messrs. Coutts." "Your lordship is mistaken; there is a larger sum than that standing in our books in your name," and consulting a large ledger, he pointed out the entry. It turned out that his royal father had vested certain amounts for the younger branches of his family, and had somehow forgotten to mention the circumstance; and so there it

might have lain for a long time, as it is a rule of the house never to announce monies paid in, but for this curious coincidence!

The same noble lord, whilst up the country at the Cape, was suddenly summoned to his ship, in consequence of the breaking out of some mutinous insubordination, and hastily getting on horseback, galloped towards the shore, where his boat was waiting him. On his course he arrived at a barrier where there was toll to pay, and found that in his haste he had forgotten his purse. He explained to the keeper, who was, however, reluctant to pass even a captain of the British navy without his fee, till, at last, Lord A. stated his name. "Oh, then," said the fellow, "you are most welcome to proceed; for your brother took me with the rest of the Cato-street conspiracy, and it was only through his goodness that I obtained mercy, and was permitted to come out here, where I was put to this employment."

My third anecdote tells of a visit to inspect Bethlem Hospital, where his lordship was pertinaciously asked for his name by a female patient, and, to avoid farther trouble, gave that of Mr. Jones. Some time after he again went with some friends, and was speedily encountered by his former interrogator; but this time it was in a different tone. "You did not," said she, "conduct yourself like a gentleman to me when you were last here. I am not always so bad, but I know what's what; and it was very improper in you to give me a false name. No, no, I knew you were no Mr. Jones, but (taking a shilling) your likeness to that showed me at once who you were. And now, sir, though I am shut up here as mad, you may give my compliments to your father, and tell him that the day he signed the Reform Act he was much madder than I am."

CHAPTER VIII.

EGO—MY BROTHER GILBERT—THE FINE ARTS, ARTISTS, AND LORD DE TABLEY—PROPOSAL FOR PUBLISHING A HISTORY OF BRITISH FISHES.

Painting is welcome!—SHAKSPERE.

May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains,
Which we may every year
Find when we come a-fishing here.—RALEIGH.

I AM writing my own life, and nobody else's. There's a fine sentence for a critic to carp at.

It was a busy life, and shaped now and henceforward by three dominant influences. There was the ceaseless demand for literary labour and activity—a labour, indeed, of love, and cherished by high popular favour and the wider extension of the friendly circle, whose esteem and approbation gilded every exertion, and made the roughest struggles comparatively smooth. There was also the strong appetite for enjoyments, intellectual and social, which my position gratified to the utmost that could be desired as congenia to my nature. Pleasure was truly to me a pleasant thing, and I spared it not, whilst I prized more and more the means by

which it was made so abundantly attainable. And there was the broad stimulus to work which rested on the great fact that existence depended upon it; so that I might briefly sum up flattery, gratification, and necessity; or success, temperament, and accident, as having shaped all I did, and have done and undone through the whole of the tangled web of my being. I should find it difficult to tell whether I entered with greater gusto into the daily tasks or the daily goods which the gods so liberally provided. It was a mingled yarn, but had a full and fair proportion of gold and silver tissue spun in with the coarser threads and drugget material. My inborn good nature also served much to smooth the rugged places and border the way with flowers; and if it exposed me to considerable imposition from the one sex, it struck a tolerable balance by inducing that courtesy and attention which finds favour with the other, and is, perhaps, more than high qualities, calculated to sweeten life and make the world jog on agreeably.

Not but that, ever and anon, grave afflictions fell like shadows on my path, and lesser troubles chequered it. The hurry and variety of my occupation reduced the latter to very insignificant proportions, and in the flying course of time modified the deepest impressions of the former; but for a season the natural intensity of my feelings claimed full sway, and none ever mourned the death of friends and those I loved, more bitterly than I. It may have been remarked by many that there seems to be periods of fatality in the loss of those who are dear to us; as in the epochs of the falling stars, a series of our brilliant lights are extinguished and our firmament robbed of its beauty and lustre for ever. Almost contemporaneously, besides much esteemed companions, such as Miss Benger and Dr. Kitchener, I had the misfortune to lose my elder brother, Gilbert, and my most

valued friend, Lord de Tabley, and the object of my almost idolatry, George Canning.

Poor Gilbert (see vol. i.), one of the smartest of boys! After the same course of common school education as my own, he had not the happy chance to fall in with a Dr. Rutherford, but finished it as a Glasgow weaver; thence took a fancy to being a plumber, was always unlucky, and died prematurely, having suffered long from the malady which is common to individuals who work with lung-poisoning lead. He was a gay, spirited, kind-hearted fellow; prompt at every playful frolic, and ready to take his own part cleverly, or get his comrades dexterously out of any little scrape that might ensue. Poor Gilbert, he had been somewhat of a drain upon me when I could, and when I could not, afford it;* but I laid him in his grave in Greyfriars Churchyard with deep sorrow, and for many a long day lamented the absence from my circle of a cheerful, fondly-attached, and affectionate brother.†

Even now, when I look back on the intimacy with which the accomplished Lord de Tabley honoured me, brightened

* Witness, a mem. 17th April, 1826, for 80*l.* "till we settle," but which was settled by the most relentless of all creditors.

† One of his last letters to me showed the enjoyment of the ludicrous triumphing over exhausting pain and approaching death. After describing the sorrows of the preceding long night, he gaily asks, "Dear Willy, do you remember the story of Willy Hawick and the Duke?" (See my first volume. Hawick was the "Natural" or imbecile from whom Scott drew his character, and the Duke was the famed John Ker, the "Book Duke" of Roxburghe.) Hawick had found his way, on a fine Sunday afternoon, into the plantation around Fleurs, the beautiful palace of his Grace, and had just broken off the branch of a tree when the Duke, happening to stroll in the same direction, came face to face with the trespasser. "What are you doing there, sir?" cried his Grace; and at the moment the dinner-bell rang out from Fleurs. Willy heard the sound and not the question (or if he did the cunning of idiotcy did not heed it), and, hitting at the Duke with his sapling, he exclaimed, "There's the bell for Kirk, gang to it, ye dam scunrel, what are ye doing here, the Lord's day?" I need hardly add that his Grace lost no time in making his escape from the idiotic assailant.

by the genial smile of his lovely partner—lovelier than the painter's art could represent her in the exquisite portrait as Hope by Sir T. Lawrence—and continued to this hour by his no less accomplished son, the present bearer of his title, and inheritor of his refined taste * and princely generosity; for it was not only in his patronage of the English school of Fine Arts, but in every act and circumstance, that Sir John Leicester displayed the munificence of a prince—even now, I repeat, when I look back on those happy days, I experience a renewal of the grief with which they close upon the head and chief source whence they emanated.

From the time my genuine admiration of Sir John Leicester's patronage of native art, towards the promotion of which he opened his gallery in Hill-street, Berkeley-square, led to a personal intercourse, to the day of his death, the friendship and close intimacy which subsisted between us was, as I have already stated, attended by everything which could make such a connexion gratifying to an individual in my position. It was not the hospitality and charms of Tabley House, the social elegance and recreations of the field-sports, the intellectual converse, and the delicious quiet retreats into the library, where the family-stored archæological researches of Peter Leicester the historian of Cheshire reposed, among massive Caxtons and Wynkyn-de-Wordes—it was not these attractions, fascinating as they

* In the "Literary Gazette," No. 572 (Jan. 5, 1828), this amiable and accomplished nobleman (whom I rejoice to see personally attached to the service of our gracious Queen, and, I presume, probably communed with by her Majesty and and her art-loving Consort on fine-art subjects,) was thus mentioned, as the successor of his father: "Not in his title alone, but in his fine taste and love of the arts, by his son George, who, though only sixteen years of age, is already a most beautiful and skilful draftsman. His younger brother, William, is heir to the same talent." Time, alas, has taken William from us, but confirmed my highest anticipations of the finely cultivated genius of the present Peer, whose intelligence, as regards literature and the arts, is of the foremost order, and might be very beneficially employed on public questions affecting both.—W. J.

were, which crowned my satisfaction here; but heartily feeling the wish to do everything in my power to promote the prosperity of English artists and the renown of English Arts, it was to me a proud triumph to find myself associated in such a cause with such a man as Sir John Leicester; having my opinions consulted by such a connoisseur, and my advice and assistance required to confirm his own masterly judgments, and point the way to his liberal appreciation and encouragement of rising talent. The compliment to one's self was sufficiently seductive.

Having formerly spoken of my more private sources of happiness in this relation (Vol. ii. pp. 256-8), I should hardly discharge my duty, even as an autobiographist, were I not to afford some account of subjects interesting to the Fine Arts of England, with which my intimacy with their first great patron made me acquainted. Other noble and distinguished persons have since followed in the same path, but I question if there has yet been a legitimate successor to the splendid example set by my most estimable friend. I run through some of the letters of our correspondence — too much cherished by sentiment to be destroyed, and thus yet remaining with me to refresh my memory of joyful and lamented days. The following extracts are from letters of various periods:—

"Sir J. did not forget Mr. J.'s intimation of the Romneys at Mr. Stewardson's,* which he found very beautiful, but too sketchy for the gallery; and should consider it a particular favour if Mr. J. would oblige him by the mention of any productions of Modern Art that may fall in his way, and which he thinks of a class to hang

* My still living and valued friend, whose portrait of Mr. Canning adorns my second volume. He was a pupil of Romney's, and possessed some of his beautiful paintings, of Lady Hamilton and others.

with the rest of the specimens he has been fortunate in bringing together."

This was the true love, the seeking out of every work and artist, with merits to deserve the honours of the Leicester Gallery. And it was no casual or common-place voice without meaning and result. Other letters reiterate the request, as, for example :—

"Allow me to thank you for your note of the 5th inst., and to assure you I shall highly appreciate and feel greatly obliged for any communication relative to works of art that may come under your observation, and which you may at any time favour me with.

"Entirely agreeing with you in your eulogy (in 1818) of Hilton and Stothard, but at the same time having in regard for the former even more sanguine expectations than you hold out, I am in hopes of being enabled to show you, the next season, a much more perfect performance than that of Una, which, with all its merits, I must consider deficient in what would, in my mind, have created far greater interest in the picture, viz., the character and beauty of the heroine.

"And in regard to the latter, with all due admiration and wish to possess a specimen of that ingenious artist's pencil, I cannot, looking accurately into the picture, consider the 'Fête Champêtre' of a character to rank with the very choice works of other masters I have been fortunate enough to acquire."

Speaking of the purport and intention of the exhibitions of his gallery, Sir John asks me (*i. e.* the "Literary Gazette") to consider it as "having in view only the advantage the professors may derive from a choice selection of their productions being seen, unmixt with foreign works." The warm supporter of our native school and the sagacious critic lives in these few lines.

I cannot now remember what another letter refers to, but it is a pressing invitation for "a little assistance from [my] elegant pen in recording a remarkable instance of liberality in an artist;" and yet another thanks me for a suggestion which led to the annexed notice in Hill-street: "It is most particularly requested that visitors to this gallery will entirely refrain from offering any money whatever to the attendants, which is strictly forbid being taken;" and Sir John writes, "Indeed it never before struck me that such a practice existed, as I consider it beyond bearing that servants who are well paid for doing their duty, should thus draw on the amusements of the poor artists."

But it was not in the liberal purchase of works of art, and giving commissions to rising artists, that Lord de Tabley showed his pure taste and ardent attachment, the mere movement of a painting, the "removal of Collins's beautiful Sun-rise into the gallery," and the placing of "Gainsborough's Cottage-door in a better light," were matters of gratulation to him, almost as much as when he, in like manner, informed me of his delight in acquiring a magnificent specimen of Wilson,* and having been favoured

* Matthews had a good anecdote of Tompkinson and a dealer who came to him with a fine landscape of Wilson, which he wished to sell. He dwelt upon its beauties with great fervency, and pointed out the undoubted and indubitable touches of the English Claude; but so far from convincing the piano-forte maker of the authenticity of the painting, he expressed his great doubt of the fact. The chapman, however, insisted, and by way of clenching the matter said, "Now sir, I will convince you of your error in judgment, for I saw Wilson paint upon it." "Did you, indeed," exclaimed the still incredulous Tompkinson,—"of course if you saw it, I can dispute the matter no longer, but by G—— I would not believe it if I had seen it myself." Judgment in applying the names of masters to pictures is, truly, little better than a farce, and generally quite identical with an imposition. M. Des-Enfans showing Ibbotson the finest Hobbima ever seen, and which Ibbotson himself had painted, was but a lucky example of the uncertainty, where not worse, of connoisseur dogmatism.

with the acceptation of new commissions as above-noticed by that rising artist Hilton, (the result of which was perhaps his best work, the "Europa,") Fuseli (who produced two, "Friar Tuck," and a scene from Boccaccio), Callcot, Collins again, and others, who had promised their best efforts to adorn his collection. West's first design for "Death on the White Horse;" also his "Angels conducting Lot and his daughters out of the burning cities of Sodom and Gomorrah," and Loutherbourg's "Avalanche," were equally brought in with exultation; and the discovery of any young artist of promise was hailed as an event to be taken in hand with the zeal of a suitor rather than of a pre-determined patron. Yet, on another occasion, he writes: "I highly approve your standing clear of all the artists' broils: to *please* or *even satisfy* them, would indeed be an *Herculean task!*" On Hilton's election by the Academy, he (Sir John) tells me, "Your remarks on his genius set your taste and judgment in a higher light than the R.A.'s who elected him by one vote!"

Above thirty years ago, I find our indefatigable patron purchasing Behnes' "Bust of the late venerable President, West," and strongly recommending the "young artist" to my notice, as sure to "make a figure" as a sculptor; and, about this period, Mr. John Young, at a large cost, enriched the world of art with his splendid illustrated "Catalogue of the Leicester Gallery," the exhibition of which he had so ably managed during the season.

Two years later, the pictures from Tabley House were transferred to London, and commissions given to Hofland and other painters as they arose in the British school; whilst to myself, an autumnal visit to the country mansion whence the works were removed, imparted a refreshing sojourn after the winding up of the busy time of the year.

On my departure, I took a turn about the great manufacturing towns, and in passing through Manchester, went, at Sir John's request, to see a famous painting by an old master, respecting which he had received a letter a day or two before. It was duly hung, and green-silk-curtained in a rather dingy room; and after due eulogium by the owner, the veil was carefully withdrawn, and to my astonishment, I beheld a human (hardly human) figure, in comparison with which, I solemnly declare, the common sign-boards of Admiral Keppel or Lord Granby are master-pieces of pictorial art. I could not refrain from a burst of laughter, and hastened from this triumph of the pallet to announce its merits to the Lord of Tabley, who, in answer, playfully writes: "Dear Sir, I must thank you for your very amusing and kind letter, and really feel it a great obligation, your having arrested the Manchester Parmegiano (it had been so described by its possessor) in his proposed journey to Tabley, though I feel heavily the loss of such an opportunity to patronise a new school of art."

I have observed elsewhere on the charm that belongs to familiar intercourse with the superior classes of society, whose cultivated, and ever cultivating, intellect, and habitual refinement, render their conversation at once so agreeable, their pursuits so instructive, and their manners so improving, in unison with an unvarying tone of consideration for others, which, though it proceeds from a chastised propriety of mind, seems to spring from the kind fount of Nature alone, void of offence, respecting the self-love of all around, and employed only in creating an atmosphere of pleasurable enjoyment. Literature in light mood, and philosophy in sport, independently of more important inquiries, distinguished my experience of such society, and when I have heard the upper ranks of life, as is too usual with those

unacquainted with them, spoken of superciliously and detractingly, I could never refrain from the earnest wish that their contemners could resemble them (even to a limited degree) in intelligence, a thirst for information, and a suavity which bade flowers grow where others planted thorns and nettles. I never was a tuft-hunter, and met the highest always on terms of equality, and this tribute to their noble and estimable qualities is but a simple testimony to the truth, which afforded me many delicious days to be deeply grateful for, in the course of a lengthened life. The sequel to the letter I have last quoted, may indicate the sort of enjoyments which have elicited these remarks.

"I hear that the partridges (17th Sept.) still find a safe refuge in the standing corn, which is not half cut; but look forward with great pleasure in hopes of seeing you empty your well-loaded pockets, not of primrose wine,* but woodcocks and wild ducks at the coming Christmas, when my lady promises she will not say a word about electric fire,† or by any chance recall to your remembrance, your friend the little Duke of Mantua's skyrocket‡ hero, who took his flight twenty yards upwards from the top of an oak tree. N.B. See page 212, Jamieson's 'Universal

* Alludes to my finding some curious wines made from primroses, cowslips, balsams, and other flowers, at a cottage assigned, by my generous host, to a poor decayed old lady, who kindly assuaged my thirst with a bottle one hot day when out shooting. The balsam, I think, was so *recherché*, that I went for more, and, conspiring with the butler, my lady and I succeeded in imposing it on the exquisite palate (*gout*) of Sir John as some forgotten or unknown vintage from his own cellar, in revenge for his having taunted me that my panegyric was all owing to my drought.

† An argument on the electricity with which gossamers propelled their filaments, wherein I fancy I had the worst; as books of reference were always consulted on such occasions.

‡ Something of a similar literary controversy on my poor friend John Roby's tragedy of the Duke of Mantua, which was mysteriously brought out with a masked face bearing some likeness to Byron on the title page, and made some noise at the time.

Science,' 'that on an accurate estimation, the thread of the minutest spiders is composed of above 4000 still finer, and that above 16,000 millions are not altogether thicker than a human hair;' this is perhaps in your favour."

The next letter I shall quote entire, as it affords another proof of the influence which the "Literary Gazette" possessed in connection with the encouragement of the fine arts, which I pride myself on having set the example of effecting through the medium of regular and systematic notice by the periodical press:—

"Tabley House, 8th March, 1825.

"DEAR SIR,

"In perfect confidence I trouble you with rather a more weighty concern in the way of art than I *expected*, but hope it may turn out well.

"A short extract from Westmacott's letter will explain it best:—

"'South Audley Street, March 3rd.

"'SIR JOHN,

"'On my return yesterday from Wilton, I found your very flattering letter and acceptance of my labours. Artists are perhaps not the best judges of their own efforts, but I confess I shall feel a little disappointed if my 'Nymph and Zephyr' is not as favourably received as even the 'Psyche.'

"'I have, I think, caught your ideas in the management I have adopted, which is well calculated to display the graces and prominent beauties of the female form, whilst the playfulness of the child heightens the interest of the group. I enter fully into your feelings in being desirous to withhold the work from general view for the present, but I see no objection to your wish that Mr. Jerdan should see it and notice it. Mr. Parker has reported me

truly in the money part of the commission. I have never thought beyond your gallery, and beg to name the price at 750*l.*'

"May I hope, therefore, you will have the goodness to take an opportunity of seeing it, and mentioning it as you think fit, as one of the novelties for my gallery next year; and what I am still more anxious for, is to have your private opinion of it. Pray also remember the fishing season is advancing, and shall be quite disappointed if you let it pass unheeded or unmindful of your friends at Tabley.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Yours very truly,

"JOHN F. T. LEICESTER."

In 1825, Lady de Tabley honoured us by giving her name as godmother to the infant daughter, whose death I have recorded as the first fatal breach in the frail crystal globe of my entire family unity in this world; and the letter conveying this valued compliment adds, "you some time ago intimated a wish that I would give a commission to your friend Pickersgill, which I should now be happy to do, as I think my favourite subject from Croly possesses an ample scope for the brilliant colouring of his pencil, and will make a picture replete with interet. Will you ask your friend if he will undertake this, in which case its being finished for my gallery early next spring must be a *sine quâ non*." Wishing to ascertain why this commission was not executed, I wrote to my old friend a few weeks ago for an explanation; and regret to say that he ignores the remembrance of such an offer. Yet I can hardly persuade myself that I could have neglected it; and thus the arts have lost a very valuable and interesting contribution.

Sir John was a great admirer of Croly's "Paris" and other poetry; and the passage here alluded to was in the poem of "Sebastian," where the Moor is playing on the harp in the tent, stanza 18; and the picture was intended as a companion to Leslie's "Anne Page," 2 feet 4½ inches high, by 2 feet wide, and the figures about the same size. Leslie, however, took up the subject of "Rebecca" in preference, which Sir John considered to be an entire failure.

That the late Lord de Tabley was not only an excellent judge of the arts, but himself a practical artist far above the usual rank of amateur production, was demonstrated by several fine landscapes which he amused himself with painting when at Tabley. But one of his fancies to beguile pain by such employment, was so strange a manifestation of philosophical nonchalance, that I cannot refrain from describing it. Subject to violent attacks of headache, I have seen him frequently obliged to retire from table, and seek relief by the application of numerous leeches to his temples and the adjacent localities most severely affected. In this condition he would allow of no interruption of the social pleasures he had been compelled to leave; but when the "black doctors" had done their duty, and restored portions of the vital fluid to a large palette, it was a curious work of art to witness it converted into a palette, and a rich brown picturesque scene of wood, and rock, and country painted by the temporary invalid from his own veins. I assure my readers that these productions were natural, artistic, varied, and harmonious, and that, uninformed of the singular process by which they were produced, no one could ever have surmised the material, or that it could possibly form any feature in the pleasing landscape! *

* Thus there were Leeches employed in the fine arts before the *debut* of *the* Mr. Leech, who is one of the cleverest Hogarthian artists of our day.—W. J.

It were indeed as difficult to guess as, I recollect, a stony mass which I had cut, and brought before a party of our most famous geologists for their opinion what it was. It puzzled the conclave; and well it might, for it came not from the bowels of the earth, nor from any formation with which they were acquainted in any stratum of historical or ante-historical era; being a concrete, charmingly variegated with every colour of the rainbow, and more; the result of the scraping of a painter's palette for many years, which had not been thrown out, but left for time to harden into a lump, which bore a polish as complete as cornelian, agate, or porphyry.

But to return to my proper subject. His lordship took a very early interest in the art of lithography,* and executed many designs on stone with his own hands. In this, also, I went zealously along with him; for the "Literary Gazette" was the first journal to take up Mr. Ackermann's novel importation from Germany, and support its capability of becoming a cheap and most useful interpreter of the Fine Arts.

In his choice of pictures and sculpture, Lord de Tabley always displayed an intense love of the beautiful; and though he felt high admiration for the grand and sublime, they did not yield him such delight as the sweet and lovely. Martyrdoms and distressing battle-pieces or massacres, *et hoc genus omne*, he mortally disliked, and would have none of them to adorn his gracefully-covered walls, or fill statuary niches in his elegant gallery, where beauty and sentiment

* The first engraved example of this art is added here:—

"Mr. Ackermann has the honour to enclose a card of invitation to a literary meeting at his library, on Thursday the 20th of February, at seven o'clock in the evening; and on the same evening in each week, until the 10th day of April inclusive.

"101, Strand. Feb. 1817."

walked hand in hand with the most successful Art and most perfect Nature.

A project uniting the Arts and Literature, must be mentioned before I quit a topic on which I love to dwell, though with it melancholy and gratifying reflections are so intimately blended, that I cannot define whether sobered sadness or tinted memories of bygone happiness most prevail. Time, when sinking with us into darkness, like the sun, throws forth a glory of departing beams which gild and illuminate for the moment the sky, and even the clouds of the past.

The cherished plan of a publication between Sir J. Leicester and I was thus announced:—

Will be published in One Volume Quarto.

BRITISH ICHTHYOLOGY.

EDITED BY

W. JERDAN, Esq., F.A.S., M.R.L.S., &c.

WITH OCCASIONAL REMARKS BY

AND ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS EXECUTED UNDER THE IMMEDIATE INSPECTION

OF

SIR J. F. LEICESTER, Bart., H.M.R.D.S., H.M.R.C.I., &c.

FROM CORRECT DRAWINGS IN HIS POSSESSION.

The idea was more specifically developed in the annexed suggestions in the handwriting of my respected coadjutor.

"In One Vol. Quarto,

BRITISH ICHTHYOLOGY;

Illustrated with engravings of the principal Fish of Great Britain, and others frequenting its shores, from drawings taken from Nature by Sir J. F. Leicester and some of the first artists.

WITH OCCASIONAL REMARKS BY

WILLIAM JERDAN, ESQ., &c. &c. &c.

"Will something of this kind do, with your corrections or improvements?—or, pray, suggest anything you think better."

On this intent, we made some considerable progress; unfortunately never to be completed; but as it might yet be taken up and carried into effect by some fond disciple of Isaac Walton, in conjunction with a spirited publisher, I will as briefly as possible describe the particulars of our enterprise as far as it went.

Mr. S. Pether* was our leading counsel and guide in regard to the fine art departments of drawing and engraving the fishes, which Sir John, at first, estimated at thirty, but when the list came to be made, we found only the following:—British fresh water fishes: 1, pike; 2, perch; 3, carp; 4, tench; 5, trout; 6, barbel; 7, grayling; 8, gwynnard, in Bala Pool, North Wales; 9, char, in Windermere; 10, chub; 11, bream; 12, roach; 13, dace; 14, pope; 15, bleak; 16, eel; 17, gudgeon; 18, loach; 19, minnow; 20, miller's thumb; 21, stickleback: river fish: 1, salmon; 2, smelt; 3, flounder; 4, lamprey eel, in the Severn.—Total 25.

* Painted for Sir John, who suggested the subject, "A Caravan overtaken by a Sandstorm in the Desert."

The cost of the drawings and engravings was estimated at 200 guineas, of which the moiety was to be paid for the former by Sir John, and the second hundred for the engravings, to be repaid by the publication if it succeeded, any surplus to be mine. There was to be a popular octavo edition, after the quarto, with wood-cuts, as in Salter and Walton; when I got assent to the corporeal introduction of my small-fry friends, the minnows, sticklebacks, loaches, and miller's thumbs. The plates were to be about the size of those in old Albin's "History of *Esculent* Fishes," 1794; and we had a bream executed as a specimen by Mr. Clarke, recommended by Pether. The other engravers spoken with were Griffiths, the engraver of Cuvier, in which the dory was beautifully executed; Curtis, the engraver of Franklin; Milan, Marsh, Swaine, and John Scott, all able artists, and competent to do ample justice to the undertaking; which became quite a pleasant hobby, and led to many an amusing letter, as we discussed tails, scales, gills, fins, and localities where the finest specimens were to be caught, including journeys to the English lakes, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland!

My part was to write an introduction, and a page or leaf of description, with the various generic names given by different authors, and modelled on Block's "Ichthyologia" (3 vols. folio, Berlin, 1795), with remarks on particular species, and specimens extraordinary for size, or other peculiarity. In one of his notes, my co-author was pleased to observe that he had no doubt my share of the work would be very complete, if he could persuade me not to go quite so far as the *cookery*. Paintings of an enormous jack and a carp, taken out of the Tabley waters, by Thomson, R.A., were admirably copied by Sir John, and with several other drawings of his own of perch and roach, dispatched to me

in London, wherewith to commence proceedings, with the instruction, "I am fully persuaded that nothing can be had *excellent* and *cheap;* if the first is not obtained in a very *high degree*, I shall not like to have a hand in it."

But all our pleasant preparations and prospects were sorrowfully dissipated by the sudden and alarming illness (as Mr. Lister Parker immediately informed me from Tabley) of our "kind and worthy friend, who was seized with a slight paralytic affection on the left side," that enforced the abandonment of the fish plan, which they all deeply regretted. My own want of time to attend to and push on the work was, I fear, the main cause why it was not brought to a happier termination.

Among the friends and acquaintances I made at Tabley, besides Mr. Parker, above-named, and the surrounding Cheshire gentry, about the most ancient, gentlemanly, wealthiest, and best informed squirearchy in the kingdom, I should mention his Lordship's chaplain, the Rev. Thomas Jee, Vicar of Thaxted in Essex, at whose hospitable manse I also enjoyed occasionally an abundance of the field-sports which were so conducive to my health and recreation, during brief intermissions of my literary toil. He offered the field where there were "*no* lords of the manor, and no keepers to consult or to control us; but we shall be as free as foresters and the natives of the forest."

These gleams were finally darkened; and the last note of their extinction, was thus conveyed to me by Mr. Lister Parker:—

"My dear Sir,

"It is my painful task now to inform you of the death of our most kind and generous friend Lord de Tabley, who departed this life at half-past nine this morning, after

a long and painful illness of more than six months. His last few hours were tranquil, and without apparent pain. The arts have lost a most munificent patron, and the world at large an accomplished scholar and a gentleman ; private individuals a most kind and generous friend."

CHAPTER IX.

REMARKABLE INCIDENTS—MR. CANNING—FORMATION OF HIS ADMINISTRATION—THE DEFECTION AND OPPOSITION—PATRONAGE OF LITERATURE—ILLNESS—DEATH.

> He was friend faithful and dear to me.—SHAKSPERE.

> The *Patriot's* meed is fame that never dies;
> He needs no bard to strike the quivering string,
> To sound his praises to the answering skies;
> His glory, rising on Time's ceaseless wing,
> Soars far above oblivion's stream, that lies
> Where the dull weeds of life are withering—
> Yes! he who seeks his country's good, will shine
> A sun that sets not, dimless and divine.—BIRD.

My narrative has brought me to the third of the irremediable afflictions which befel me at this period, so closely together, and were so poignantly mourned. The death of Mr. Canning was a grievous blow to the country, and the superaddition of private and personal suffering to public and universal sorrow, rendered it, indeed, hard to bear. My attachment to him had grown with the passage of some twenty years, till it had become a devotedness not to be surpassed, and an affection of the deepest nature. He saw and knew this, and this it was which recommended so humble an individual to his confidence and friendship: of

which it is now my duty to relate some remarkable proofs, not so peculiar to myself as interesting to the nation, and illustrative of his noble character.

In a preceding page, I have introduced my prized and estimable companion, Mr. Thomas Frederick Hunt,* to the acquaintance of my readers, and mentioned his position in the Board of Works, which led to his constant employment when alterations or repairs were requisite in the royal palaces, particularly in Saint James's, where his Majesty George IV. held levees, gave audiences, and transacted other public business. By one of those extraordinary coincidences, of which I have recorded several instances, it so happened that he was engaged in the King's usual suite of rooms in projecting some improvements, on the day on which Mr. Canning was raised to the momentous responsibility and dignity of Prime Minister of the British empire. By a strange casualty, when he left off his inspection of the innermost apartment, and was on his way out, he discovered to his dismay, that his Majesty had retired from his meeting with Mr. Canning, and come, with the Marchioness of Conyngham, into the room immediately adjoining that in which he was. Those who know the peril and disgrace incurred by any person guilty, or suspected of eves-dropping in a royal residence, or intrusion upon royal privacy, may imagine the absolute horror of my friend when he found himself in this dilemma. Retreat was impossible. He might attract notice by making a rapping carpenter-like noise, but this was too late, and would only render his exposure certain. Bathed in perspiration, as he described himself

* Author of "Hints on Domestic Architecture," 4to.; "Designs for Parsonage Houses," 4to.; "Architettura Campestre," royal 4to.; and "Examples of Tudor Architecture," royal 4to., all published by Messrs. Longman, and producing a great influence on the style of building throughout the country.

to me, he felt that he could only risk detection, and, in the event of being discovered, trust to the simple truth of the accident that had beset him for credence and pardon. He was thus compelled, perforce, to overhear the conversation between the King and his confidante on this important occasion; and thence the particulars of his Majesty's interview with the Minister, the expression of his confidence in his genius and loyalty, and his firm persuasion that he would conduct the affairs of the kingdom to the heights of prosperity and glory—in all which sentiments the accomplished Marchioness cordially agreed, and warmly applauded the act by which numerous political ravels seemed to be so happily disentangled. To Hunt's infinite relief, the colloquy ended, and the suite of rooms was cleared for his joyous escape.

It will readily be supposed that, aware of the anxious feeling with which I had been watching the previous negotiations for the formation of a Cabinet, Mr. Hunt lost little time in communicating his intelligence to me; and it reached me just as I had finished a letter to Mr. Canning on some of the points at issue on this memorable occasion. It immediately changed my intention, and I resolved to seek an interview with the Premier, early on the following morning, and state the circumstances to him, as they could not but have a strong effect in confirming him in the entire sincerity of his royal master, and consequent stability and power of his new position. I shall never forget the least incident of this I may almost call it supernatural event; for that such information should be acquired in such a manner by one so devoted to the man and the cause as I was, and so unlikely to learn a syllable of what took place at Court, was, apparently, little short of a miracle.

Full of my errand, I hastened about ten o'clock to

Downing Street, and was ushered into the room of Mr. Stapleton, the private secretary, and afterwards author of the authentic and well-written "Life of Mr. Canning" (see note, p. 164). As I anticipated, he at once assured me that to see Mr. Canning was utterly impossible, for that he was so momentously engaged in the selection of his colleagues and communicating with them, that he had been, only a few minutes before, obliged to excuse himself from seeing (I think) the Duke of Devonshire. I, however, persevered, and begged of Mr. Stapleton to take my card into Mr. Canning, and lay it on the table before him; to which, knowing something of our antecedent relations, he courteously assented. Upon this I wrote: "Dear Sir—pray see me—if it were not of sufficient consequence, I would not ask at such a time." Very briefly Mr. Stapleton returned, literally pale with astonishment, and bid me go into a room, where Mr. Canning would immediately join me. I am thus particular, for I consider the anecdote to possess historical interest enough to be told with all its accessories. The room into which I was shown was on the first floor, on the left hand, at the top of Downing Street, with the windows looking into that small square. I had become exceedingly agitated, and worked up to so distressing a state of nervous tremor, that I could hardly support myself, or recall my scattered thoughts to what I had to tell. In this condition I rather sunk than sat down upon a chair, and was lost in a sort of reverie, when a part of the library opposite to me began to move, and I felt as if I was losing my senses with giddiness and overwhelming emotion. Mr. Canning entered. The door was the painting of a book-case, to conform with the shelves of the library, and I recovered much of my self-possession as my exalted friend approached me, and *gave me his whole hand!*

With some difficulty and hesitation I was enabled to tell my story, to which he listened attentively, and then condescended to thank me for this proof of my attachment. He then placed two chairs in a certain position, with their backs to the windows, and seating himself in one, an arm-chair, motioned me to sit down on the other, which was close beside it. He observed that it must be gratifying to him to have this double assurance of the high opinion the King entertained of him, and the entire confidence reposed in his ability to carry on the government of the country with success and honour; but his Majesty's language and manner to him, on the preceding afternoon, had been such as could not leave a doubt or a fear even upon a suspicious mind; and he had accepted office with the most perfect confidence in his Majesty's gracious promise to maintain him firmly in the arduous station to which he had raised him. In describing this, and indeed in repeating all that had passed, Mr. Canning not only related the conversation, which embraced the most important prospective points, connected with the Home and Foreign policy to be pursued by the Government and country, but, extending his own arm over the arm of the chair on which he sat, acted the manner in which his Majesty, at a certain period of the audience, gave him his hand (the back of it!) to kiss, as the pledge and confirmation of his great appointment. I believe it may be truly affirmed, that when in discussing prospective arrangements the King inquired what course Mr. Canning was prepared to adopt in the event of the Protestant section of the Cabinet proving adverse to him; and that in answer he, under the seal of secrecy, informed his Majesty that a leading member of the Whig party (Mr. Tierney) had already in

the contemplation of such a contingency, assured him of the support of the opposition. This secret unfortunately oozed out from the King to Lord Westmoreland, who lost no time in disclosing Mr. Canning's intentions to his colleagues, who instanter decided on resigning in succession (as they did), instead of accepting the Premier's overture to retain their respective appointments. It was thus that on the first day of his Premiership he found himself alone, without a Cabinet!

It may be faintly conceived with what emotion I listened to this (considering my humble station in life) very remarkable statement, and how my heart swelled with pride at the extraordinary confidence reposed in me; but my feelings were still more wrought upon by observing the hectic flushes and pallor which succeeded each other on the countenance of Mr. Canning. They too truly betokened that condition of mind which so rapidly conduced to the termination of his invaluable existence; and showed on how fragile a thread of human endurance the fate of a nation and the welfare or misery of millions may depend. I could compare the phenomena—or shall I say symptoms?—to nothing but the alternate blushing and paleness of a sensitive girl when tried by one of the most interesting occasions that can befall her in life. I had an inward conviction that the splendour of this glorious luminary would not long enlighten the world; and from that hour, with various sensations, as circumstances occurred to harass or soothe his susceptible nature, I continued to hope against hope and entertain ever anxious fear, till the fatal consummation of the worst that could be dreaded.

Before I left him, Mr. Canning requested me to attend under the gallery of the House of Commons every night, and commit very briefly to paper the impression made upon me

by the debates, and send my notes to him in the mornings. This duty I zealously performed, and had immediate admission to the Premier whenever I thought it necessary to ask it. I may also mention here a subject, not connected with my immediate mission, but which led me frequently into his guarded sanctum, and to farther confidential inter-communication.

Through my much esteemed and intimate friend Captain Blaquiere* I was informed of secret particulars of the famous Greek Loan, which rather compromised some public reputations, and were of a description not to be revealed by me, either then or now. But as I stood in relation to Mr. Canning, I was bound to make him acquainted with the circumstances, and indeed it was for that object that they were confided to me by Blaquiere, one of the warmest of the friends to Greece and the Greek cause who took part in their affairs at this critical time. I consequently laid open some of the proceedings in effecting this loan, and placed before the Minister a view of accounts by which it was demonstrated how large sums of money had been gained by individuals, well known both to him and to me. I am still tied up from saying more; and shall only notice the impatience, indignation, and exclamations of astonishment with which he started up from the table, and paced the room as item after item of this discreditable transaction was unfolded by the documentary evidence in his hands. His emotions, on perusing these proofs of backsliding, were more in sorrow than in anger, though his glowing affection for the service they so cruelly crippled, amounted to a passion (see p. 221).

* Author of "Letters from the Mediterranean," "Greece in 1827," "The Greek Revolution," "Narrative of a Second Visit to Greece," and other sterling publications replete with valuable intelligence. This gallant and worthy officer sailed again to pursue inquiries, but, alas, neither he nor the vessel were ever heard of more. His widow, a strong minded woman, mourned his mysterious fate till about four or five years ago.

To return to the formation of the Ministry, the progress of the negotiations and incidents attendant upon which I heard from Mr. Canning's own lips: I, therefore, relate what follows as authoritatively faithful and historically authentic. From the beginning the Duke of Wellington and Lord Eldon set their faces against the union with Mr. Canning as Prime Minister. Lord Melville met him in Downing-street, and agreed to take office; but within three or four hours, having in the meanwhile been invited to a conference at Hyde Park-corner, with the illustrious Duke and learned Earl I have just named, he returned home, and sent in his resignation. Mr. Peel declined to join on his own separate grounds, and Mr. Canning declared his opinion that his reasons for not uniting with him, and principally the ardent line of his politics against the Roman Catholic concessions, were the only valid grounds of principle which were sufficient to prevent his former colleagues from undertaking, on this occasion, together with him, the services required by their Sovereign. How little could even his prescient soul penetrate the future, and see this defection of Mr. Peel not only explained, or, in another word, excused upon different data, but converted into opposition; and that, within a few short years, he should concede to Rome every particle of the religious element which had divided his course from that of his patriot contemporary. Mr. Peel had Oxford, as an anti-Papist, when Mr. Canning, entertaining more liberal sentiments in regard to the political interests of the empire in this respect, had to decline the enviable seat; and Mr. Peel's official career as Secretary for Ireland still farther justified his refusal to become Secretary of State under Mr. Canning. So, at least, it seemed to that impartial statesman, to whom the dream of the hereafter—of what wonderful

changes we have witnessed since—was as dark a blank as the next quarter of a century is to the dullest among living men!

The conduct adopted by the Duke of Wellington and Lord Eldon in this instance, broke up the powerful Pitt, or Tory party, nearly as much as Mr. Peel's Free Trade resolutions in 1846 broke up the Conservative phalanx; and threw the Minister upon other personal friends and the moderate Whigs for the assistance they denied him. From these two sources he recruited an efficient Ministry, though, I think, he felt himself ill-supported by his colleagues in the minor departments, especially of Scotland, which were rather the means of weakness than of strength. Still, with such weight as was given by the adhesion of the Duke of Portland, Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl of Harrowby, Lord Dudley, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Tierney, Lord Lyndhurst, the Duke of Clarence, Marquis of Anglesea, Dukes of Devonshire and Leeds, Lord Bexley, and the Honourable William Lamb; and in the law, Leach, Hart, Scarlett, and Tindal, an administration was created equal to any emergency, and superior to any hostility.

That hostility was soon and bitterly displayed. Earl Grey denounced Mr. Canning in one of the most personal invectives that ever was delivered in the Parliament of England, and the falling off of those who ought to have been his friends, exposed him to this violent assault, which his nervous excitement rendered him so much less able to endure, and which at earlier times he would have torn to tatters and trampled under his feet.*

The explanations in the House of Commons also soon let

* It was pithily observed at the time, Mr. Peel withdrew because he could not serve under a minister whose opinions were favourable to the

out the secret, that Mr. Peel's withdrawal was not a simple passive resolution, but a prelude to a declared opposition. On the evening, when Mr. Dawson first opened this battery, I wrote my usual bulletin and delivered it next morning in Downing-street; Mr. Peel made his statement a few nights after, and on the following morning I waited upon Mr. Canning personally, to ascertain how this speech, so little in unison with his previous idea of Mr. Peel's motives and the neutral course he was likely to adopt, affected him. I happened to make the remark, that "he would now see that I was right," and in answer to his question, "on what point," referred him to my note above-mentioned. He had no recollection of it; but, pulling out his drawer, tossed over a number of unopened letters, and among them the neglected missive. He excused himself for this apparent slight, being completely overwhelmed with correspondence, and obliged to postpone a portion of it for more leisurely consideration, and broke the seal to read: "What Mr. Dawson has done to-night, I feel assured Mr. Peel will do within a week or a fortnight." My prediction had been

Roman Catholics, and because he believed such sentiments in the Premier would interfere with the Home Secretary's administration of the affairs of Ireland. The Duke of Wellington withdrew on the former of these points alone. The Lord Chancellor withdrew, because he was fortunate in the opportunity for gratifying a long cherished desire to leave office; and here he had one admirably adapted to his purpose. Lord Westmoreland withdrew because others did; and Lord Melville withdrew because he was persuaded to make common cause with the rest; while Lord Bathurst seemed very much at a loss to assign any reason at all. But however produced, the result was, that all these members of the Cabinet, with the honourable exception of Lord Bexley, within the range of a few hours, threw up their appointments, and left their Sovereign with a very heavy and painful responsibility upon his head. Upon the point of Mr. Canning having risen from the ranks, the same might be said of the seceders. Lord Eldon rose from the ranks; and the Duke of Wellington, comparatively with his transcendental elevation, rose from the ranks; and others were men of only one descent—no great cause to shrink from union with a Parvenu!

fulfilled, and Mr. Canning, in a playful manner, complimented me as an inheritor of the second sight of my native country, and worthy to be esteemed as an astute political prophet; adding, that if he had perused the note at the period of its date, he could not have believed in it. I remember, that on anterior occasions, he used to speak of Mr. Peel as the person destined to be his successor in official life; the duration of which, in its highest sphere, he estimated at ten years, so that the difference of ten years in age would be the measure of succession.

I hope I do not deceive myself in thinking that such anecdotes of so illustrious a character must be of very general and lasting interest; and, therefore, that anything in them which savours of personal exaltation will be pardoned on account of the matter. It is not often that the interior recesses of a prime minister can be visited under such circumstances, and a true report made, without infringing the trust of public or private confidence.

In the midst of the party and faction strife which ensued on Mr. Canning's taking office, and distracted his attention, he still held in view the importance of literature, and acknowledged the bounden duties of his position, to cherish its development and support its national claim to distinction and reward. In furtherance of this principle he did me the honour to give me a *carte blanche* commission, when and wheresoever I observed any opportunity in which his patronage could be of advantage to literary institutions or designs, to be at perfect liberty to employ his name and purse without even the trouble of consulting with him! Upon this I acted in several instances, and my doings were cordially confirmed with approbation and thanks. I speak not of the agent, but of the fact, which I deem to set a most salutary example to every man who may succeed in

raising himself to be a leading member of the government of an enlightened people in all time coming. The memory of Mæcenas is as immortal, and yet more glorious than that of Augustus; and the encouragement of learning and genius diffuses greater blessings, and sheds brighter lustre upon the age and country, than the management of affairs, however dexterous, and the achievement of victories, however triumphant.

In regard to the press, Mr. Canning was keenly alive to its influence, and the consequent expediency of keeping it well-informed. The love of truth, and almost too refined a delicacy in eschewing what might look like interference or dictation, guided him in all concerns connected with this potent organ, of which I had cognizance, and extended over the period of my gratifying intimacy. So early as 1814, he wrote—

"Nov. 1, 1814.

"Sir,

"I received your letter of yesterday, and thank you for it.

"I beg that you will now let the subject of me and my embassy drop, as the facts once stated, it is not pleasant to be made the subject of continued controversy.

"I do not believe one word of the rumours which you mention.

"I am, yours, &c.,

"G. C.

"I will mention to my gardener that you may occasionally look in at Gloucester Lodge.

"Should you see anything amiss, or requiring interference, my man of business, with full power to act for me in my absence, is John Heaton, Esq., No. 6, Old Burlington-street, to him pray report anything of that sort."

His bringing me acquainted with Mr. Gifford a few years after, was founded on the same basis; and I can solemnly bear my honest testimony, that in all my own transactions with Lord Farnborough, Mr. Rose, Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Canning, and others of the Pitt school, or in acting as the medium of their communications to third parties, I never knew of the truth being coloured, far less violated, or of the facts not being left to the judgment and conscientiousness of the individuals informed. There was in Mr. Canning himself the strong dislike to be exposed to the misrepresentations or animadversions of the press; and I will venture, at this distance of time, to quote a characteristic letter from him, which bears on this subject. I had solicited the appointment of my son to a clerkship in the Foreign Office, to which application I received the following answer:—

"(PRIVATE.)

"Brighton, June 26, 1826.

"DEAR SIR,

"Your letter of the 19th followed me hither: where unluckily so many other things have followed me, during the week, that I have never till this morning, had leisure to turn to my *private* box of unanswered letters.

"I will be very open with you. The clerkships in the Foreign Office are in such request that I have not only more engagements upon my hands at present than I see any prospect of fulfilling; but I have also claims upon me which I have refused, but which are of such a nature that if I had unexpectedly the means, I ought properly to retract my refusal.

"Among the latter, are applications of the Duke of Cambridge, and Duke of Gloucester.

"I will further aver that I should feel, and I really think you would, upon reflection, that your connection

with the *publick press*, however honourable, would make the introduction of a son of yours into the Foreign Office liable to some objection.

"Having said this, I have great pleasure in adding that I am likely to have the disposal, at no very distant time, of a clerkship in the Navy Pay Office, under Mr. Huskisson. Tell me if that would meet your wishes. If it would, it shall be yours, for your son.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your sincere and faithful, &c.,

"GEO. CANNING.

"W. JERDAN, Esq."

The writer, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs, had afterwards the condescension to speak with me about the appointment, and the next letter shows at once the kindness of his feeling and the soundness of his objection.

"F. O., June 30, 1826.

"DEAR SIR,

"You entirely misapprehend what I said about your connection with the Press.

"The reason why I would not (if it were otherwise in my power) place in THIS office a young man, whose father was so connected, [is] because I am quite certain that, however unjustly, *he* would bear the blame of every indiscretion, or breach of the confidence of office, by which matters intended to be kept secret found their way to the publick.

"It may be some short time before the Clerkship in the Navy Pay Office, which is to be at my disposal becomes vacant; because it will only become so by my appointment of the young man, now holding out to a clerkship here, in fulfilment of a promise given by me two years ago, to a

friend of Mr. Huskisson's and mine. I destine for him my first vacancy, but I know not *when* it will occur.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Very truly yours,

"GEO. CANNING.

"W. JERDAN, Esq."

Within a short period Mr. Huskisson arranged a clerkship in the Board of Trade, as a first step for my son; but it was of small consequence, and subsequent considerations led to its relinquishment. Under other auspices he was, about five years later, appointed one of the stipendiary magistrates of Jamaica, and perished there, as stated in the annexed obituary.

"The following notice having appeared in several of the London Papers, in reference to the death of Mr. J. S. Jerdan, announced in last 'Kelso Mail,' we now give it a place in the belief that it will afford a melancholy satisfaction to many relations and friends of the deceased, in this district:—

"Mr. John Stuart Jerdan, one of the stipendiary magistrates for Jamaica, and the eldest son of Mr. William Jerdan, of Brompton, fell a sacrifice to the severe and fatiguing duties of his office in that fatal climate, after a short illness, on Thursday, the 25th of December.—Of his loss in the district of Manchioneal, in the parish of St. Thomas-in-the-East, the 'Jamaica Dispatch' says:—'To an active and enterprising character he added a zeal in the execution of his arduous duties, which rendered him respected and beloved both by master and servant; he tempered justice with mercy; and just as his labours were becoming almost a sinecure, from his judicious conduct, the island was deprived of his services at the early age of 26.

His remains were conveyed to the tomb with marked respect, and his death lamented by all who had the pleasure of knowing him.' Previous to his departure for the West Indies, Mr. Jerdan, seconding the ardent wish of his father for its success, performed the functions of secretary for the Abbotsford subscription, and acquitted himself in so zealous and excellent a manner as to receive the grateful acknowledgments and warm approbation of the committee. He was much attached to the study of natural history, and made some fine collections in entomology.* His premature loss, at the moment when the sphere of his usefulness was so honourably filled, is a heavy affliction to his friends and family."

Reverting for a moment to the Press, and to a proposition I had hazarded in relation to business then on the tapis, I received the following reply from Mr. Stapleton.

"(PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.)

"Downing Street, May 7, 1827.

"SIR,

"I have laid before Mr. Canning, your letter of the 5th inst., to which he has given every attention. He has come, however, to the conclusion, that, considering that one of the great grounds of attack on the Government, is the influence possessed by it over the Press, it is absolutely necessary that he should have it in his power to deny in the House of Commons as distinctly as he now can do, and as Lord Goderich has denied in the House of Lords, that the influence of the Government has been employed to induce the Press to support it.

"You will easily perceive how impossible it would be for

* It was in pursuit of this science, and making captures for Lady Mulgrave, that he caught the fever which proved fatal to him.

Mr. C. to do this after consenting to adopt the project which you recommend.

"I am, Sir,

"Your very faithful and obedient Servant,

"A. G. STAPLETON.*

"W. JERDAN, Esq."

Whether the periodical press is better liked, or more feared in the present day, I am unable to say, but certainly a considerable number of its contributors have been more fortunate in drawing the prizes of Government appointments than were to be found in the wheel in former times.

But now I must touch upon the fatal stroke, which terminated all my delights and prospects, wherein Mr. Canning occupied an engrossing influence. His health yielded to the heavy pressure of public affairs, and the harassing of vexatious personalities and malignant persecution. He was removed to Chiswick; and I never forgave myself for not offering my residence, Grove House, in Brompton, for his accommodation. It was nearer town, and enjoyed a more salubrious air; and, in spite of antagonist reasons and physicians' forebodings, I could not divest myself of a belief that if he had been taken there, he might have lived. I cannot satisfactorily account for this impression even to my own mind; but it remains to this hour firm and fixed, and I never cease to reproach myself with the omission of which I was guilty. As it was, I hung on every rumour that floated abroad; and

* Four years later, when Mr. Stapleton's "Life of Mr. Canning" was on the eve of publication, he wrote to Mr. Rees—"Will you be so kind as send to Mr. Jerdan a perfect copy with my compliments, and tell him that the part now published is that which will interest him *individually* more than any other."

looked with intolerable anxiety to the authorised reports which were feelingly communicated to me. This is the last :—

"The Foreign Office, ½ past 4 p.m.

"Mr. Canning has taken nourishment freely till half-past two this day; the pain in the side continues, but the inflammation has abated. We dread the night.

"(The above comes from Mr. Backhouse to Lord Anglesey and Mr. Tierney.")

I will not trust myself to narrative, but copy the five following notes as memoranda of this lamentable period:—

"Foreign Office, Aug. 9, 1827.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Unfortunately, I shall not be at home this evening. Pray, therefore, do not think of altering your plan merely upon the suggestion which I threw out; as I have no time for writing anything myself, and might possibly not find leisure for furnishing you with assistance.

"The dear remains are to be removed to the house in Downing Street to-night, where some one of his nearest friends will, in their turn, pass the night until the day of the funeral. The first turn of this sad office will, I believe, fall to me. The precise time and nature of the funeral is not yet settled.

"I am, dear Sir, your very faithful servant,

"J. BACKHOUSE.

"W. JERDAN, Esq.

"P.S.—If, nevertheless, you should still desire to see me, *this* is the most likely place to find me to-morrow."

"MY DEAR JERDAN,

"I send you a copy of 'Architettura Campestre,' but, from the loss of your illustrious friend, I fear you are not in a state of mind to attend to any thing beyond the imperious calls of the 'L. G.' I sincerely condole with you.

"Ever yours,

"T. F. HUNT."

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Just arrived from Greece. I have much to say; and, above all, feel anxious to condole with you on the loss we have all sustained! I need not tell you what I felt on hearing the melancholy event, or how cruelly it has dashed to the ground all my hopes of doing any good for the friends I have left behind me in Greece.

"Believe me, ever yours most truly,

"E. BLAQUIERE.

"Monday."

"Hans Place, Thursday, Aug. 9.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"If you are preparing any short narrative or sketch for your Saturday's publication which you would wish me to look over, I would try to find time to-night.

"Yours very sincerely,

"J. BACKHOUSE."

"Foreign Office, August 14, 1827.

"DEAR SIR,

"In compliance with the wish which you have expressed to attend at the funeral of Mr. Canning on Thursday next, I beg to acquaint you that I have sent your name to Mr. Jarvis, No. 139, Long Acre; and that if you

will have the goodness to apply to him to-morrow, after one o'clock, the necessary ticket will be delivered to you.

"I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

"J. BACKHOUSE.

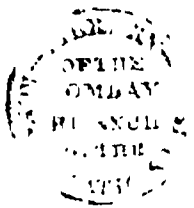
"W. JERDAN, Esq."

Thus closed the tomb upon the mortal remains of one of the noblest of God's works; to whom this touching tribute of just appreciation was paid by John Wilson Croker, so expressive of my sentiments, that I cannot forbear its insertion:—

Farewell, bright spirit—brightest of the bright,
Concentrate blaze of intellectual light,
Who show'd alone, or in the first degree,
Union so rare, such rich variety.
Taste guiding mirth, and sport enlivening sense,
Wit, wisdom, poetry, and eloquence;
Profound and playful, amiable and great,
And first in social life as in the State;
Not wholly lost—thy letter'd fame shall tell
A part of what thou wast. Farewell—farewell!

Farewell, great statesman, whose elastic mind
Clung round thy country—yet *embraced mankind.*
Who in the most appalling storms, whose power
Shook the wide world, wast equal to the hour;
Champion of measured liberty whence springs
The mutual strength of people and of kings;
'Twas thine, like Chatham's patriot task, to wield
The people's force, yet be the monarch's shield:
Not wholly lost, for both the worlds shall tell
Thy history in theirs. Farewell—farewell!

Farewell, dear friend, in all relations dear,
In all we love, or honour, or revere:
Son, husband, father, master, patron, friend,
What varied grief and gratitude we blend;
We who beheld when pain's convulsive start
Disturbed thy frame, it could *not change thy heart;*
We whose deep pangs to soften or control
Was the last effort of the flying soul.
Not wholly lost—*our faith* and *feelings tell*
That we shall meet again. Farewell—farewell!



CHAPTER X.

POSTHUMOUS TRIBUTE TO MR. CANNING—ANECDOTES — AN ANNOYING FELLOW-LODGER — VICE-CHANCELLOR SIR JOHN STUART AT BALLAHUYLISH—HIS MOTHER—HIGHLAND STORIES—ASCENT OF BEN NEVIS—TOWN LIFE RENEWED—BUTTERFLIES AND GRUBS—EDITORIAL TROUBLES.

> Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
> Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
> Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
> Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods;
> My heart's in the highland wherever I go.—BURNS.

I HAVE concluded the preceding chapter with a tribute of poetic beauty, conveying much of the feeling I would in vain attempt to express so well; and I am still farther induced to dwell upon the theme, by adopting a not less eloquent, affecting, and truthful summary, for which I am indebted to a friend who admired and loved Mr. Canning like myself. He affectionately says:—

"I can truly affirm that of all men whom I have known, he was the most worthy of being loved and honoured. His intellectual powers were of a splendid cast, and comprised within the radiant range every variety of mental supremacy. But Canning's private beauty of character far transcended his incomparable public displays. In affectionate amenity

of manner, flowing from unquestionable kindness of heart, I never met his equal. The friend was never lost in the statesman, and his cordiality was not chilled by the elevated region to which his great talents necessarily raised him.

"On the death of Mr. Pitt no rising statesman bade so clearly for future pre-eminence as Mr. Canning. In every department of public distinction he was *facile princeps*. In all the ingratiating arts of oratory, in the skilful strife of debate, in the triumphant power of unrivalled pleasantry, an intellectual jocoseness of the finest and raciest order, and withal, a command of dignified declamation which never failed to captivate even hostile members, Canning held a bright superiority, before which subordinate stars 'paled their ineffectual fires.' To these high qualifications as a senator, he united the useful capabilities of a thorough man of business; not, of course, the technical correctness of mere official routine, but a concentration of mind in dispatching affairs of moment, or matters of minor importance, so as to do what is required to be done with accuracy, conscientiousness, and an avoidance of undue delay. Gifted with these great endowments for a noble career, Canning only assumed his proper position when on the sudden dissolution of 'All the Talents' administration, the seals of the Foreign Office were conferred on him. No better minister ever filled that important post, for he was the vigilant guardian of British interests without arrogating for Englishmen rights which clashed with the institutions of other countries. Canning's removal from office consequent upon his unfortunate difference with Lord Castlereagh is up to this hour a vague spot in history. The truth is, that Canning by his marriage connections became entangled with the aristocracy more than was meet for a brilliant *parvenu*, whose power consisted mainly in the dignity of

his independence. The government grandees cajoled him, but furtively sided with Lord Castlereagh, and a *dénouement* took place which deprived the state for a long season of the service of Canning as a Minister of the Crown. But as a member of the House of Commons how effective was his eloquence; as the chosen candidate for Liverpool, how wide-spread and nationally encouraging were those popular addresses which went home to the hearts of his immediate constituents! To write the biography of Canning is to write the contemporaneous chronicles of Europe and the world, as every theme affecting the political and social condition of all civilised communities was by turns illuminated by his genius, which gave a comprehensive character to his statesman-like views, and when again in the Cabinet his just influence was commensurate with his universally acknowledged ability.

"At length, the almost perennial premiership of Lord Liverpool fell with the fading faculties of that excellent nobleman, and all eyes were turned upon Canning as the proper pilot of the realm. This glorious popularity and the royal election were disastrous to poor Canning, who, after an ineffectual conflict of five months, sank under the relentless animosity of his former friends. The sorrowful singularity of this loss of a great man consists in the fact that he was harassed by the enmity of his former political friends, because he sustained upon just principles the cause of the Roman Catholics, which they (the Tory Protestants) subsequently espoused from motives of mere expediency. Canning was the truest friend the Irish Roman Catholics ever had, for he repudiated the monstrous notion that Catholic Emancipation was a religious question.

"Five months of indefatigable official exertion—of irritating parliamentary contention with implacable adversaries—acting upon the sensitiveness of his nervous system,

brought poor Canning to what we are accustomed to call a premature grave. But I who mourned his loss, am, nevertheless, persuaded that he had fulfilled his mission. To the close of his splendid career his ruling wishes were for the prosperity of the stste he so long served and adorned, and, in my humble judgment, England never possessed a more upright and patriotic statesman than George Canning."

From these grave considerations I would fain endeavour to lead my readers to a few lighter traits, that may relieve the subject, and conduct my pen by transition to more miscellaneous topics.

When I asked Mr. Canning to accept Dr. Croly's dedication of the play "Pride Shall Have a Fall," he immediately assented and spoke in high terms of the author's productions; but, said he, "as I have no small degree of ambitious pride myself, I trust it will not be construed into an omen that mine shall have a fall!"

There was an anecdote of Queen Caroline, which I forgot in its proper place. When her bitterness against her husband was at its height, she exclaimed, "*Je suis la fille d'un Hero; la femme d'un Zero.*"

Canning was much taken with the exhibition and performances of the famous calculating boy; and on conversing about his extraordinary faculties, observed that the difference between him and other precocities was, that they in childhood or youthful years could do what elder men could do, but he could do more than any man, at any age, could do. This, like all his remarks, was happily expressed (and I fear somewhat deteriorated in my telling); but it has occurred to me as one example of the innumerable instances in which his wonderful acumen and intellectual comprehension were ever going beyond the standard of his ablest associates.

It is pleasant to me to add a remembrance of the appre-

ciation of the talents of my old friend Charles Kemble; still living to remind us of the glories of the departed stage. Mr. Canning had been to the theatre to witness the representation of "Julius Cæsar," then cast in a manner in which it is not likely ever to be cast again; when Kemble was the "Brutus," Young the "Cassius," and Charles the "Antony," Fawcett the "Casca," and all the subordinate parts filled to perfection. I was lauding the "Brutus" and "Cassius" to the skies, when Mr. Canning interposed and said, "but you ought not to forget the nimble 'Antony,' the spirit and life-like performance of which character was equal, if not superior, to the finest in the play."

I am not sure whether or not the following is familiar to readers, or even original; but I give it as it is given to me from a quarter that ought to be correct in particulars of his younger life. It is stated that Mrs. Leigh, his aunt, made it a rule to give every one of her family a small present on her wedding-day, for which purpose, on one anniversary, she searched the village of Ashburnham, but could meet with nothing purchaseable, except some new-fashioned plush. She bought a piece, which she sent to Mr. Canning, directed, "To George Canning, Esq., to shoot partridges in," and he returned the following immediately in acknowledgment of the present:—

While all on this auspicious day
Well pleased their grateful homage pay,
And sweetly smile, and softly say,
A thousand civil speeches:
My Muse shall strike her tuneful strings
Nor scorn the gift her duty brings,
Tho' humble be the theme she sings,
A pair of shooting breeches.

Soon shall the tailor's subtle art
Have fashioned them in every part
And made them spruce, and tight and smart
With twenty thousand stitches.

Mark then the moral of my song;
O! may your loves but prove as strong
And wear as well, and last as long
As these my shooting breeches.

And when to ease the load of life
Of private cares, and public strife,
My lot shall give to me a wife,
I ask not rank or riches,
For worth like thine alone I pray,
Temper like thine, serene and gay
And formed like thine, to give away
Not wear herself the *breeches!* *

Associated in my mind with the memory of Canning, is one of my oldest still surviving early friends, Mr. Stewardson, from whose painting the excellent likeness of the lamented statesman was engraved for my second volume. During the sittings, he was filled with admiration of the sayings which, like the pearls in the Fairy Tale, kept dropping from his lips whenever he opened his mouth. I may parody Keats, and pronounce—

A witty saying is a jest for ever;

but when so much of profundity is coupled with the inexhaustible stores of fancy, the instruction makes an impression more important, and as lasting as the wit.

Stewardson's poetical paintings were much admired, and among others, the "Indian Snake Charmer," and other subjects, sung by Croly in harmonious verse. He was absorbed in his art, and I may match my story illustrative of provincial manners, in which William Pollock figured (vol. iii.), with an anecdote of town life, which, perhaps, can hardly be matched for showing, that whereas in the country every body knows every other body and thing, in London there are very many who know nobody, though ever so close to them, and nothing that does not pertain to their own pursuits.

* I am afraid it has been printed before.—W. J.

One day, exceedingly engrossed with his easel, the artist, who resided in the western corner house of Adam Street and the Strand, was annoyed by a loud knocking noise, which he endured for several hard thumps, but at last, losing patience, rang hastily for his servant. Joe appeared, and something like the following colloquy ensued. S. "What the d—l's all that noise?" Joe. "It's only Mr. Smith, Sir." S. "Well, but I shall have no Mr. Smith making such a clatter as that. Go and see it put an end to." Joe. "It will soon be over, Sir." (Another rap on the staircase). S. "I tell you I will not endure it another instant; so inform Mr. Smith immediately." Joe. "I can't, Sir. He will soon be down." S. (in a rage). "Do as you're bid, Sir, or go about your business." (Another rattle nearer at hand, close to the door). Joe. "I dare say that is the last, for the stair is wider below." S. "What in Satan's name do you mean? Am I obliged to put up with this din, and your impertinent folly to boot? Be off, Sir!" Joe. "Why, Sir, they could not help it in bringing him down from the second floor. He was rather a stout man, and the coffin is large and heavy." S. (starting). "Is there any one dead in the house?" Joe. "Yes, Sir; Mr. Smith. He died last Thursday, and they are now taking him to the hearse, which is under your window below, in Adam Street."

The painter opened his artistic shutters, and there stood the hearse, receiving the last remains of Mr. Smith, a lodger in the upper part of the house, whom Stewardson had never seen, whose existence he had forgotten, if he ever heard of it, and whose death and burial would have taken place without his cognisance (though he slept overhead in the room above his own bed-room), had it not been for the noise made by the undertaker's men in getting the corpse down the narrow stairs.

What a farce in death; but not more farcical than the common practice of laying out the dead bodies of the great in funeral state. Lying in state! Ohone! The honours paid to corruption; the worship of the worm. Lying in state!

Yet has death in many more natural moods its beauty and its calm sadness, which soothe the spirit. Look on the infant reposing in the gentle embrace of the conqueror, or on the lovely girl, who seems to have left earth for heaven, to recruit the host of angels there. There is nothing of the dreadful energy of fear or horror in these sights; nor, if you seek a mournful and reflective hour in the country churchyard, where those who were dear to you rest, throw yourself upon the green sod, and listen to the tall grass above the graves, waving and bending with the wooing air, as if it were whispering, like yourself, in low sighs to the dead beneath. Yes, we have not always the Medusa head to appal us into stone; but rather the touching of the Ithuriel spear to awaken the finest sympathies of our nature, allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way.

The chain of ideas may not be very obvious, but these anecdotes bring to my recollection the delights of several autumnal excursions, when it was my happiness to sojourn for a while at Ballahuylish, the romantic seat of the family of my friend for many years, the present Vice-Chancellor, Sir John Stuart, and situated where the stream that permeates down the infamous, but picturesque, Glencoe, finds its passage to the sea. The magnificent granite mountain, at the foot of which it stands, the often storm-stopped ferry, the expanse of the estuary narrowing up to a beautiful isle, set apart for the burial of the dead, the scenery exquisite on one hand, and sublime on the other, with the eagle towering to the sky, the rugged quarries, with their echoing

blasts, and the peaceful sweetness of the woods and glens—all these charms only seemed to add a zest to the pleasures and hospitalities of the inner life. The mother of the Vice-Chancellor was a widow at the time of my first visit, but I had known her husband in London, a gallant soldier, who had fought in America, and a gentleman in every sense of the title. Mrs. Stuart herself was worthy to be the mother of a distinguished son. In the decline of years, she displayed a degree of energy and intelligence such as I never beheld in any individual of the same age. She retired as late as others to repose; but was up before the earliest, to attend to the duties of the mistress of the house. The orders for the day were given, and every beggar who applied for relief (a call very common in the Highlands) was carefully questioned by herself, and the needful succour afforded according to the merits of the case. From the breakfast hour till night, the unobtrusive charge of the comfort of every inmate glided on like a pastime, and the social hours were enlivened with such Highland tales of the olden times, that I have never ceased to regret my not having preserved them all in lasting form. I can but remember an example or two.

In the '45, the ancestors of Sir John Stuart and his lady were both *out*, youthful and ardent friends, belonging to the deeply loyal, Jacobite and attached Clan-Appin. In a skirmish which took place before the fatal battle of Culloden, the Highlanders were engaged with the English dragoons, whom they harassed from behind a stone-dyke, with a precipitous mountain in their rear. Both dyke and mountain were impervious to cavalry; but after some firing, the Highlanders thought it full time to retreat, and they consequently clambered up the precipices, like goats, to a place of safety, whence they looked down on the field of

conflict below. On this field still lingered the two Stuarts, dropping every now and then an enemy with a shot from behind the dyke; at which a party of the soldiers, at last completely exasperated, dismounted, and began pulling down the wall to open a way for their horses. This was a significant hint for the friends to flee, and they soon breasted up the hill to rejoin their comrades, the commander of whom exclaimed on their arrival, "You rash dogs, how could you be such d—d fools as to bide popping so long, that you might both have been taken prisoners!" "Fools," replied a Stuart, "d—d fools, indeed—my faith, if you had all been d—d fools, the fortune of the day might have been very different!"

Of a merrier cast, though connected with death, was the following, which the fine old Highland gentlewoman repeated with racy freshness in the appropriate Doric of the North: "One of the small tenants happened to die in the winter, when the severe weather rendered it impossible to proceed to the isle [the cemetery I have mentioned] with the body for interment. Some time, therefore, elapsed before the ceremony was performed; but at length Donald was properly buried, and the clergyman of the parish, and the neighbours who had attended the funeral returned, as is usual in these parts, to the dwelling of the widow for refreshments. Mess John found her in great tribulation, weeping and wailing, for her loss, and addressed her: 'Janet, ma woman, this excessive sorrow is unbecoming and unchristian; remember you have a family to care for, and ought not to give way to useless grief.' 'Ohone, ohone,' was all that the sobbing Janet could reply, and the minister went on. 'Janet desist. The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away.' 'Oh, aye!' cried Janet, 'blessed be His holy name! Truly, Sir, a' shoudna tak on sae, but he was a gude man to me. O Donald, Donald—

whew!'* Another reproof brought the poor woman more to her senses, and she confessed that she ought not to lament so loudly, seeing, she was sure, 'by this time the dear departed was in Belzebub's bosom.' 'Belzebub's bosom!' exclaimed the minister, 'It is Abraham's bosom, ye mean. Ha ye sat sae lang under ma ministry, and no ken the difference between Belzebub and Abraham?' 'Waes me, waes me,' rejoined the widow, 'I'm a puir ignorant creature! Belzebub and Abra-ham—Abra-ham and Belzebub; a' declare that in spite o' aw yere teaching, a' wadna ken the ane frae the ither gin they were baith standing afore me!'"

Close by Ballahuylish stood the Gallows' Hill on which many of the Clan Appin had suffered death for their devotedness to the unfortunate royal race whose name they bore. It was still regarded with a kind of affectionate veneration by their descendants, and the hollow in which the fatal beam was erected pointed out as if it were an heir-loom. It well befitted the ruthless site of Glencoe, and the terrors of '15 and '45, and reminded me of a pathetic Jacobite song, as I fancy, never yet seen in print. The first and last verses are nearly—

The heath-cock crawed o'er moor and dell,
The morning sun rose bright and ruddy;
When gathering far, wi distant yell,
Our gallant clans marched brave and steady.

For hey, Duncan, Donald's ready,
Ho, Donald, Duncan's ready,
Wi sword and targe he seeks the charge,
An frae his shouther flings the plaidie.

The intermediate stanzas admirably describe the rival forces (doing honour to "St. George's banner nobly streaming.") and the battle; and the last, to my feeling, concludes with one of the most affecting touches ever penned in poetry:—

* The Scotch have none of the Irish wailing formulæ.

But lang may Scotland rue the day,
She saw her clans sae wildly fleeing:
Culloden's hills were hills o' wae,
Her honour lost, her warriors deeing!

Donald now, nae mair is ready;
Duncan now, nae mair is ready;
The sword has fa'en frae out his han,
His bonnet blue lies stain'd and bluidy!

I could linger long and affectionately on Ballahuylish, whose incomparable head has been laid in the grave since these happy days, and where the elder brother of the Vice-Chancellor yet maintains the Highland hospitalities of his "forbears." I may mention of his liberality, that when I last left the genial roof, I carried with me no small sample-weight of granite from the mountain it was my delight to climb, till I got among the ptarmagans on the top, and offered, in his name, to Sir Charles Barry all the stone needed for building the Palace of Parliament, gratuitously, of this everlasting material. It is of a beautiful kind, and the water nearly washes the base, so that it could have been shipped at the smallest possible cost; but Sir Charles having made his calculations, informed me that the working of so extremely hard a substance would cost twice as much as the purchase and working of the material which has been chosen. But it would have been eternal as the Pyramids.

But I must bid farewell to this portion of the fascinating Highlands, having yet to speak of another, in the centre of which stands Drummond Castle—a paradise on earth—and can say nothing of a most interesting trip, *viâ* Tobermory, in a storm, to Iona and Staffa, with Lady Stuart and several of her family and friends—of our driving Tobermory and its natives and refugees into a night of such daft merriment as never was surpassed in that part—of the gallanting Miss Martineau into the Cave of Staffa—and of witnessing one of

the grandest displays of the aurora borealis ever seen even in the north, in company with Sir T. Noon Talfourd and his family, who were heard of in the neighbourhood of Ballahuylish, whilst I was staying there, and forthwith hailed in as my acquaintances, to partake of its unceasing hospitalities. I am inclined to think that the public may owe the fine poem of "Glencoe" to this accidental circumstance. I must also mention an auspicious ascent of Ben Nevis, with Mr. James Russell, of the Chancery bar, Mr. A. Wansey, merchant, and Mr, Russell's late brother, an Edinburgh advocate, the author of a "Tour in Germany," and who, happening to have a round bald head, the humorous Lord Robertson forthwith christened "The Globe and Traveller." He was an exceedingly well informed and most agreeable companion. The glorious view, by far the most extensive in Great Britain, from the summit of Ben Nevis, amply repaid all our toils, but we found the *redeundum* worse than the ascent; no *facilis descensus*, but a killing labour, which, but for our capital guide, the agile heir-apparent to the hostelry of Fort William, would have left us for the night on the mountain bivouac. Led to avoid dangerous places, where a gentleman had recently lost his life, we managed to roll, slide, stagger, and podicate to the foot in the dark, between ten and eleven o'clock. Hence, to wade across the river, drag our weary steps to Fort William, see the relics of "bonnie Prince Charley" at the inn, eat a good supper, peep into the various replenished vessels of whisky toddy, and sleep as sound as if Ben Nevis were a-top of us, finished a day of great excitement, and enjoyment not to be forgotten.

When in town throughout the year, my life very nearly resembled this hill-climbing. There was a good deal of labour, some getting up, some pleasant companionship, some

grand views, some stumbling, some falls, some hardships, and some ugly clefts, ravines, or precipices that required experienced guidance to clear. The excitement too was as stirring, and if the fatigue was as much as I could get through, there was also a high and plentiful seasoning of enjoyments to bear me rejoicing on my way; for I must again own the soft impeachment that pleasures were ever welcome to me, though I had found that they were only the butterflies in human existence, and that men pursuing them are indeed like children chasing these fragile creatures; and that, after all the toils and troubles of the chase, if they are not very tenderly handled when caught, they are destroyed in the success.

New aspirants to celebrity and new productions enlarged the circle of literary friends, and afforded me those opportunities in which I took a natural and sincere delight, viz., of doing my utmost to gratify such worthy ambition, or to assist the earliest struggles of emulous talent. The publication of Lord Mulgrave's "Matilda," Mr. Henry Bulwer's "Autumn in Greece," Miss Costello's first works (contemporary with Miss Pardoe's), Banim's "O'Hara Tales," and such advents of poetesses as Mary Ann Browne, and (later) Eliza Cook, were ever creating varieties and opening gratifying paths for me to indulge in my "humour."

The difference between literary and intellectual associations, and those of business and interest, is very great. The former may somewhat and sometimes partake of the butterfly sports and fruitions to which I have just alluded, and so come under the thong of Graybeard Wisdom's censure; but then the latter, by a similar rule, must be granted to resemble the grub and its habits. All the caterpillars that live in societies (and thickly do they congregate, and twist and twine round each other, and toil

and spin),—all seem to be kept together by the common ties of utility—each one goes out to explore, and leaves behind the web whose threads in due time conduct the rest upon the branches where there is food and shelter. Thus do they work on, but when once they are provided with wings, these insects appear no longer to recognise each other, as if the state of the chrysalis, that sleep of the instinct, had made them forget the memory of mutual relations—all which moral illustration may be learnt from M. Huber on the emigration of butterflies. And, in sooth, the imago, or fine fly, may well be compared to the upstart man of the world, who in the pride of his golden prosperity forgets the grubs and the caterpillars—his old cronies and companions. Yet is he still a grub or a caterpillar by nature.

Or is not the simile still more striking if carried beyond the grave? Here on earth we share only a diversity of common toil. Then comes the sleep of death; and then we rise to a higher range and sphere, no longer recognising our former associates, and altogether forgetful of the earth's mutual relations. But this is a change to bliss; whereas the "Reminiscences of a Butterfly" might, if well written, convey at once an amusing and instructive lesson to mankind, and display the fantastic tricks which are played by us all in our imago pride before high Heaven.

The moral I would draw from these reflections is chiefly that the too ardent love of pleasure in youthful and middle life, had better be consummated with "there an end," than entail repentance, or even unsuitable labour on old age, when the body wants physical quiet and the soul holy repose.

It may be as fit a place as any other, to note here a few of the petty disturbances which are continually

occurring to cause a ripple on the smooth surface of Editorial duties, and the placidity of that elevated character! I lift the fragments of a few months' letters, and find these literary Scrapiana.

1. Dr. A. B. Granville, afterwards a very agreeable acquaintance, remonstrates with Longman and Co., and expresses his "astonishment at the appearance of so disgraceful a paragraph as that which relates to his 'Enquiries on Egyptian Mummies,' in the last number of the 'Literary Gazette,' a journal known to be under the control of so highly respectable a house." This charge of "ribaldry" is transferred to me, and I find the letter indorsed "Wrote, that I would not attend to private interests;" but the Doctor and I have been good friends ever since.

2. The pathetic naïveté of the following characteristic request recommends it to notice, and was enough to melt the hardest of scribbling hearts. And see what temptations beset the journalist.

"London, 17th April.

"SIR,

"As I thought, you have ruined my Exhibitions. Every body says you have been wrong. The Duke of York himself, wrote to me it was a tribunal for Justice. But no, the bond of peace would make my mind happier. Although hurt a great deal, I will forget anything, would you say in your next paper what you like to counteract the dreadful paragraph: for instance, it was not your doings; you have not peruse it attentively; but hearing any one speaking well of the Naturoram you have visited again and found it deserves credit. If any one did not attend to you well enough when you have been visiting, tell me so. I will do you justice.

"Can I sent some advertisements to your office? Can I expect an answer to this? Do be a good man. Benevolence and beneficence do so much good.

"I remain, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"AUDOYER.

"23, New Bond Street.

"The Editor of the Literary Gazette."

3. One of the rivals of the "Gazette" was the "London Weekly Review," which had been in the habit of rebuking me and my doings, with commendable constancy, till it passed under the conduct of a very able and (since then) distinguished literary man, Mr. J. A. St. John, under whom the war was no longer carried on, but by accident one day, an old-style slur appeared in the publication. I was surprised at this assault; till an early letter from Mr. St. John explained that he had been "annoyed on perceiving that one of our old paragraphs had been inserted by mistake; the chief compositor having the power to select from among a great number, and choosing whatsoever happened to fill his vacant space." The worthy writer stated his wish to insert a note to this effect, if I thought it worth while, which I did not, though I valued the assurance that he was anxious to say the paragraph was by no means consonant with his feelings towards me. This was a matter of small consequence, but it affords an excellent pattern for the gentlemen of the Press; and the friendly good will then generated between Mr. St. John and myself has, I trust, continued without abatement to the present hour.

4. More severe was a reclamation from Mr. Buckingham, transmitted through Mr. Orme, that in my review of his "Travels among the Arab Tribes," I had misrepresented a

fact, charging two hundred pages with being occupied with a controversy between the author and the "Quarterly Review," whereas there were only seventy.* Upon this I did what every fair critic ought to do when wrong, and in my answers to correspondents, acknowledged the error of the language employed, which, instead of "two hundred pages," ought in correctness to have said, "the matter of two hundred pages, it being an appendix in double columns, and bearing that proportion to the body of the work." And here again is shown the benefit of preserving the periodical Press as much as possible from intemperate personalities, and suffering candour and courtesy to mark the intercourse among individuals pretending to the literary character. Since the period referred to, Mr. Buckingham and I have lived on the best of terms, and been united in our efforts (as for instance, in the very first public movement to get rid of the pestilential nuisance of intramural interments, at a meeting held at the Golden Cross, Charing-cross), to procure internal reforms and improvements of no small value to the metropolis and country. The only wonder is, that I never joined him in the Temperance Society, probably owing to my dislike to taking oaths!

5. It may be, that aware of this, Mr. A. Heilbrown, who visited London with a very fine collection of drawings, of which I spoke as it deserved, wished to requite the

* It is impossible for authors or reviewers to be always so guarded in their language as to avoid offence, even where none is meant, to the *irritabile genus*. After Mr. Colburn had joined Mr. Buckingham in the Athenæum, I remember receiving a letter from the Rev. Francis Thackeray, author of the "Life of Chatham," accusing Mr. B. with endeavouring to strengthen himself in an attack on the Quarterly Review of De Vere, "by pretended passages from the 'History of Chatham,'" in which, says Mr. Thackeray, "he has utterly misrepresented my sentiments, and several of the passages purporting to be extracts are not to be found in my work." I forget if any answer was given to this charge.

service with a considerable "consideration," in money. This being, of course, refused, I was rewarded, "as a slight mark of gratitude on his part by a request to accept of the accompanying essence of Royal Tokay, of which he had brought a few bottles with him." Whether it was that I mistook "essence" for potable vintage, I cannot say; but I am sorry to add that I found the Royal Tokay undrinkable, and almost choked a cabinet minister with a bumper of it.

6. It seems that the remarks in a "Literary Gazette" were displeasing in a certain quarter; and as the resentment thus occasioned has outlived decency to the present day, I have no hesitation in printing the annexed letter:—

"Friday Morning.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"It appears that we have given some offence by referring to the proceedings of the record committee, which is not a public one. I am not aware that they will say anything about it, and I only mention it as an *on dit*; it will make the article more notorious at least. I will send the article on Devon's book on Monday, and, at the same time, a paper which will, I trust, convince you that I spoke nothing untrue of *Mr. Hunter, who is an immense humbug.* Mr. J. G. Nichols should have hesitated before he called me '*interested and prejudiced.*' I have since learned that *he and his father print and publish Mr. H.'s topographical works*—'*hinc illæ lacrymæ.*'

"I recur to this, because I feel annoyed that you should have been troubled about the matter; for myself I am conscious of having done well and justly.

"Ever yours most truly,

"HUDSON TURNER.

"To W. JERDAN, Esq."

I have learnt with much contempt, that this bad temper excited, as here described, degenerated into a personal enmity which has never ceased to assail me through the lapse of years; and I can well believe the reports I have heard on the subject. One of my grounds for thinking them true is, that where this enmity could be traced in any literary direction where the parties possessed influence, I perceived that I was not treated with the consideration due to me; *ex. gr.*, by the Camden Society, to which I contributed two of as interesting and popular volumes as it has published. The private hostility, indorsed, as I was told, by Mr. A. Way, was so great, that I never had the compliment paid to me to be placed upon the council. So much for affronted Humbug.

And now to conclude these few variorum pages, I subjoin a letter, not so grammatical as it is bitterly in earnest. I cannot recall to mind whether it was intended as a reproof of one of my own misdemeanors, or a general denunciation of the abuse of criticism; but "such as it is," those who deserve the cap are welcome to wear it; "our withers are unwrung!"—

"MR. EDITOR,

"I am rash enough to address you on a subject on which I dare say enough has been written, and about which very likely I may have read; though being blessed with an unsually bad memory, I cannot quote from any work, impressions are no firmer on my mind than on sand, and changed, or altogether erased, as soon as made. This I mention, as it is not my wish to pass as my own what I may have borrowed from others, though unconscious when and where. You will consider it great boldness in me to undertake such a task, when I tell you that I am no

scholar, that I never have made a Latin speech, and am better acquainted with the feelings of men, than with my own language. To come to the matter; I am going to speak about a formidable class of men—the natural enemies of aspirants to fame—I mean the critics. A critic is a man who lives on others' faults. His soul-delight and chief occupation, is to show all men in their worst light, and by exposing all the errors, and suppressing the beauties of their works, endeavours to prove them void of merit. 'Tis an occupation in which, in our days, there is great scope for his talent, as none being able to read every new work that is published, they trust to the opinions of the unsparing foe to worth. What a moment of delight when he finds some unlucky mistake in an author of repute! how he exults when he happens to meet with some wrong expression! and with what satisfaction, sipping his luscious port-wine negus, he cuts up the poor devil, and writes him down to ruin! how he triumphs when successful in destroying a fellow-creature's reputation! 'tis a luxury of feeling only known to him. Critics are a morose, unhappy species of animal, delighting in the infliction of pain:—they are the steel-traps and spring-guns of the paths of literature. Woe to him who should make a false step; they'll mangle him for life, or kill him outright. I've often thought what courage a man must have to turn author; he exposes himself to merciless and irresistible enemies, who will either crush him at once, or if possessed of superior genius, will use their every endeavour that it may not turn to his advantage. A single grammatical error is with them perdition to a work; all else there may be to admire in it cannot atone for such a crime. If a man had perfection of mind, they'd find fault with his body, and with perfection itself they find cause to complain that there is nothing to blame. They wish to reduce all to

a level, and will allow of no merit but what is granted by them, which, faith, is little enough! I remember, after reading 'De Bourrienne's Memoir,' that he had impressed me with a contemptible notion of the greatest genius of his age, and endeavoured to pass himself off as superior to the person he describes. Most men being fond of dispraise, these scorpions—these destroyers of fame—these Argus-eyed dissectors have great sway; and the general opinion is, that their criticisms are impartial and just, which general opinion is as false as most others. It must be a strong body indeed that will live after having been submitted to their operations. How many persons do I know in my limited acquaintance whose happiness seems to consist in dissatisfaction—Do this, you should have done that; do that, you should have done this. Generosity is called extravagance; coolness, indifference; warmth, rage: in one word, whatever is, is wrong. They breathe but to blame, and would be miserable in contentment. I shall conclude by expressing my pity for those who are exposed to the fangs of these wild beasts, and by hoping that it will never be my misfortune to be noticed by them, though I risk being lashed with their well-pricked rod for these few lines, not that there is any merit in their composition, but you know, sir, that when a foe, however contemptible we may suppose him, attacks us in our own quarters, we all take to arms immediately to castigate him for his rashness.

"Sir, your obedient Servant,

"F. B."

CHAPTER XI.

SIR EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON — HIS WORKS, AND MALIGNANT CRITICS—T. HOOD—MRS. WHEELER—LADY BULWER-LYTTON — MR. DISRAELI — PUBLISHERS' PROFITS.

> Genius has so much youth no care can kill,
> Death seems unnatural when it cries be still.
>
> BULWER: *New Timon.*

> Critics to plays for the same end resort
> That surgeons wait on trials in a court;
> For innocence condemned they've no respect,
> Provided they've the body to dissect.—CONGREVE.

> Critics on verse, as squibs on triumph wait,
> Proclaim the glory, and augment the state;
> Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry,
> Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, ink, and die.—YOUNG.

My readers will probably, by this time, expect that I should devote a portion of my work to the distinguished author whose portrait adorns this volume, and to whom it is dedicated. During a number of years previous to his *début* in publishing, it was my good fortune to enjoy intimate personal and literary relations with him. I pride myself, therefore, on being the first public writer to discover and assert his high genius; his staunch defender against many a depreciating attack and inimical criticism, both alike bitter, unjustified, and contemptible; his ardent and constant

admirer, ever prompt and anxious to proclaim his merits, and point out the beauties in every work he produced: and now, setting the gratified feelings of private regard apart, I rejoice the more in witnessing all the opinions I gave and all the predictions in which I so heartily indulged, not only verified, but exceeded by the splendid career of one who as a poet, novelist, essayist, biographer, and dramatist, has achieved a foremost place among the living glories of the age, and added an immortal lustre to the brilliant literature of his country, and to his own name, which change as often as he may for estates or titles, will always be most illustrious in its own original literary dissyllabic sound!

Retaining, for this reason, the familiar and popular name of Bulwer, I may notice that, I believe, his earliest performance was one I have never seen, namely, "Ismael and other Poems," in 12mo, published by Hatchard. Previous to his inauspicious marriage, which promised so much of happiness, our acquaintance had ripened into a very friendly footing. I was warmly welcomed as a visitor by his mother, to be distinguished by whom was neither a slight mark of esteem, nor to be lightly valued from one so eminent for intellectual endowments and acute perception of life; and thus, as well as by very pleasant excursions to his own residence at Woodcot House, Nettlebed, by the time that "Pelham" appeared in 1828, I had not only had opportunities of observing the vast information possessed by so young a man, but of being assured beforehand that whenever he brought his rare abilities into public exercise he must consummate a career of no ordinary distinction. "Pelham" was published in May, and received from me the eulogium, since confirmed by the universal voice, that "if the most brilliant wit; remarks accurate in observation as they are profound in judgment; playful satire by

the side of sound philosophy; a narrative whose interest never flags; and some pictures of the most riveting interest —if these can make a work popular, *Pelham* will be as first-rate in celebrity as it is in excellence." This was its first hasty greeting in my number 590, May 10th, and yet so busy was the season, and so crowded with novelties, that it was not till number 594, June 7th, that I could return to these attractive volumes for a regular review, in which it was endeavoured to do justice to their merits. Further, I will now say nothing, but that on the retrospect "Pelham" still appears to me to be instinct with nearly all those qualities, the more mature development of which has raised the author to the lofty pinnacle of fame on which he now stands.

The barking and biting to which the publication exposed the writer of this novel personally, was but the beginning of a course which has hardly yet ceased to run down his works and persecute himself with all the ingenuity of detracting criticism and private malice; till at last the dogs are dumb, because they have found it in vain, and hurtful to themselves to rail against productions which all the rest of the world laud and enjoy in the highest degree. In short, Bulwer has persevered, could not be blighted, and has written them down Asses. "Pelham" was so much approved that it came to a second and improved edition in six months; though the sagacious critics of the envious and malignant school insisted on the fact that the hero was *bonâ fide* the author, and abused the latter accordingly for every spice of affectation or impertinence uttered by the former—an impersonation of a young man of fashion upon town!

The "Disowned," appeared soon after, in the winter, and exemplified the more striking analytical and philosophical powers of Mr. Bulwer, and though the characters were

admirably drawn with a knowledge of the human heart, there were, I thought, some defects in the construction of the story, with as it were, two heroes to divide if not to divert the interest, and a too frequent and perhaps too sensitive reference to the relations between author and reader; so that I could not applaud so entirely as in "Pelham," though I confessed to the display of force which promised the yet more remaining behind.

With what true equanimity the author could endure the comparative coldness appears in a letter from him, in which in alluding to the expedition of the review in the "Gazette" he says, "I therefore conclude you must have seen the work in an imperfect and garbled form—and should you have sufficient leisure, and are not already quite bored by the work, I would earnestly request you to look over the last half of the fourth volume, when fairly printed off, before you entirely come to your conclusion respecting the book. At all events I am glad you do not dislike it. I agree with you in doubting whether it will not be more unpopular than 'Pelham,' [modestly put] but if it does not fall far short of the success of that work, it may possibly go far beyond it. But you say wisely, who can predicate of the million?"

My vanity—for vanity is a ruling passion with all mankind, and I believe more than with all womankind—impels me to add the following letter entire, on the same subject.

"My dear Sir,

"I feel that it is a very difficult task to thank you for your review of 'The Disowned,' and equally so to express the pleasure I have derived from it. I cannot, however, pass in silence over so flattering and public a testimony of your approbation—a testimony which becomes

still more flattering to me, by the belief that somewhat of the partiality and indulgence of the acquaintance have, insensibly to yourself, mingled with your opinions as the critic. I am aware that my works as yet have been but rude and unequal attempts, and I shall not again trespass on the public, unless it be in a shape much more worthy of its attention; but I can readily believe that no literary success is so dear as its first foretaste, and that we never feel so warm a gratitude for assistance in maturer enterprises, as we do to those who first launched our vessel, and wished well to its prosperity. It is a source of pride as well as pleasure to think that I shall owe that gratitude to one whose own reputation sheds a light upon the reputation he assists to create, and that I may set a value upon your auguries of future success, not only from the pleasure derived from the prophecy, but from the respect due to the prophet.

"Acting upon Shenstone's maxim, that a well-dressed friend is never discreditable company, be his interior deficiencies what they may, I have directed a copy of 'The Disowned,' and one of 'Pelham' to be bound and sent to you, in the hope that their dress may be admitted as a qualification that entitles them to admission among the more dignified and important occupants of your library.

"Your very faithful and obliged Servant,

"E. LYTTON BULWER.

"Weymouth, Dec. 1, 1828.

"We hope Miss Landon is recovered. Should you see her, may we request you to remember us kindly to her."*

The masterly portraiture of Bolingbroke in "Devereux,"

* Of this charming being a note of nearly the same date says, "It is impossible for any one acquainted, as we are, with her many good and fine qualities not to feel greatly interested in her."

and the poetical imagery shed over this production, were features of a novel nature and fine genius superadded to the attributes which "Pelham" had disclosed; and, consequently, the powers of the author began to make the greater impression on readers, and especially upon those classes that can most truly appreciate the means by which good taste is cultivated, and elevated sensations gratified and confirmed.

In April, 1830, (as noticed in the "Literary Gazette," of May 1st, No. 693, where, as hitherto, since "Pelham," the compliment of occupying the foremost place was allotted to it,) Mr. Bulwer's fourth work of fiction appeared, and was entitled "Paul Clifford;" being, in everything but genius, quite different from all his preceding productions. In this I felt a peculiar interest, from having suggested to the author the design which he proceeded to fulfil in execution. My thought was a mere whim of the moment. At this period it had become a common practice of inferior publishers to catch and gull the public by pseudo-personal characters, sadly misdrawn and vilely misrepresented. As a satire upon these worthless ephemeræ, I, in a morning walk in the garden at Woodcot, threw out the idea of a novel apparently constructed upon their vicious principle, but which, when the usual key was furnished, should turn out, instead of being sketched from living individuals, to be founded on dramatic heroes, viz.: "Peachum," "Lockit," "Polly," "Lucy," "Macheath," "Filch," and other worthies of the "Beggars' Opera." Bulwer was struck with the fancy, and began "Paul Clifford" on this plan; but before he had got over half a volume discovered, what many a writer fails not to learn, that an apparently happy notion is so cramped and crippled in detail, as to render it impossible to be carried out. He was, therefore, obliged to depart from the original conception, and by introducing extraneous matter and another

description of working up the whole, enable himself to finish the "Paul Clifford" of our fictitious literature, which became immediately popular, and added another chaplet to his flourishing wreath. On this matter he writes to me :—

"My dear Sir,

"I send you the first volume; the last three sheets—where the story 'takes a turn,' and in which the songs and the slang scene at 'Gentleman George's' occur, are those about which I wished to consult you. I have, therefore, sent the proofs, and keep the press open for your answer. I have sent the preceding clean sheets that you may the better judge of the story.

"You see that I have very imperfectly caught your idea; but wherever it is in the smallest degree caught, I think you will find the most amusing parts of the book. I wish you had struck off yourself your own conception. I believe you are too much a citizen of the world to be angry at my jokes now and then upon Scotchmen. But I expect Campbell will (if he ever by accident reads the book) testify high wrath.

"Most truly yours,

"E. L. B.

"P.S. It was Prince P. Lieven I wished you to meet."

Looking back on the four novels of which I have spoken, it was justly observed by the accomplished L. E. L., "that each of these performances had differed as much from its predecessor as if, instead of being the production of successive months, they severally marked epochs of years, passed with all those changes of thought, feeling, and action, years must inevitably bring. One of our most original novelists he (Bulwer) is also one of our most

various, though, by-the-by, variety is but an effect of which originality is the cause. In his later productions the same charm of variety is everywhere discerned; the difference between these and his earlier works being that they evince more intimate knowledge of the world, and are less lent to the adornments of the imagination."

Bulwer was yet only about twenty-five years of age, and nevertheless had in these works more than shadowed forth the greater artist he was to become, when "The Caxtons," and "My Novel," were to crown (I trust only in mid career) the display of that extraordinary versatility and comprehensiveness which, even so early as this, the same judicious critic declared to be the result of his having "evidently read much, seen much, felt much, thought much, and reflected on all still more." Well also did she also express her opinion, that our friend had entered the arena of Literature not only from the mere love of literary exertion, the excitement of which forces great talents to find themselves employment—not only from the mere desire of fame—but with one great moral purpose ever before him. That whether using the diamond arrow of wit, the graver arms of argument—whether in the pictures of real life, or the creations of imagination—he had kept the one aim in view, of human amelioration. He had satirised follies, to deter, if possible, from their pursuit; and drawn in noble colours, the good and the great, if possible to attract! But, in spite of these self-evident truths, the hounds that never stopped their howl against the author, appeared yet more and more irritated by every new success, and my experience of literary malevolence and turpitude, supplies me with no stronger instance of presevering hostility than that which dogged every fresh "offence" of Lytton-Bulwer. "Paul Clifford" smacked too racily of Swift to escape

more condign censure than "Devereux," or "The Disowned," or even the first grand enormity, "Pelham." Notwithstanding all this, he held on his course, rejoicing in an ample increase of favour, till universal applause drowned the voice of malice; and if the hounds still growled in their kennels, it was impossible to hear them, or see them shrink in disappointed, with their woful ears and tails hanging down in shameful despondency.

About this date I was indebted to the pens of both Mr. Edward and Mr. Henry Bulwer (whose "Autumn in Greece" had enhanced his literary reputation, and led to the commencement of his honourable diplomatic career, as an *attaché* to the embassy at Berlin) for valuable communications to enrich my miscellany; and which I endeavoured to return by services to emulous individuals, then starting in literature and politics, whom they introduced to my attention, and whom I abstain from naming, on account of several of them having attained eminence almost as high as the distinguished brothers.

I still smile at a note informing me of the arrangements for a pleasant party into the country, among whom was the lady of Mr. Bulwer of Heydon Hall, Norfolk (the elder brother of the family); and which the writer concludes with, "Yours, very truly, though in as much haste as a man ought to be who writes two novels a year—E. Lytton Bulwer." But, amid such gratifications, my readers will not be surprised that I set even a higher value upon the letter which is here annexed:—

"My dear Sir,

"Happening to call at my silversmith's I was struck with the oddity and workmanship of a little inkstand, and, on inquiry, learnt that it had once been ordered by

Mr. Canning, but never sent home to him, on account of his death. Upon hearing this, I remembered your friendship for that remarkable man, and imagined that the circumstance might give the inkstand that value which, in itself, it is too mere a trifle to possess.

"If you will encourage me in this hope, by giving the inkstand a place on your writing-table, you will confer an additional honour and favour upon,

"Dear Sir,

"Your very obliged and faithful

"E. LYTTON BULWER.

"Athenæum, Friday."

Coupled with so delightful a mark of esteem, and from such a quarter, the *laus a laudato* of the most precious kind, I ought to state that,—which the recent efforts of Sir E. L. Bulwer to establish a saving and permanent succour for his unfortunate compatriots of the press has so nobly demonstrated—among the large number of literary men with whom it has been my good fortune to be on terms of intimacy, I never knew one of more generous sentiments than he, one more prompt and liberal in purse and person, or one who conferred solid benefits as if they were not even favours, in a manner more feeling and gentlemanly. Indeed, I am not aware of suffering literature having applied to him without being met with, and rather beyond the dictates of prudence (I allude to circumstances before his accession of wealth); and for myself, have, with heartfelt satisfaction, to acknowledge obligations so imposed that I almost fancied I was the obliger and he the obligee.

How dear to memory are reciprocal kindnesses and acts of friendship. If all men knew this, or were capable of appreciating it, how happy would it be for society; how

many miseries would be alleviated, how much gloom brightened, how much the real enjoyments of life enhanced, how much the wide, wide world blessed. Hereabouts, in date, I find myself in a condition to forward my friend's views on a seat in Parliament for Penryn, near which I had some influential connections, including Mr. Davies Gilbert, Mr. Holmes, the Carnes' family (of whom I must say something most agreeable to me, I trust, before this weary life-book is concluded); but alas for the purity of Parliament and the borough aforesaid—"open bribery as dangerous as disgraceful," was the only hopeful admission to the field, and the candidate (without using my letters) resigned with a good grace, without going to the poll, and reserved his money for some other more auspicious future occasion. A warm invitation to enjoy the shooting season, with his mother, at Knebworth, "only 28 miles from town," closed the exploratory expedition in search of a seat to Penryn (August, 1830).

With "Eugene Aram," about Christmas, 1831, I shall close this partial retrospect of the earlier prose works of Mr. Bulwer, the broad space since occupied by the author opening far too extensive a field for even the most cursory notice. I still think this story, "as the Bride of Lammermuir" of Scott (to whom this book is gracefully dedicated), the most complete and finished of the long series of each, for which the world is their debtors. "Eugene Aram" is depicted in that masterly style which exhibits the grand delusion of human kind—more or less developed in all, but here developed to an intensity, which confounds the highest aspirations with the most heinous criminality. The guilt is prodigious, but yet the self-deception is so fascinating, that the bewildered murderer, resting on his better deeds, desires and virtues, all the while succeeds in persuading himself that he is making a creditor of Heaven! The

perfect dramatic unity, the profound reflections abounding everywhere, and the searching knowledge of human nature, sufficed, in this pathetic piece, to re-create the interest of a well-known tragedy, and re-awaken feelings as deep, as if the sad story possessed the inherent attraction of a skilfully constructed plot, working its mysterious way to an unforseen catastrophe. This is a triumph of genius; and it is curious that the same achievement, though in a lesser degree, was accomplished with the same subject by Thomas Hood, whose poem of "Eugene Aram" is alike beautiful and touching. I cannot, therefore, do better than diversify my theme here, with two notes of Hood's; one of them especially characteristic of his humour, and the other relating also in his own laughable manner to the poem referred to:—

"Winchmore.

"MY DEAR JERDAN,

"Many thanks for your kind note. You will, of course, receive one of the earliest Comics. 'It is at present riding on my back, like a centipede spurred on each foot, to be out by 1st December.* This must be my excuse for haste. As it is all but a monopolylogue, it takes all my moments at present.

"You will receive one of these days a reprint of 'Eugene Aram's Dream,' with designs by Harvey. It was coming out with the 'Comic,' but will precede it. It has already been indebted to your good word, without plates, and I dare say you will find something very praiseable in those. With reciprocation of kind regards, I was, is, and shall be,

"Dear Jerdan, yours ever truly,

"THOS. HOOD.

"W. JERDAN, Esq."

* I have experienced the same with this very volume, and very date.—W. J.

"Lake House, Wanstead,
"December.

"MY DEAR JERDAN,

"I have often had to thank you for kindly mention of my works, and I will not omit my acknowledgments when I find in the 'Gazette' all that man ought to wish for. 'Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long.'

"There are other arguments in favour of brevity besides its being the soul of wit—'short accounts make long friends'—and I cannot but be flattered by a Lilliput account of the Comic from a friend of Brobdignag standing.

"I write this, dipping by turns into a glass of ink and a glass of sherry, poured out to your health, and I shall never take 'something short,' without dedicating it to the same toast.

"Friends ought to be friends, whether in Long Island or the Inch of Perth, and as even semibreves conduce to harmony, your little 'taste,' or rather sip 'of my quality,' still leaves me,

"My dear Jerdan, yours very truly,

"THOS. HOOD."

To have one's judgment on such a publication as Bulwer's "Eugene Aram" approved by its author is too flattering to the self-love of autobiographical capaciousness to be laid aside, with many similar testimonies from other quarters, from among which, however, I look to be able to select (as I have already done with preceding standard writers) a few letters of Moore, James, and men of their stamp with whom in the Republic of Letters, I had so much to do; and I therefore take leave to append a note that gave me great

pleasure above twenty years ago, and is still very grateful to finer emotions than the *amour propre* could inspire.

"My dear Sir,

"I have indeed to thank you most heartily—most cordially—for the kindness and favour of your review of 'Eugene Aram.' I know that I thank you for a sincere opinion, however private friendship may have contributed to form its substance, and mould its expression, and this gives me a double pleasure—that of the publicity of your praise, and that also of its private sincerity.

"I was greatly surprised to see that the 'Court Journal' had obtained the book in sheets, as I had meant any little use derivable for an early copy *solely* for you. I am glad you like the unity of the story, and the scenes in the third volume, for they are the result of more care over my natural faults of composition than any other qualities in the work.

"Believe me, my dear friend,

"Your ever grateful,

"E. L. BULWER."

Perhaps, boasting too much of my critical acumen, I may, nevertheless, notice, that in the next work of Bulwer, his then publisher, Mr. Bentley, did me the honour to request my previous comments on certain portions of the narrative as it was going through the press, the result of which will be shown by the following extract of a letter from him: "I am much obliged by the observations you have thrown out respecting 'Godolphin.' . . The passages shall be cancelled, and I cannot but feel greatly obliged to you for drawing my attention to the subject. The cancels shall be forwarded to you early to-morrow." In "Paul Clifford," the author had paid me a similar compli-

ment, for he informs me, "I am so sorry that, owing to some mistake of the printer's, one of the sheets in which you requested me to leave out some 'strong' expressions, was struck off, and I was thereby prevented doing so. But the other, containing the note on Moore, I was able to modify as you suggested."

To the period when my connection with the literary press terminated, the same kind of gratifying intercourse continued to subsist between my distinguished friend and myself, and I feel assured that he will not be ashamed of having a few of the proofs of its confidential nature exhibited to the credit of those frank communications and generous relations which ought to be cherished between authors and parties who assume the responsible office of criticism. The mutual interchange of sentiments and opinions, dictated by candour and sincerity, combines the sweet and useful in an eminent degree, and is a contribution of considerable value to the truest interests of literature.

And if this state of things was acceptable in regard to literary processes, it was rendered yet more delightful by the social cordialities which varied and enhanced its pleasures. I had in my power occasionally to perform friendly services for individuals recommended by Mr. Bulwer and his immediate circle—introducing some young aspirants to the perplexities of the pen, and giving or procuring employment for others in whose welfare an interest was felt. As an instance of this I will insert a letter from a lady whose volume on behalf of the sex and their rights made some noise at the time it appeared, when the cause could not boast of such earnest and accomplished apostles as have re-echoed the theme. Mrs. Wheeler was the sister of Sir John Doyle and the mother of Mrs. Bulwer, and her letter does so much honour to her character as a true-hearted

private benefactor, as well as a warm public advocate where woman's interests were concerned, that I am happy to preserve probably the only anecdote of her that will ever appear in print.

"Monday, July 20th.

"My dear Mrs. Fordyce,

"The good tidings you bring me relative to your mission, on behalf of unfortunate Madame de L* * * * t, gives me much pleasure.

"Mr. Jerdan's promise being given, *delay* in its accomplishment is all we have to complain of; and situated as this poor lady is, suffering in body and depressed in mind, *delay* is not only *dangerous*, but would be a crime against humanity and justice were it *intentional*, which I am persuaded it is not. The fact is, that literary men are so immersed in their pursuits, that an occasional lapse of memory must meet with all due indulgence, and in this manner we must account for Mr. Jerdan's omission. Might I suggest, my dear Mrs. Fordyce, that, as you are delayed a few days longer in London, time yet remains to follow up your previous humane exertions for poor Madame de L * * * * t, by a line to Mr. Jerdan, reminding him of his promise, and I am quite sure he will be obliged to you for doing so.*

"As you are going to Paris, what an opportunity would be lost of conveying to the sufferer this relief. I need not press this question upon you, as I know that your own prompt benevolence will anticipate all that *should* be *done* on so *pressing an occasion*. God bless you, my dear Mrs. Fordyce, my hand is so weak I can hardly hold the pen; but, ill or well, am always most sincerely and affectionately yours,

"A. D. WHEELER."

* A lady I consequently engaged as soon as I could, *i.e.* immediately, as a Paris correspondent; in which capacity she continued several years.—W.J.

There is a quaint Scotch story of a Highlandman who asked a passer-by, on the bridge of Perth, what was the name of the shentleman that lived in the bra' house yonder, which he pointed out, and being told it was the bank of "Sir John * * * * and Co." waited till his informant was out of sight, and then very deliberately, on the parapet, forged an order on Sir John * * * * and Co., which, in his ignorance, he signed in the same manner as he had addressed it. On presentation for payment the intended fraud was of course instantly detected, and the offender taken into custody. Inquiries followed, and on being told he had committed a crime that would hang him, poor Donald merely shrugged up his shoulders and replied, "I hae seen as muckle:—Times taks turns;" and so I may say with the little bit of frolic which the following recalls to mind, and I look back with something like disbelief in my senses when I think of the marvellous turns which time has taken since our merry bout at the theatre, in consequence of the pretty note of L. E. L.

"DEAR SIR,

"Do you remember a promise made to Mrs. Bulwer and Mrs. Wyndham touching the play and pantomime; can you get them a box to-night or Friday to see 'Puss in Boots?' and can you give me an answer (if you will try) by the two o'clock boy. Please let the boy call on me to take a note for me.

"Yours truly,

"L. E. L.

"Send word, please, when you mean to call to-day."

Such arrangements, however, were of frequent occurrence, and truly the acquaintance of an editor was very convenient,

especially of an agreeable one, who was not, however, he must confess, lasted in such high favour with the rather violent dame first mentioned,* nor with the second exalted lady, who has so recently played the first grand role in golden-robed ministerial glories. The former having imagined she has reason to detest old friends who still wish her well, and happier than she would suffer herself to be; and the latter may have mounted up the lofty ladder to a sphere so superior as to have a woman's right to forget all bygones, and the pleasant jostlings on the lower steps. Alas! *Sic transit!*

But to return for a moment to the more immediate† subject of this chapter, as I may never live to reach what ought to be its sequel; my vanity is increased when I can say that Bulwer evinced the same regard for my opinion when his poetical career was running its noble race; for, though it is much easier for the invidious and captious

* *Ex. gr.* 1830.

"My dear Sir,

"I am really quite at a loss how to thank you for the very beautiful album you were so good as to send me, but I can assure you that if any thing could give it an additional value in my estimation, it would be the circumstance of its being your gift; *au reste*, it is as *perfect* as I always imagined a *book of yours* would be. With our united kind compliments, &c. believe me, My dear sir,

"Your sincerely obliged,

"R. Lytton Bulwer.

"Hertford Street, Thursday, April 1st, 1830."

Per contra, Lady Bulwer-Lytton in 1849. "The only thing that can equal your malignity in your review of 'The Peer's Daughter' is your ignorance and wilful mis-statements. Your next charge of the language and style being at times almost pedantic, is rather more just, for the truth is that this book, in order to avoid the hired assassin-stabs of such reptiles as yourself and the rest of the clique, was intended to have been (by me) published anonymously, but, of course, the Mammon-worship of 'a British publisher' prevailed and threw me to the lions." . . . There are accusations a thousand degrees worse than these, besides the threat of posthumous infamy as the worst man in the world—but one!! O, well might I exclaim with poor Donald, "Times taks turns!"—W. J.

† See Appendix G.

to carp at and injure the poet in an unpoetic age, than to write down the novelist, Bulwer's poems will bide the test of time, and deserve a much higher eulogy than I have here bestowed upon them. "Now (he writes me) let me at once be plain, and yet confide in the certainty of your friendly feelings. There are very few (I am writing candidly) whose genuine opinion of my poems I would desire so much as your own. I am doubtful about them myself, not only because I am quite aware that no author can judge of his own works, but because I very much fear that I could not be a good critic in the case of others—often seeing but conceit where reviewers clamorously concur in praising beauties. Now I have sufficient strings to my bow in prose to be able to bear, without soreness or humiliation, any private opinion you might pass on my capacities in poetry. Even Voltaire, vain and great as he was, felt grateful to his friend when he said, 'Leave the Sciences alone, and stick to Literature.' So, if you think the publication of my volume a mistake, I beseech you to tell me so, *entre nous*, and let the blame rest with me if, like Gil Blas's archbishop, I wish *un peu plus de bon gout*. I mean that, in that case, I gratefully respect your judgment, and waive all expectation of that public notice which is so disagreeable to an amiable nature, when there is no option between committing one's judgment and hurting one's friend. I own that I should reconcile myself more to 'My dear Bulwer—shun the Muses,' than to that sort of review which comes from the struggle between good nature and sound judgment, or to that conglomeration with other versifiers which an author, now some thirteen years before the public, and making with diffidence, an experiment in his mature manhood, shrinks from the same prudery, manifested by an elderly maiden when confounded with 'those flighty girls.'

And so having disburthened myself, and assuring you of my perfect sincerity, believe me, &c.—E. L. B."

I need scarcely add that this apprehension on the part of the author (it was before "Arthur" was published) was quite at issue with my estimate of his poetical powers; and I was happily able to write a review which was neither contrary to my genuine opinion, nor a conglomerate.

To end this, I hope interesting, literary chapter, I will state a remarkable occurrence as affecting the relative conditions of authors and publishers. Bulwer, I believe, paid Mr. Bentley £750 to recover a small portion of copyright which he wished in order to possess an entire property in his works; and, nearly at the same time, Mr. Dickens took a like step to repurchase a share of the copyright of Oliver Twist, after it had launched "Bentley's Miscellany" prosperously on the popular tide, and gone through two or three profitable editions. The compensation was referred to Mr. John Forster and myself, and upon my table the sum of £2250 was handed over to Mr. Bentley, and both parties perfectly satisfied. But was not "the Trade" fortunate in so easily adding to handsome preceding emoluments, the total of no less than £3000?

CHAPTER XII.

G. P. R. JAMES—JOHN CARNE—J. BARTLETT—GASTRONOMIC ECONOMIES — DELUSIONS IN LITERARY SUCCESS — EMBARRASSING PRUDENCE—THE REV. DR. WARNEFORD—LAW AND LAWYERS—THE GREEK LOAN—THE CURRENCY QUESTION.

> No work e'er gained true fame or ever can,
> But what did honour to the name of man.—YOUNG.

> Sing a song of sixpence.—BABY BALLAD.

HARMONIOUS friendships formed about the period of which I am now recalling the prominent passages, and cemented by uninterrupted cordiality and increase of esteem to the present day, except where the dissolver of all earthly ties has broken them off; and many gratifying connections of a slighter nature, in contributing to which, my good offices were no minor recommendation, the remembrances of which often delight me on casual meetings, yet with those who are only too prone to magnify their value; and the admission on favourable terms to an enlarged circle of the highest society, now entered very considerably into the routine and essence of my life.

These three ingredients gradually made great alterations in my position, and shaped nearly the entire course of my public pursuits and private habits. Among the warm friend-

ships to which I may allude, there is not one more sincere, more lasting, or more grateful to my feelings, than that which I have the honour and delight to couple with the admired and estimable name of G. P. R. James. I think it was the production of "The Ruined City," for private circulation, which first introduced us to each other; and from that hour (I remember the pleasure I received from his volunteering a trial of his skill occasionally in the "Gazette"), I now look back on a quarter of a century, upon a close intercourse of minds and hearts, without a passing shade to dull its bright and cheering continuity. I need not dwell on those voluminous writings which have placed Mr. James in the very foremost rank of our national fictious literature; nor need I, in his case, illustrate my theme of the uncertainty of literature as a remunerative pursuit—with a private fortune, and the genius which has produced so many admirable works, the author has now fallen back upon a consulate at Norfolk, in America, where, if report speaks truth, he is exposed even to danger in consequence of petty resentments against something he wrote long ago about Slavery!—but, I may say, from nearer and more abundant observation than the world could attain, that the utmost appreciation of his genius must fall short of what is due to his personal worth and nobility of nature. As no author ever excelled him in the purity and rectitude of his publications,—every tone of which tends to inspire just moral sentiment, and exalted virtue, and brotherly love, and universal benevolence, and the improvement, carrying with it the progress and happiness of his fellow-creatures,—so no man in private life ever more zealously practised the precepts which he taught, and was charitable, liberal, and generous, ay, beyond the measure of cold prudence, and without an atom of selfish reserve. To his fellow-labourers on the oft-ungrateful soil

of letters, he was ever indulgent and munificent; and were this the fitting time, I could record acts of his performing that would shed a lustre on any character, however celebrated in merited biographical panegyric. I trust I may state, without compromising the privacy of friendly confidence, that I knew him, as he was ever ready to make sacrifices to friendship, sacrifice half a fortune, legally in his possession, to a mere point of honourable, I might say, romantically honourable feeling, and founded indeed on one of those family romances in which we find fact more extraordinary than fiction; and amongst lesser instances of his general sympathies for all who stood in need of succour, I may mention his procuring me the gratification of handing over 75*l.* to the Literary Fund, as the price received from Messrs. Colburn and Bentley for a MS., entitled "The String of Pearls." To this Fund I have already referred, but I may here also notice, that almost contemporaneously with Mr. James's gift, my Lord Mulgrave (now Marquis of Normanby) enabled me by a similar transaction to add 50*l.* more to the subscription—proving the valid title I have to claim the character of having been one of its most zealous and successful supporters, for which I am sorry to say I received a very ungracious return. But let that pass; though the above and other liberal benefactions which were wont to figure in the annual lists as they ought, were it only *pour encourager les autres*, have been dropt out of them without a record,—a piece of ingratitude, the very reverse of the practice pursued by every other charitable institution in London, which are anxious to keep recorded on their annual books, from first to last, the names of those to whom they have been indebted for even the smallest services.*

Another of the cherished intimacies which grew out of

* See Appendix H.

this date, and which was fruitful of years of after enjoyments, was with John Carne, the amiable and much esteemed author of "Letters from the East," and other very interesting and justly popular works. When in London our habits led to almost daily familiar intercourse, and when my friends (for I gladly include the congenial wife, sister of Mr. Lane, the admired artist), retired to their country home, my excursions to Cornwall, with its charms of scenery, attractions of mines and museums, and circles of social hospitalities, furnished recreations such as only slaves of the pen can fully appreciate. Cornwall seems to me to be the most interesting county in the island, though Derbyshire possesses many striking features; and at Penzance and Falmouth the well-known scientific mineral and natural collections of Mr. Joseph Carne and Mr. Fox, as well as the superior intelligence of their owners (worthy compatriots of Davies Gilbert and Sir Humphry Davy) supplied very gratifying additional sources of pleasure and instruction. I would fain mention another friend who pertained to this party-period, Mr. Bartlett, soon after our consul at Corunna, whence, during his residence, Grove-House had Ude or Soyer-like cause to rejoice in the gastronomic products of Spain, whose boars'-heads and hams, and Val de Peñas wines from La Mancha often gave a certain degree of culinary and cellular celebrity to its otherwise ordinary entertainments, and added a something to the genial welcome it tried to offer to its guests and friends. There is a common and most mistaken idea prevalent in the world that good taste and neatness are costly; whereas there is nothing on earth less expensive. You sit down to an adequately provided and superiorly arranged table, or, on the contrary, you find matters so heterogeneously got together and so clumsily set out, that you fare in the style called hugger-mugger, and the rather

recherché and enjoyable dinner shall not amount to half the price of the more animal-like feed. A fine and cultivated palate is certainly fastidious, but by no means necessarily extravagant. The zest is in "a grace, a manner, a decorum"—an "elegant sufficiency, content," and not in heaping Pelions of meat on Ossas of fish in superabundant disorder, till "the sense aches at it." I had also, at this time, an old townsman and friend, from the West Indies, travelling on the continent for his health; and he, like Bartlett, was fond of remitting a dozen or two, now and then, of any curious wines he happened to encounter. It was not so dear as the port or sherry in home consumption, but it made a figure in the provender of my roof, was not without its influence in drawing together those who could relish it and aid my pursuits and work, nor yet without its being afterwards remembered as a proof of imprudent wastefulness by some who had drunk their full share of it without a warning, or a murmur, save a sigh of satisfaction as it glided down their undeserving throats. The Val de Peñas, in this way, might remind us of the sagacious squire from whose rocky confines it came, the immortal Sancho; who in elevating the bottle to his mouth appeared to take a deliberate aim at the moon, and when his copious draught was finished, stroked his fair round stomach, and exclaimed—"Good liquor, by the Lord!" One sample of the French wine, a claret, may be noted as affording a new reading to a verse in an old Scotch song, the meaning of which was doubtful.

Blythe, blythe, and bonny was she;
Blythe was she, but and ben;
Weel she lo'ed a Hawick gill,
But better far a Tappit hen!

A Hawick gill was understood to be at least a mutchkin or English pint, and the Tappit hen was explained, a crested

hen, and the name given to a quart measure of ale or beer with a top of froth or foam. But the bottles in which this wine, in quantity between a quart and a magnum, was kept, in a moment asserted its right to the title, on other than antiquarian conjectures; for the cork was covered in a peculiar way with wax, so as to present to the eye the most perfect resemblance to the tappit hen, or hen with a top-knot or tuft. Every one who saw it recognised the likeness in a moment; and I shall only add that the fell swoop which demolished the last of my tender chickens (without a dam) was committed, on a return after coffee to the dining-room, by John Murray, William Murray of the Edinburgh theatre, one of the best of social companions, Owen Rees, and two or three other *convives*, who took it into their heads that a novelty of this sort ought not to be left, like an indifferent publication or a poor play, on hand.

"Tell us more about yourself," has been a call made on me in consequence of my preceding volumes: "we want to hear of the ways of life of a literary man," and I hope this will be my excuse to readers of other minds for the foregoing, and all similar passages of a personal description. Grove House for a dozen of years was a centre for social, literary, intellectual, and political *réunions*, that could hardly be surpassed. Of ease and welcome there was plenty; of etiquette and ceremony there was none. After this fashion, from the youngest struggler and disappointed aspirant in literature, science, and arts, to the most successful in every branch of human effort, the author, the inventor, the artist, and the loftiest in rank and station of the land, ministers of state, and nobility, who were the patrons of learning and genius, all condescended to encourage my earnest endeavours in the cause, and associate with me on terms too flattering to be thought of except with the deepest sense of gratitude,

And here I must beg to remark upon this high and gratifying career, and the vicissitudes which followed it, that even had self-interest been the motive for indulging in it, any man looking much farther a-head for his own advancement than ever it was in my nature to do, might (wisely calculating) have adopted the same course for the sake of promoting his own fortunes and securing his ambitious objects. As I may have by and by to show, it conducted me to a point where the turn of a feather defeated my achieving a position, that opened the path to independence (not precarious) and distinction of a more ostensible kind than I could ever hope to attain by the exercise of my limited talents in the higher walks of literature. I, for one, could not blame any of my contemporaries, who whilst they tasted the sweets and the emoluments of great popularity, lived as if their productions were like freehold estates, to endure for ever; and a little farther on discovered that their possessions of the brain, situated on the domain of public mutability or caprice, were liable to be gradually dissolved, and like the baseless fabric of a vision leave little else than a wreck behind. On the contrary, I would sympathise with them and grieve for their venial mistake. The intoxication of literary success gilds the present, too gorgeously, and illumes the future too brilliantly, to admit readily of saucy doubts and fears, and far less of rigid arithmetic and troublesome calculation. An individual basking in the glorious sunshine is too apt to forget that fair and foul, blue sky and cloud, alternate for ever, and that day is sure to be succeeded by night; and though I cannot and do not stand forth as the apologist for foolish imprudence and reckless improvidence, I must assert the generous principle, that such errors as I have pictured throughout these volumes as likely to befal the studious writer busily occupied or absorbed in

ideal dreaming, ought to be viewed as pardonable blots, if blots at all, upon the escutcheon of moral worth, and, in many cases, hardly as impeachments of worldly wisdom. The most popular authors have been and are liable to sudden and severe reverses, from vicissitudes in "the Trade" and in public opinion; and when such misfortunes befal them (checking the powers of individuals seldom fortified by other resources), it seems to me that they are more entitled to the benefit of every doubt in their favour, than to be dealt with as convicted criminals in the inquests held on their mangled remains!

In my own particular instance, the emergence from the plunge under the water in consequence of the panic and revulsion of credit in 1826, was indefinitely protracted by my most prudential efforts. When called on, and in a vindictive manner too, in consequence of the misrepresentation of an attorney, with the business confided to him by the firm, to repay bank advances to the tune of from twelve to fourteen hundred pounds, bringing the crush of more than double that amount on their back with them, I found myself saddled with an establishment trenching closely up to my resources, and burthened with between two and three hundred a year for life-assurances. It is true the attorney acknowledged his mistake, in ascribing a neglect to me I had not committed, and on compulsion, entered the apology in his own hand in his own letter-book, in the presence of my friend sent to him to "know the reason why;" but the mischief to me had been done, and I was crippled severely. And mark what ill-consequences may spring even out of careful prescience. After having paid for years heavy premiums, I could, in most of them, ill spare, a policy of £2,000 in the Equitable, mortgaged to the Rev. Dr. Warneford, the tremendous church-builder and most ostenta-

tious of charity-benefactors, was sold at auction by his directions for what it would bring, and all the happy results to which I had looked forward sacrificed for a few hundred pounds. I have never since then read the announcements of Dr. Warneford's numerous magnificent donations for religious and liberal purposes, without thinking how different his public acts were from his private dealings; for his agents assured me they had represented in vain what a cruel blight this sale would bring upon my family, and how it would crush my hopes, but the reverend gentleman was as peremptory as Shylock, and such I was told was his custom in regard to the management of his personal concerns.*

Another policy in the same office for £1,600 got out of my hands in some other security for an annuity drain; and how it stands now I am ashamed to confess I really do not know, but I have reason to believe that it is kept up by the parties, and is sufficient, owing to my length of life, to make them more than safe in the transaction.

After the falsehood which led to resentful feelings alluded to in the last page had been proved to be groundless,† and the cloud had passed away, my friendship with Mr. George Twining was renewed, and continued to his death; and, at his request, I had it somewhat in my power to bring into public notice and popularity the first useful writings of Mr. Senior, whose views I contributed much to recommend. With the other branches of this respected family I have also restored amicable relations to the present hour.

* His honoured name will descend to posterity in connexion with many splendid charities; but when I think of his hard griping usage to me I am apt to exclaim: "By'r Lady he must build churches else."—W. J.

† The attorney reported that I had neglected to pay the insurance on my life, the policy being a banking security I had pledged myself to keep up: *hinc illæ lachrymæ*. But I had paid it three weeks within the time it was due, and only neglected to send the receipt, lying in the crowd of papers on my desk.—W. J.

I mention some of these things without bitterness, though not always without reproach. The conduct of the attorney alluded to created a coolness between my friend Mr. George Twining and me which lasted some time; for friendships interrupted any how, do not easily warm up and coalesce again, and never, perhaps, return to their pristine fresh and boundless confidence—like certain chemical and culinary preparations, in which an accidental chill is fatal to their perfection. Even after the man confessed that he had been misinformed, and proceeded upon the assumption that an act which was duly performed had not been performed, simply because it had not been formally announced, matters and feelings were never perfectly restored to their former footing. Yet cordiality to a less effervescent extent resumed its sway; and, among other proofs, I remember Mr. Twining earnestly embarking my literary services in the advent of the gentleman I have named, then commencing the arduous career in which he has since risen to such prosperous eminence.

The private circumstances of a man completely immersed in literary pursuits, are part and portion of his literary life, and therefore I offer no excuse for these particulars. Mischances are forgotten in books, and injuries lost in the conception of new thoughts, and absolute self-sufferings merged in the necessity for contemplating unreal characters and imagined events. The study is the oblivion of the kitchen and parlour; and, for the periodical writer, the public call concentrates in the internal refuge the toils of the pen, the trials of all the external world.

I have more than once in this memoir had occasion to speak harshly of persons connected with the law, and have reason enough to look upon the black sheep of that profession as the great oppressors and curses of the community.

They are placed in a bad position. All their interests are adverse to humanity, and their hearts harden as they go on over-reaching, plundering, and desolating. They are exposed to more temptations than any other class, and they see so much of the roguish side of society, that they come by degrees to reconcile themselves to the idea of general depravity, and fall the more readily into the odious rank. It requires great firmness and high honour to withstand the seduction, but when these are found, what a noble character is made. Many of my most intimate and valued friendships, affectionate, lasting, and sacred, as friendships of many years do become, have been and continue with lawyers, both belonging to the bar and bench, and the order of solicitors and attorneys. Knowing such as these, forces me to regret the more, that so many of similar name in the profession should be such worthless embodiments of evil and injury. There is a balance in all things. If I were asked whether I would forego my present solace and gratifications in the intimacy of old friends, eminent ornaments to various branches of the legal profession, to have redeemed (if possible) all that I have suffered from the chicanery and rascality of base practitioners, I would pause on the option, and, I think, abjure the worthless, and adhere to the worthy side. 'Tis pity the bad set have so much put in their power by angry, litigious, and often blind and irrational people, to inflict the wrongs they do ; but it looks as if the rhymester spoke something near the truth when he wrote—

> Men are unanimous in every town,
> When once a man is down, to keep him down.

In the year twenty-six, two countries at least were in financial difficulties, viz., Greece and Great Britain. For the former a loan was negotiated, and for the latter my

friend Mr. John Trotter and I prescribed a remedy. In the Greek Loan I happened incidentally to become much interested in consequence of revelations made to me by Captain Blaquière, who was, indeed, heart and soul, a true Philhellenist. His communications, I lament to repeat, involved the fair fame of several personages still living, and enjoying high reputation in the world, respecting whose alleged transactions I must be dumb. That the Greek cause was made a trading concern, I cannot entertain a doubt; for I had certain proofs of that fact in my hands, and was entrusted (see p. 154) to lay them before Mr. Canning. His demeanour on the occasion I can but poorly describe. As the names and the lights flashed upon him, he started up from his chair and paced the room, uttering such broken sentences as these: "No, no. It is impossible! *He* could not be guilty of such an act." "* * * * * * *! Ah! bad. I could not have believed it. But he has been connected with strange affairs." "There is corruption in many unsuspected places." "Oh, this cannot be true, I would not believe his own acknowledgment." "* * * * * * * well, well that may be, it is not unlikely." "* * * * pooh! must be an error." And so throughout the whole, the final determination being to take no notice of the complicated charges and unquestionable complicity of some of the parties.

The truth had been previously hinted at in the "Literary Gazette," at the close of the preceding year, on the publication of Mr. Emerson's, now Sir Emerson Tennent's, first literary production, "A Picture of Greece," and a work of so much intelligence and interest, that I awarded no less than three numbers for its review; and I here rejoice in citing my justly fortunate friend as another example of the clearness of my estimates of youthful talent (for he was

then barely of age), and of the gratifying consequences flowing out of such anticipations—sincere attachments during after life! In the last of these papers I had observed, "But, ere we dismiss the matter altogether, we may be allowed to turn from the foreign tales of Greece to those connected with it at home. What has become of the Greek Committee in London? It never meets; it does nothing. Has the gambling rot of speculation broken it up? and who of its members are to blame? Abominable jobs have been practised with the loan and the Greek securities; the cause has, we suspect, been made but the stalking-horse for greedy mercantile and private aims; and a country risked, if not sacrificed, for the gain of pounds, shillings, and pence." In short, the whole transaction was disgraceful, and the more so as it was carried on with all the cant of exalted sympathies in the glorious cause of emancipated Greece. The inglorious cause of the Stock Exchange flourished upon it. Money could not even be found to educate the five Greek boys Blaquière brought over with him for that beneficial purpose; and the sums which were sent to Greece were just enough to set rival partisans to cut each other's throats for their shares of the booty.

The scheme of National Polity and Finance was, while it lasted, an affair of infinite planning, consideration, reconsideration, consultation, and trouble. My excellent friend, Mr. Trotter, was in this, as in all other matters to which he gave his mind, full of even restless energy and activity. Before I left bed, and sometimes when late enough to have sent a seasonable hour-keeper to it, his messengers would find their way to Grove House; and an answer to write to some inquiry that had occurred to him, or a drive over to Connaught Place used to be for several months my

frequent "call." The finished pamphlet, when published by Messrs. Longmans, was at any rate a literary if not a financial curiosity. It was not paged, but the lines numbered, as is seen in long poems, 5, 10, 15, and so throughout to 2855, the penultimate line of the publication. Blank leaves alternated for the use of those whose observations were sought, and when I name Mr. Huskisson, Sir Coutts Trotter, and Mr. Booker among the number, I need not say that the best opinions and the most weighty objections were courted. The project excited considerable attention, and much correspondence upon it ensued. Good or bad, impracticable or feasible, the bullionist theory of the day was too firmly fixed for our scheme, as it has been for all its successors ever since; yet as there are still not a few statisticians who fancy that, even in spite of Californian and Australian gold fields, a paper currency, founded upon other bases than the precious metal, would be the safest and best for our commercial country, I will devote a few lines to its illustration. Lord Liverpool laid the foundation when, in the House of Lords, he opposed the dogma that "nothing was better than a paper circulation convertible into gold," and said, "My Lords, for my part, I believe the proposition to be fallacious, and only true to this extent,—that such a circulation carries its own cure along with it. I repeat, the thing is evil, but carries its own remedy. And what remedy is that, my Lords? We have all witnessed its effects lately; we can trace it in the past ruin, and the now subsiding panic; it is visible in the ruin of trade, the confusion of the money-market, and the total destruction of public and private confidence. It is a cure, my Lords, which is operated by the misery of the poor, the destruction of the rich, the loss of thousands, and the ruin of hundreds of thousands. This is *the objection, the vital*

objection, to a paper circulation convertible into coin. It is a doctrine carrying with it destruction to property, and utter ruin to credit, public as well as private."

Entertaining the same opinion, and holding that it was the true object of every description of currency to make the value of property as steady and as little variable as possible, Mr. Trotter matured and brought out his project with admirable perseverance. It purported to ensure the country a sound, settled, unchangeable, and imperishable currency, a currency of real value, representing absolute tangible property, and, from the ampleness of its security, not being subject to question or depreciation from any cause whatever, *by fabricating a sterling national paper*, founded on landed and funded property, and issued and controlled under responsibility as doubtless and lasting as the British Constitution itself, in every respect, therefore, preferable and preferred to gold! And the main principles were thus enunciated:—

"1stly. It is proposed, that government shall stamp all the paper (as well as bullion) intended to be issued as the current money of the country: that the notes so framed and executed shall be deemed the lawful currency of the realm; and in order to prevent the evils attendant on the abuse of issuing notes without limit, it shall be unlawful for any banker, or others, to issue any other notes than those so framed and executed.

"2ndly. That there be established one national bank, from which alone the said notes shall be issued for circulation.

"3rdly. That all bankers, or others, requiring notes for circulation, shall apply for the same to the National Bank; to which, previously to their receiving the said notes, they shall pledge, as a security of the payment of the same, either freehold land or funded property, unencumbered, of the value

of two hundred pounds sterling money for one hundred pounds sterling paper currency, and at the same rate for any sum whatever.

"4thly. That there be kept, subject to public inspection, a national register, in which shall be registered a full description of the security pledged, its *bonâ fide* value, and the proprietor's name and address.

"This is the principle of the plan. The land of England shall be coined to a certain limit, and a part of the funded wealth of the country shall be convertible into a circulating medium—double, or a greater proportion of both, being pledged in security to the note-holder, from one pound to millions of pounds.

"Hence we think we may have abundance without superfluity; we may have abundance combined with perfect security; we may have abundance subject to prudent regulation. To what height of prosperity such a currency is capable of raising a country, we shall not pretend to determine; but we are free to express our firm persuasion, that if the principle were considered to be inapplicable to an old people, and were yet acted upon by a new government (firmly established, so as to impart to it the needful confidence and stability), it would speedily render that nation the greatest upon the face of the earth."

The "Times" newspaper (the organ of the metallic school), in an elaborate article admitted that "this would unquestionably furnish us with a more economical circulation than that consisting of the precious metals, and one to which no reasonable objection could be made on the score of security," but objected that in times of embarrassment, when the temptation to abuse was strongest, the government of the day might depreciate it by increasing the issues to an infinite amount. I need scarcely add that by perpetual publicity and

other guards, Mr. Trotter had completely provided against the possibility of such an abuse.

This is not the time or place however to occupy my readers with the details of our system. It was established on a Ledger Credit, in which the securities mortgaged for the required issues were inscribed; and these issues regulated according to the wants of the larger and smaller, nearest and most remote circles (subdivided into districts or parishes), which demanded them for a circulating medium within their limits. Many other advantages were predicated of the plan, viz., such as its doing away with public-house resorts, preventing forgery, acting as passports to ensure the safety of the bearers, fulfilling all the uses of road or travelling notes, putting an end to gambling with foreign exchanges, and finally as reducing taxation to a very considerable extent. The general result was to be a sound currency, susceptible of constant adjustment and arrangement —ample, but not superabundant—equable and shared, to their comfort, by the lower classes of society—not exposed to be affected by panics; and permeating, like the vital stream, through every minute vessel, as well as the larger arteries and veins of the body politic, so as to vivify and invigorate its every fibre. Between April and December my friend and I laboured on this plan, and ultimately laid it before the public as perfectly calculated for "establishing a sound and settled currency, liable to no fluctuations, but susceptible of easy and perpetual regulation, as circumstances required; representing real property, and being doubly, or more than doubly, secured; preserving the precious metals, and precluding the possibility of panic; being liable to neither redundancy nor scarcity; affording essential relief to the people by sharing among the many what now feeds overgrown monopoly, and lightening taxation; and in fine,

combining all the great and all the humbler interests of the community in one bond of union beneficial to the whole;"—and we summed up thus: "We have proposed what we consider to be unobjectionable in theory, and readily practicable in execution; and we are sincerely convinced, that if our plan were adopted and acted upon (either entirely at once, or partially by way of experiment), that it must lead to unbounded prosperity and the highest human happiness in our native land. This we assume, also, not merely upon our own views and impressions; but because in all the discussion, public and private, to which the measure has given rise, not one radical objection has been alleged against its foundations, nor one tenable argument urged against its details, nor one dark foreboding thrown forward over the bright prospects which it holds out.

"Instead of a currency of every kind and colour, furnished by individual interests for the sake of individual profits, tending chiefly to realise those emoluments, and not directed to a common end, we have demonstrated the means of having a circulation belonging to the people, and having no other destination but the common good. We have shown that the concern of government with this *Design of a National and public Credit, and a National and public Bank*, could be no source of unconstitutional influence, though a matter of the most anxious care,—since every government would serve itself in promoting the general diffusion of wealth, ease, tranquillity, and contentment. It would be an *Argus* to regulate the machine, so that it should not go wrong, rather than a power to prescribe or control its operations. By the simple fact of making our *Sterling Note* a legal tender for taxes and government annuities, and not convertible at the will of the holder, it would stamp and recognise this currency with sufficient character, and by returns and

re-issues in these two ways alone, create an annual circulation (in a circle, if we may say so, pervading the entire kingdom) of *Thirty Millions* in every year. Thus sanctioned by the legislature, and resting on the sure bases of landed and funded security for more than double its amount: we ask, fearlessly, who would not prefer this Sterling Paper to Gold Coin, which seems to be principally and purposely formed to encourage the injurious traffic in foreign exchanges and bullion?"

Such is the broad outline of a plan which I am yet inclined to believe would raise the nation to a pitch of prosperity such as never has been and never can be reached by any other means than a system of polity and finance the same as, or very similar to, that on which I expended no small portion of valuable time, thought, and pains-taking. I had indeed ample compensation in the pleasure of so constant an intercourse with Mr. Trotter and his amiable and accomplished circle. So passeth away the *grave* speculations and the social delights of our changeable span: the shades and sunshine of human life.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANOTHER DAY WITH THEODORE HOOK—WORDSWORTH —ACKERMANN.

Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus.

But, since life at most a jest is,
As philosophers allow,
Still to laugh by far the best is,
Then laugh on as I do now.
Laugh at all things,
Great and small things,
Sick or well, on sea or shore;
While we're quaffing,
Let's have laughing—
Who the devil cares for more?

FINANCE is a dry subject, and one which, except on the single instance described in the last chapter, I never liked. Indeed I had always a sort of dread of figures after I lost my precocious aptitude for them (see vol. i.) and my blunders in attempting numbers, reckonings, or accounts have been so ludicrous, that a schoolboy of ten years old would have been whipt for making them, and they could hardly be believed to be ought but affectations of carelessness, instead of inherent stupidity, or a predestiny to be incorrect. Such matters are difficult to explain. I could perfectly understand and make myself master of the most complicated problems, but I rarely succeeded in summing up a row of cyphers, were it merely the

columns, half columns, &c., to fill a sheet of the Gazette; and I have always been equally at sea in finding my way about localities of town or country. Many a loss, and many a perplexed travel has this want of a ready faculty cost me; and my endeavours to explain it to myself by some idiosyncratic rules have been no less troublesome than fruitless. Even phrenology could not find it out.

Well, but finance is a dry subject; and, in the present instance, I fly from it, regardless of the order of time, to give as good an account as I can of one of those symposia, which furnish a day to be marked with a white stone, and leave an impression not to be forgotten. The subjoined letter from Frederic Mansell Reynolds, written in the L. G. office, may serve as prologue * to what turned out to be a very merry play.

"My dear Sir,

"I have gone through so many misfortunes, that I scarcely know how to commence the recapitulation of them. —In the first place, Lockhart does not come on Saturday; in the next place, Theodore Hook, nor Lockhart, nor Luttrell can come on Wednesday, but Theodore Hook, Luttrell, Lockhart, Lord Normanby, Coleridge, H. Harris the Covent Garden proprietor, and Tom Hill *can* come on *Monday* week.—Now, my dear Jerdan, my fate is in your hands, I stand before you like a criminal at the bar, and await your decision—I shall call for it at *half-past four*, when I understand you will be here.

"Yours truly,

"F. M. R."

* I may notice that I was indebted to Mansell Reynolds, the son of the dramatist, author of "Miserrimus," &c., and editor of the "Keepsake Annual," for my introduction to a subsequent pleasant acquaintance with Wordsworth, respecting whom I will add a few words to this miscellaneous chapter.

"Let me tell you it is no easy task to get up a dinner at this time of the year—mind you wait for me—I shall be here rather before the half hour."

Flattered by being invited to be the key-stone of such an arch, it may readily be supposed that I did not stand in the way of its immediate completion. Reynolds had hired, for the autumn months, the upper portion of a small gardener's cottage at Highgate, a shell of a place, the first floor of which supplied two little cabins, just big enough for coziness, fun, and revel. The party was at last disappointed of Lord Normanby, and instead of Henry Harris, his brother, Captain Harris, the member for Boston came, and we sat down to dinner,

Eight precious souls, and all resolved
To dash through thick and thin.

I never saw Hook, often as I have seen him in his hours of exuberant humour, in such glorious "fooling" as on this occasion. From his entrance to his departure his countenance beamed with overflowing mirth, and his wonderful talent seemed to be more than commonly excited by the company of Coleridge, whom, I think, he had never met—at any rate never met with his legs under the same mahogany before.

Our host had replenished his sideboard with fine wines from his father's cellars and wine merchants in town; but having, unluckily, forgotten port, a few bottles of black-strap had been obtained for the nonce from the adjacent inn at Highgate; and sooth to say it was not of the first quality. To add to this grievance, the glasses appertaining to the lodgings were of a diminutive capacity, and when they came to be addressed to champagne and hock, were only tolerable and not to be endured. Thus, in the midst of dinner, or rather

more towards its close, we were surprised by Hook's rising, and asking us to fill bumpers to a toast. It was not difficult to fill these glasses, and we were pledged to follow the example of our leader in draining them. In a brief but most entertaining address he described the excellent qualities of Reynolds, and above all his noble capacity for giving rural dinners, but,—there was always a but, not a butt of wine, but a but, a something *manqué*. On this occasion it was but too notorious in the size of these miserable pigmies, out of which we were trying to drink his health, &c. &c. &c. The toast was drunk with acclamation, and then followed the exemplary cannikin clink, hob-nobbing, and striking the poor little glasses on the table till every one was broken save one, and that was reserved for a poetical fate. Tumblers were substituted, and might possibly contribute their share to the early hilarity and consecutive frolic of the night; for ere long Coleridge's sonorous voice was heard declaiming on the extraordinary ebullitions of Hook—"I have before in the course of my time met with men of admirable promptitude of intellectual power and play of wit, which as Stillingfleet tells

> The rays of wit gild wheresoe'er they strike;

but I never could have conceived such amazing readiness of mind, and resources of genius to be poured out on the mere subject and impulse of the moment." Having got the poet into this exalted mood, the last of the limited wine-glasses was mounted upon the bottom of a reversed tumbler, and, to the infinite risk of the latter, he was induced to shy at the former with a silver fork, till after two or three throws, he succeeded in smashing it into fragments, to be tossed into the basket with its perished brethren. It was truly hang-up philosophy, and, like all such scenes, may

perhaps appear somewhat wantonly absurd in description (for the spirit which enjoyed them cannot exist in the breasts of readers); but this exhibition was remembered for years afterwards by all who partook of it; and I have a letter of Lockhart's* alluding to the date of our witnessing the roseate face of Coleridge, lit up with animation, his large grey eye beaming, his white hair floating, and his whole frame, as it were, radiating with intense interest, as he poised the fork in his hand, and launched it at the fragile object (the last glass of dinner), distant some three or four feet from him on the table!—

> So full of shapes in fancy,
> That it alone is high fantastical.

Grave folks wonder at those who are, as Shakspere hath

* This letter is so interesting in other literary respects, that I venture to indulge myself and readers with it here:—

"My dear Sir,

"I have not as yet seen or heard anything of the 'New Grandpapa Tales,' but will send them over the moment I get them, and no doubt my copy will be a very early one.

"I have no news. Do you know that the King has bought *all* Wilkie's Spanish pictures, seven in number, and two of the Italian. This munificence will re-establish David, and ought to be celebrated in prose and in rhyme.

"Your 'Literary Gazette' comes to me every Saturday morning, and proves an agreeable breakfast-table friend. Have you seen the Edinburgh one? I fear it is very poor stuff.

"Mr. Moore, as you will perceive, is very indignant with F. M. Reynolds for putting in *extempore* without his consent. The poet asserts in a letter to Murray that they offered him six hundred guineas for the benefit of his name in the 'Keepsake,' and that he declined the offer. Whether was Heath or Moore most mad? *Our tumbler-shying* was nothing to this.'

"Yours truly,

"J. G. Lockhart.

"Sir Thomas Lawrence has just finished a most admirable painting, a full-length of Mr. Southey, for Mr. Peel's great gallery at Whitehall.

"Sir Thomas's *contemporary portraits* are now getting into their proper places in the long gallery at Windsor Castle. One caravan the other morning conveyed Lord Eldon, Mr. Pitt, and Sir Walter Scott from Russell-square to their regal destination."

it, "wise enough to play the fool," and it is to be hoped the party here met might plead some share of that foundation for their apology. Be that as it may, Hook, after dinner, gave us two of his usual extemporised songs, one of them characterising all the "present company," no one excepted, and few, if any, were spared the satirical lash; so cleverly applied, that Captain Harris could not credit that the whole was not preconcerted by Mr. Lockhart, Hook, and I (Hook and Eye!) Piqued by the suspicion, Hook dared him to name a subject for an impromptu song, and of all the impracticable subjects that could be imagined, he gave him "*Cocoa-nut Oil!!*" I must notice that it was suggested by the refusal of a lamp, charged with that material (just then being publicly puffed, as the best of all flame-feeders), to burn, and its having been sent from the table to liquify before the kitchen fire whilst candles took its duty; and upon these untoward incidents the song instantly proceeded. Having heard

When I was a maiden of bashful fifteen

improvised on a somewhat similar occasion, such as not unfrequently occurred at the jocund board of Mr. Fred. Hodgson, it is high praise to state that Hook never excelled this effort—effort? they never seemed efforts to him. He commenced with a landscape of the Mauritius with the cocoa tree as its principal feature; he painted the natives dancing by moonlight beneath its beautiful foliage; he described the various uses of its fruits, wood, fibres, and sap, and out of the latter extracted *his* oil. Then came the lampooned lamp, with all its ludicrous pretensions and mishaps, the impudence of trading puffery, and the weakness of the individual who had been taken in by it. And all this in versification, which might have been taken in short-hand, and published

verbatim. "Think of that Master Ford," and your astonishment and admiration will be nearly as great as were the astonishment and admiration of Captain Harris, largely shared even by those who were best acquainted with the Improvisatore's most successful displays of that marvellous faculty. Coleridge was in the seventh heaven, and varied the pleasures of the evening by some exquisite recitation, as well as humorous stories of Southey, Wordsworth, and other brother bards.

In due season the feast of souls and the flow of tumblers told their tale; and it must be confessed that some of us were a trifle uproarious. It so happened that the name of the gardener was M'Pherson; and his busy wife, plying her utmost care in getting the dinner up from the kitchen below (we had an experienced waiter from Brompton for the dining-room), had been rather frightened by the catastrophe of the glasses and the festive cheering and shouting of the hilarious party. Towards the close, Mistress M'Pherson was the topic assigned to Hook for his last song, and he sung it! Now I have mentioned that it was a shell of a cottage, and consequently Mrs. Mac was an astonished auditress of this unique composition, which had such an effect upon her nerves, that she bolted from her domicile to seek her sister to stay with her, and (together with the foresaid waiter), take care of her till her husband came home. Of this, however, I was not aware till later in the night, when it cost me a threat of watch-house; for Lockhart, Hook, and I, returned in the same carriage, and after leaving my companions in the Regent's Park and Cleveland-row, I resolved on walking home, attended by my neighbour the waiter, who had availed himself of the coach-box; and as we wended our way up Piccadilly, amused me by describing the scenes in the inferior regions whilst we

were at high jinks above. His account of the terror which seized Mrs. M'Pherson, so tickled my diaphragm, that I burst into laughter more uncontrollable than any previous fit, and laid hold of the iron railing to support me in having my cachinnation out, when lo and behold, I was pulled up by a Charley, with "Hollo, sir, you must not laugh in that way there at this time of night" (it was morning), and it showed great self-possession that I managed to steer safely home at last, and live to record this day of memorable enjoyment.

Gaiety such as this, still enriched with intellectual fruits, and, though apparently approaching in description the limit where excess would begin, far short of Milton's "riot and ill-managed merriment," sheds a bright halo, like an evening sun, over the clouds of life, and teaches us the wisdom of the preacher, that there is a time to laugh and (a better time it is too than) a time to cry.

A friend has reminded me of another lesser dining-bout, and, as his note is very short, I add it.

The merry party assembled at Hook's, in Cleveland Row. It consisted of the gifted Wilson Croker, the eccentric Dean of Patcham—Cannon, the versatile C. Mathews, the laughter-loving F. Yates, the gentle Allan Cunningham, the ——— Jerdan, (I modestly suppress the epithet), and a sprightly noble Lord, William Lennox, who has since, as a novelist, hit off the characters of the host on that occasion, and Edward Cannon as well, perhaps better than any other writer. The dinner in the "Tuft Hunter," in which Hook figures as a principal character, and the scene at Newbury with Hook and Cannon, in "Percy Hamilton," prove that his lordship was studying the peculiarities of those he has since so cleverly portrayed in the above-mentioned novels. But to our dinner, or, as the French say, "*revenons à nos moutons.*" At first the conversation was quiet, no

one liked to break the ice; Hook squibbed off a few pleasantries, and Cannon attempted a joke which flashed in the pan. But as the well iced champagne went round, a thaw followed. Mathews told a story, which told; Yates followed, and was tolerably successful; still no "keen encounter of wit" had taken place, and we all began to fear there was too great a concentration of talent for any one to take the lead. Cannon, sitting next to Lord W. Lennox, whispered aloud, "Dead slow." "Slow—sloe-juice, you mean," responded Hook; "no reflections on my wine; Dean, a glass of portums." "Delighted." Another pause. Cannon again tried a joke. We must here premise that the Dean's jests will not, in many cases, bear printing; it was the knowing way in which they were uttered that made them tell. The conversation turned on the Duke of Cumberland, and a question asked who he had married. "Don't you know?" said Cannon. "The Princess de *Psalms* (Salms), good enough for *Hymn* (him)." A small laugh. It was rather odd that amongst the company present, the one not the most likely to say the best thing should have carried off the éclat. We mean no reflection on the noble lord; his powers of conversation were great, he was quick at repartee, but as a jester he was not so high up. Hook had placed some crape round the print of Peel, for some vote he disapproved of; at dinner some one appealed to him to take it off; he consented, and, amidst a dead silence, a voice which had scarcely been heard during dinner, exclaimed, "Nothing like a tory for getting a brother tory out of *his crape* (his scrape)." Who's the chiel?" asked Allan Cunningham. "Lord W. Lennox," I responded. "Happy idea," said Croker; "a glass of wine, Lord William."

Wordsworth seldom visited London, and I had only once an opportunity of seeing him at his home, when I went by

invitation from Tabley House to the Lakes and Ridal Mount. On this occasion, a lovely summer afternoon, as I sauntered towards his residence, I discovered the poet picturesquely disposed for the interview. He was seated at an oriel window opening upon the lawn, and perusing, or seeming to peruse, a huge folio volume, which rested upon his knee. No portrait-painter could have devised a finer subject for the pencil. It was Wordsworth *se ipse*, just on such a scene as the intense lover of nature would wish to select, and in delicious harmony with all the feelings which his genius inspired. I passed a few hours of calm delight at his tea-table and in his conversation, a contrast, I may say, to the few hours I have been describing as passed in the society of his brother bard, Coleridge! The ideal was complete, and I might have saluted him from Burbidge, in language which has always struck me as very typical of him and his muse.

> Give me the man who can enjoyment find
> In brooks and streams, and every flower that grows;
> Who in a daisy can amusement see,
> And gather wisdom from a floating straw:
> His soul a spring of pleasure might possess
> Quite inexhaustible.

But Wordsworth in town was very different from Wordsworth in the country, or rather, perhaps, he was not the same person in mixed company as when *tête-à-tête*, or with a couple of friends. In the former case he was often very lively and entertaining. I recollect meeting him at breakfast after his being at the Italian Opera the preceding night, and his remarks on the singing and his limning of the limbs of the dancers, were as replete with shrewdness and pleasantry as anything I ever heard from the most witty and graphic lips. I was so charmed both with the matter and manner, that I wrote immediately to offer *carte blanche* for his correspondence, from the continent, whither he was then

on his way, for the "Literary Gazette," which he declined for the reasons assigned in the following letter:—

"Rydal Mount, near Ambleside, October 7th.

"DEAR SIR,

"Your letter of the 23rd August I did not receive till my arrival here, several weeks after it was written. My stay in London was only of a few days, or I should have been pleased to renew my acquaintance with you.

"I really cannot change my opinion as to the little interest which would attach to such observations as my ability or opportunity enabled me to make during my ramble upon the continent, or it would have given me pleasure to meet your wishes. There is an obstacle in the way of my ever producing anything of this kind, viz.—idleness, and yet another which is an affair of taste.* Periodical writing, in order to strike, must be ambitious; and this style is, I think, in the record of tours or travels, intolerable; or, at any rate, the worst that can be chosen. My model would be Gray's Letters and Journal, if I could muster courage to set seriously about anything of the kind; but I suspect Gray himself would be found flat in these days.

"I have named to Mr. Southey your communication about Mr. Percival's death; he received them and wrote you a letter of thanks, which by some mishap or other does not appear to have reached you.

"If you happen to meet with Mr. Reynolds, pray tell him that I received his prospectuses, (an ugly word!) and did as he wished with them. "I remain, dear Sir,

"Very sincerely yours,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

"W. JERDAN, Esq., Grove House, Brompton."

* Mr. Orme wrote me to be earnest, as he thought Mr. W. "only wanted a little poetical pressing;" but I could not succeed.—W. J.

Had he complied with my wish, and written letters in the tone and spirit of the criticisms on the opera, I am sure the public would have had a variation in the style of Wordsworth which would greatly have surprised it, little anticipating that the tender poet could also be the grotesque delineator of individual peculiarities, and humourous caricaturist of social anomalies. I shall only relate one of his remarks as a sample, and I choose that most unlike his other self (*i.e.* the bard of simplicity and the lakes,) as a contrast to a style both in writing and conversing, which was always decorous and refined. We had gone together to the exhibition in Somerset-house, in the year when Turner hung up a little picture of Jessica, decidedly the most worthless and extravagant whim with which he ever amused himself (as I am convinced from his own mouth he frequently did, laughing in his sleeve) by foisting on these walls. "Did you ever see anything like that?" said my companion; "it looks to me as if the painter had indulged in raw liver until he was very unwell," and it was a perfectly applicable and just critique. The picture was yellow ochre, with dabs of dirty clotted brownish-red upon it; and Jessica (oh, how unlike a pretty young Jewess!) was leaning out of a casement quite in keeping with the other colours.

Men who read much seldom think much. There is a medium in all things. In our day the reading is of the most frivolous nature, or a few may read for particular objects, but there is not one in a thousand who reads and thinks as our great teachers did from a century and a half to two centuries and a half ago.

I offer this apology for the facetious character of this chapter, which will not demand more thought than usual, being perfectly in keeping with the popular writings of the age.

Among my amusing and friendly acquaintances, I kept up with no one in a more kindly way than with the worthy German bibliopole, Rudolph Ackermann. Ackermann was a character. A large, heavy German, but sagacious and energetic, good-natured and liberal, simple and far-sighted. The compound altogether was such as to conciliate esteem for an honest man, and regard for a kindly one. I enjoyed and liked him very much. His ability and transparency, his sound information, quaintness of manner, and fatherland ideas expressed in fatherland use of the English tongue, were never-failing sources of gratification and amusement to me; and many a pleasant diet did I pass with Ackermann, both at his residence in the Strand and latterly at his villa on the Fulham Road, which he purchased from Andrews, the bookseller, of Bond-street, "as it stood, furniture and all," and immediately put into requisition for some very agreeable blue parties; for the literary ladies usually outnumbered the literary gentlemen.

Ackermann's patriotism and indefatigable exertion in getting up the subscription for the distresses in Germany, reflected great honour upon him, and justly procured him the grateful acknowledgments of his country, to which he remitted a succour of upwards of £40,000. His literary and artistic conversazioni were the first in London, and the example has since been advantageously followed. He published the first Annual, the "Forget me not," the prototype of a numerous and splendid progeny, which seem to have had their day, or rather their year, and like all earthly things declined—it may be to rise again, for the encouragement of the arts and literature, when the trade which destroyed them can see its way more clearly. The first of this class of publications in England was projected by Rodwell and Martin, in Bond-street, and proposed to me to edit. We had

meetings, examined the German models, talked of surpassing them in matter and engravings, entered into some calculations which seemed to indicate that £1000 was the least possible sum at which a volume could be produced, and the frightful prospect led to the abandonment of the design. Ackermann, however, naturally enough, as the original belonged to his native land, and with wiser foresight, took up the design, and brought out a popular and profitable publication: so profitable, that too many rushed into the market with imitations, but yet a very superior order of Annuals were produced, and where thousands of pounds were embarked in single volumes, the returns were amply sufficient to requite writers liberally, to pay artists handsomely, and to satisfy publishers for their risks in adventuring such heavy freights in such lightly built and showily painted vessels.

But Ackermann did not force his little flower "Forget me not," into the hothouse atmosphere of exotics, brought into wonderful flower by the names of celebrated authors who sold at a high price their names and sweepings of their studies for the advertising baits of A., B., or C., their contributions being public disappointments, and nearly all the rest of the starved book being unpaid mediocrity—he went on quietly, and I believe prosperously, as long as I had any acquaintance with this, his favourite yearly undertaking.

But I must leave annuals for a few characteristics of my old friend (so I may fairly call him), and endeavour to afford a "notion" of what used to entertain me so much. I forget the occasion, but an unfavourable notice of some publication of his having appeared in the Gazette, I received a letter from "my sincere friend, always ready to acknowledge the boon when in his power," grievously reclaiming against the just act. He reproached me with ingratitude, saying (which in fact I had never been told and would not have cared for

if I had) that he had left some admirable *Muzzle* (Moselle) for my cellar at Grove House, as he was conveying the aum to his Fulham Villa, and wondering how I could return such a civility with such a "shlapp in the mouth." We soon made the matter up; for when publishers are kind, critics (whatever they may profess) are apt to be ditto. Except in the gross shape of money I seldom rejected and never was offended by well meant, and, I may honestly say, well deserved acknowledgments; and letters of thanks, personal courtesies, and even such material proofs, as books, prints, nay, game or samples of curious wines, &c., if offered with propriety, were received with pride and gratification. There was no prostitution in accepting honest tributes of this kind, the value of which was great in the sentiment, though of small, if any possible, consideration in a sordid sense.

I was wont to tell stories of Ackermann and imitate his dialect, which was replete with mispronunciations of the most ludicrous description—such as cannot be "set down"—but I will try if print can convey any idea of what was, *vivâ voce*, so laughable.

I had dropt in at the Strand about two o'clock, about something or other, when Mr. A. insisted on my staying to eat "suberb saur krout" with a fine German boy, the son of a nobleman just imported. I consented, and we chatted together till long past the dinner hour, for which Ackermann and his stomach were particularly punctual. His nephew(?) and the young noble had gone out in the morning to see lions, and had not returned. We waited, and waited, till near three o'clock (an hour over time), when my host, unable to contain his anger and hunger any longer, ordered dinner, and we sat down to excellent rotten cabbage, but washed down with sensible muzzle and schnaps. About the middle of the repast the young gentlemen made their appearance, and

were told to sit down and feed, with the politeness, and in the tone which might become an incensed bear. However, as our host's appetite got appeased, his temper improved, and by the time the cloth was removed, the bumpers of muzzle had converted frowns into smiles, and at length I heard his cavernous issue of the question, "Vell boisse (boys), vere ave you been, and vat ave you see?" The youngsters, delighted by this condescension, burst out in answer, the lead being taken by the nephew, who spoke as follows: "Oh, mine oncle! after ve ave see two mans a henging at Old Belly—vat a crowds!—ve go to de rivere to dox at Voolvitch to see de launch of de great sheep—vat a crowds! and oh, mine oncle, vat a many billa box." "Billa box," repeated Ackermann, "vat you mean by billa box!" "Oh, sare," broke in the stranger, "so I ave been only a vecks in Engleland, I thinks I gan spake de langidge better as he. He means Bocca bills!" "Billa box, Bocca bills," muttered Ackermann. "Vat de divels does you mean? say it in Yarman!" which they immediately did; and thus informed, he turned laughing loudly to me, and exclaimed, "O mine Kodds, vat you tink dey means?" I had not heard, and could not tell; and their interpreter, still convulsed with laughter, sputtered out, "Vy dey means big boggetts!" Not to lengthen the story, for some time longer unintelligible to me, I at last discovered that billa box, and bocca bills, and bigg boggetts, all and sundry, meant simply pickpockets!

Papworth, a most worthy man and able architect, poor Pyne, Shoberl, and other clever men, were much associated with Ackermann, who, in his day, was led by his own impulse, and by their advice, to do a great deal for the encouragement of the fine arts. Neither his heart nor purse were contracted, as is too much the case amongst his

"order;" and I, appreciating his superior qualities, and remembering the social merriment I often derived or extracted from such oddities as I have faintly portrayed, look back upon the past with a melancholy regret, that such things can never be again.

CHAPTER XIV.

PRIVATE LIFE—PUBLIC, AS VESTRYMAN—SECRET AND POLITICAL MISSIONS—DRUMMOND CASTLE—LORD AND LADY WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY.

Youth
Knows nought of changes. Age hath traced them all,
Expects, and can interpret them.—*Isaac Comnenus.*

Friendship is like the sun's eternal rays;
Not daily benefits exhaust the flame,
It still is giving, and still burns the same.—GAY.

ACTIVITY of mind seems to grow with the utmost stretch of employment. The "Literary Gazette" gave me incessant occupation, I may say night and day. On returning from the gayest party, I was usually at my books and desk writing for reviews, or scribbling down some *disjuncta membra* to remind me of passing original thoughts. To use a much abused phrase, my imagination was much more "suggestive" in *post-prandial* and nocturnal than in breakfasting and matutinal hours. Mine were certainly not great works, but I perfectly agreed with the good Bishop of Salisbury, that nearly all great literary productions had been the labour of nights (the midnight oil) and not of mornings. The very alacrity of spirit which attends the bright sunrise and glowing charms of Aurora, is incongenial with deep

study. You wish to leap out and enjoy the fresh and balmy air, not to sit and reflect, gravely and calmly, on recondite subjects. The soul is elastic, and tiptoe for motion, not rest; to enjoy the needful quietude and sedateness, the busy world must be shut out and asleep, and then you may glide from all the philosophies of letters and life, to revel in stranger abstractions and the fantastic delirium of dreamland. Castles in the air are delicious buildings: unreal? No! they are real cities, temples, sanctuaries of refuge from the cares, the troubles, the anxieties of the material lump-world.

Thus it happened that, ever busy as I was, I, nevertheless, found impulse and time for contributions to nearly every review, magazine, annual, or other periodical for which I was invited to write. Scattered over such a surface, many of these essays, long since forgotten, are occasionally and incidentally brought to my remembrance, and I am not without a hope that, at some future day, a selection from the large number may meet with public favour; and, as a specimen, beg leave, like Abraham, to offer my Baby as a specimen and sacrifice.*

Whilst I was contributing to others in the wide circle of the periodico-literary republic, others were contributing to me, and the "Gazette" was enriched by the numerous and ceaseless productions which gave it the celebrity and influence which it enjoyed both at home and abroad. Loudon on gardening, botany, and agriculture; Dr. Anthony Todd Thomson on popular medicine and diet; Pyne, author of "Wine and Walnuts," on the arts; R. Dagley and Walter Henry Watts also on the arts and on art exhibitions and publications; Messrs. Planché, Charles Dance,

* Appendix I. "Baby, a Tale."

Rev. Mr. Fallofield and others on the drama; T. F. Hunt on architecture and street improvements; A. A. Watts on literary subjects generally; Rev. W. Landon on classics and divinity; Dr. Donald Maclean on Celtic matters; Professor Faraday on sciences; Dr. Wait on Hebrew and Oriental literature; and others of competent abilities wrote regular series of papers and reviews from week to week, whilst such individuals as Frere, Poole, Peake, Hemans, Kenney, Croly, Proctor, Paul Sandby, L. E. L. (in every department and almost as much as the Editor), Sharon Turner, Maginn, Sir T. Lawrence,* Thomas Pringle, John Trotter, Charles Swain, L. Blanchard, Mrs. Alaric Watts, Mary Ann Browne, Eliza Cook, Capt. Medwin, Carrington, Allan Cunningham, J. G. Lockhart, T. Hood, Lucy Aikin, T. F. Hollings, Henry Ellis, Miss Roberts, Capt. and Mr. Beechey, Dr. Bowring, Dr. Copeland, James Montgomery, Pennie, Robert Montgomery, Lytton Bulwer, Henry Bulwer, W. F. Ainsworth, W. H. Ainsworth, Sir Alex. Johnston, Brockedon, C. Ollier, Capt. Glascock, Lord Cockburn, Barham (Ingoldsby), Keats, C. Knight, Southey, Dr. Roget, Parris, Barker (Old Sailor), Fitzclarence (Lord Munster), Lord Normanby, Sir W. Betham, C. Croker, Don Telesforo de Trueba, Howard Payne, General Ainslie, Capt. Williams, J. Gwilt, Rev. Mr. Bosworth, of Amsterdam, Rev. Mr. Smirnove (Russian Embassy), Right Honourable C. Yorke, Dr. Boyton,

* *Ex. gr.*

Aspasia's talents are too rare
To be confined to any elf:
A pine-apple I'd rather share,
Than have a turnip to myself.

Blockheads and wits, be this your rule,
Abstain from sharp replies:
Silence is wisdom in the fool,
And mercy in the wise.—T. L.

Sir W. Gell, Hudson Gurney, Lord Farnborough, Colonel Leake, W. H. Hamilton, Sotheby, Cullimore, Sir H. Ellis, Sir W. Ouseley, Holman (Blind Traveller), Sir John Malcolm, Huttmann, Gleig, T. Phillips, R. A., Uwins, R. A., Dr. Wallich, Mrs. Dr. Hughes, Mrs. Dr. Thomson, Captain Battier, Sir W. Scott, Blackwood, Cadell, Byerley, Bishop of Salisbury (Burgess), Bishop of Bristol (Gray), Sir A. Halliday, Bucke, S. Buckingham, Professor Lee, Captain Maconochie, Colonel Galindo, George Canning, G. P. R. James, Lord W. Lennox, Frank Mills, Keightley, Crowe, Basil Hall, Belzoni,* John Lander, Dr. O. Wood, C. B. Mackay, Dawson Turner, A. J. Kempe, Beazley, J. Burnett, Payne Collier, James Hogg, Sir J. Barrow, Professor Sedgwick, A. Dyce, Lord Nugent, Miss Porter, Lemon (State Paper Office), Major Denham (African Traveller), J. Wilson Croker, and many more, formed a phalanx of varied talent and genius which, within the limits of some five years I have glanced my eye over, illustrated the publication with a mass of miscellaneous intelligence, originality in prose and verse, pleasant humour, and masterly criticisms in science, art, and literature, of which I, the nominal head of the solid and brilliant band, reaped the benefit, and had much reason to be proud of, as an honour unparalleled by anything hitherto conferred upon the periodical press.

With the majority of these parties, and a far wider

* I append a remarkably prophetic note by this famed traveller:

"On Benin's fatal shore my feeble bark I'll strand,
My grave is already prepared—six feet deep,
An anas† marks the spot.
The negroes' friendship to me will prove sweet
When they know I come from a far distant isle—
My

† Illegible, apparently an African tree.

circle of scientific men, artists, authors, and their friends and patrons, my intercourse was intimate and genial; and the "charmed life," under such circumstances, may be faintly conceived by every one who has a relish for refined and intellectual enjoyments. Even the drawbacks were gilded and the troubles smoothed. Thus I find myself appealing to my co-proprietors for more efficient aid to lighten my incessant labours and anxieties; and complaining of the great sacrifice of my peculiar interests to those of my partners. The expences and burthen of the duties had indeed increased to an oppressive extent, now that reviewing was more closely and comprehensively attended to, also the fine art criticisms, the reporting of all scientific bodies, together with the drama, music, and collecting intelligence from all quarters. Of these my exertions had opened many new sources for publicity, and the time occupied in obtaining the passing information had become a perfect struggle.

On the event of refusal I offered to retire from the excessive toil for a moderate sum; but Messrs. Longmans and Colburn (or rather the former) considered it expedient to agree to a portion of my proposition, and although not satisfying my mind on the score of liberality, at any rate reconciling me to remain in my station and continue my task with undiminished energy. As the world knows that authors and publishers never can entirely coincide in their views, and that dissensions will occur in the best regulated agreements, I shall merely notice as an important concern in my course, that I had frequent disputes, or sorenesses, with the great house in the Row, to disturb our general good understanding; and was so hurt by some of these which I construed into a want of liberality and justice, that I refused to be a party to an entertainment given, by sub-

scription of friends, to Mr. Rees on his retiring from the firm. This I afterwards regretted much, for though I was full of resentment at the time, I entertained very kindly feelings of regard towards that gentleman (as well as every other member of the house, *individually*), and he died shortly after he left the fatigues of business to seek repose for his closing years in a sweet picturesque retreat in his native Wales, where I visited his brother at a long after date, and shed a tear to the memory of many joyous hours I had spent in the society of Owen Rees.

In the midst of my other occupations in Brompton, I had the honour to be elected a vestryman, when the Incumbent, Mr. Frye, a gentleman of great piety and learning, with a highly accomplished lady, adorned the Church and the society of the neighbourhood. Nevertheless, our vestry-meetings were rather droll affairs, the questions being of small importance (except the election of my friend, and sometimes help, as a musical critic, Miss Wilkinson, to be the organist), and one or two of my coadjutors, though parochially well to do, not overstocked with the fruits of education. One man, a builder in a large way, used to put me down when I was not sufficiently serious in argument, by rising to "move that we (the vestry), be very particular." Once I remember, *inter alia*, in endeavouring to interpret a local act, he was utterly confounding the sense, and I pointed out to him a comma which governed the true reading, but instead of then moving that We be very particular, he turned short round to me and exclaimed, "Pray, Sir, don't talk to me of a comma: I don't care for fifty commas!" And neither did he, nor for any other sort of punctuation; but I gained the whip-hand by this flight, and could generally get rid of his long-winded propensities and

continual ridiculous motions ever after, by moving the insertion of fifty commas as an amendment, thus—, , , ,

surest pledge that could be imposed in order to ensure inviolable secresy. Be this, however, as it may, I frequently witnessed the seals broken, and the premier, secretaries of state, and heads of departments, make use of my accommodations in the manner I have described.

Arising out of this interesting, and, *I* opine, uncommon species of intercourse for a person of my humble rank, I came to be engaged on several missions of considerable importance, but the particulars of which fall within that veil of secresy to which I have alluded, and from which they cannot yet, if ever, be removed. I may, however, without any risk, divulge a few of the objects and circumstances to which I refer.

One of my negotiations related to a plan affecting the London newspaper press generally, and involving matters deemed to be of much national consequence. My temporary colleagues in this affair are still living and deservedly esteemed in the land. They know with what fervour and diligence I wrought in the cause, but it could not be carried into effect then, and, as under changes that have since taken place, it never can be propounded again, I bid farewell to a subject which cost my brain some taxing, and might have been productive of memorable results. This much from Delphos.

Another mission also related, but specifically, to a daily paper. By some means it had got indoctrinated with a view of a foreign policy in which it believed (not aware of the quarter whence its facts and opinions were derived), but which was decidedly misrepresented, and not only inconvenient to our government, but calculated to involve the country in war, and ministers were consequently most desirous to avoid the discussion of the questions to which it tended. I was employed to avert or mitigate the evil, and was not only

well instructed in the intricacies of the case, but well armed with the sinews of palpable power. I managed at some charge to produce a negation of *cons* to the *pro*, but in spite of my exertions the business began to assume a grave appearance, and I was authorised to proceed to head-quarters and represent, with perfect truth, the dangers incurred by proceeding in the line of argument adopted.

I saw, by appointment, the individual with whom the decision lay. I explained to him the object of those by whom he was so far misled, and only by comparing notes, enabled him to be certain of the fallacies of his informants; I then pointed out the difficulties thence accruing to the British cabinet, and without presuming for a moment to think of his compromising his convictions, I invited him to reconsider all that I had stated and urged, and if the journal might suffer loss from an alteration in its course, to accept of the ten thousand pound notes which I proffered to him at the moment. To the honour of the press I am bound to say that this act had almost discomfited me: the offer was instantly rejected as an unworthy bribe (which it was never meant to be), and, convinced by the information I had given and the argument I had held, the paper from that interview patriotically changed its course, and a concern of no small weight was taken off the deliberations of the council-chamber of England.

The third and last of these extra-literary incidents in my life, to which I shall advert, was one totally unconnected with my position, and purely political. In fact it was founded on a difference of opinion in the ministry. To my friends it appeared to be requisite to ascertain, by an unusual channel, the sentiments of the great foreign governments on the matter at issue, and I was thought worthy of the very delicate mission. All I can safely tell is, that out of it

grew a delightful intimacy with Prince Esterhazy, (who, I discovered, knew more of the hidden curiosities of London than I did, who had been diving into them, *à la* Dickens, for many a long year), a pleasant intercourse with Prince Lieven and his staff, one yet closer and more lasting with the Prussian ambassador, and very agreeable acquaintances with the Dutch and certain German ministers. Well, why do I record these things! Not as boasts, but as extraordinary events in relation to my real position. They flattered my self-love, they continued in full vigour the original spoilt child and juvenile system, and they lifted me in the scale of society, perhaps, above what would have been much better for me; and, assuredly, as I never sought advantage from them, but took them as an equal would take them, they rather tended to cripple than promote my worldly prosperity.

Being (my patient and forgiving reader) in the vein to "renown" myself (using a verb coined at Drummond Castle), I shall here speak a little of one of the most valued intimacies with personages above me, which has afforded me many of the happiest days of my chequered, and ultimately clouded existence. To Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby do I consecrate the page. I will not again dilate upon that grade of society, the ambition to attain to which is often erroneously ascribed to tuft-hunting. Tuft-hunting never succeeded in a quarter worth aiming at. Some better qualities must be conceded to individuals of inferior rank who have succeeded in conciliating the esteem and regard of persons who adorn the highest stations, by great information, generosity of heart, refinement of sentiment, and true nobleness of nature, independent of wealth and titles, impervious to presuming flattery, and self-controlled into that most fascinating of social virtues, the habit of not

only never hurting the *amour-propre* of others, but of saying and doing everything in so delicate and graceful a manner as to win the grateful affections of those whom they distinguish by their friendship.

I confess to entertaining on this subject sentiments the very opposite to those of the American Cooper who, when invited to Devonshire House, displayed his republican contempt for rank by ostentatiously dining at a neighbouring coffee-room; and in like wise to those of a conceited provincial poet, full of his *début* in print, who being taken to a high-life *soirée* in town, fancied he showed himself off to admiration by relating next day that he was introduced to the Duke of Somewhere, and conversed with the Marquis and Earl of Something!

Drummond Castle, to be sure, was only inhabited by a Baron (though of illustrious descent) and a Baroness (though representing the chieftancy of one of the most famous Scottish clans), but I must acknowledge that I was always extremely proud of the honour of being received by them among the *élite* of the land who partook of the autumnal delights which superabounded there. I cannot picture to myself anything on earth more enjoyable. Ease and affability making every one at home, and at home with elegance and luxury; conversation full of interest and instruction, and amusements at the same time yielding playful and intellectual exercises; and the sports of the field, imparting health and nourishing vigour, such as could be excelled by no spot on the face of the globe. To be transported from the dirty ink of London to the fresh-water fishing of the splendid salmon or lively trout—from the fingering of the grey goosequill to the handling of the double-barrel (built for me under the auspices of the renowned Colonel Hawker), promising the fall of hare, and partridge, and grouse, and

black-cock, and ptarmigan, and, yea, even of the monarch of Glenartney, the royal antlered red deer, was a change as from slavery to liberty, and one's soul expanded to drink in all the blessing.

I do not think I am, and I hope I am not precluded by the force of private considerations from instancing a few of those minor points which serve to illustrate my preceding argument with respect to the great benefits to be derived from association with the superior classes, and their being endowed with the means of conferring them in a manner at once most gratifying and improving.

On my way to Drummond Castle one autumn, I missed a letter from Lord Willoughby, addressed to me at Douglas's Hotel, whereas my favourite resort was old Dan M'Queen's, Edinburgh, and which missive its attendant circumstances, I doubt not, caused me to keep to this day :—

"DEAR JERDAN,

"On my return here to-night, I found your kind letter of the 24th. The great Highland meeting is, I think, on the 7th of October. This is the only engagement I have, and most probably you would like to see it; we can go from home in the morning and return at night. When you have settled your plans, send me a line to say the day you will be here.

"Yours truly,

"WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY.

"Sept. 28."

I had seen the meeting advertised, and wished, of all things, that his Lordship might be going, and would have the goodness to take me with him. I reached the Castle in due time. We dined. I heard the carriage ordered for an early hour in the morning, and retired to bed, chagrined at not being

invited to take a seat in it. It was a wet morning, and yet I still lamented my disappointment; till, at lunch, it was "aggravated" beyond endurance, by Lady Willoughby telling me that his Lordship, on setting out, had remarked that the weather was too bad for a Cockney to travel such a distance for such an exhibition of unclean beasts and agricultural implements, and therefore he was glad I had not accepted his invitation. Could any thing of the kind be more vexatious! I had, of course, not hinted my desire to go, thinking it might be an inconvenient intrusion, and his Lordship had not mentioned the matter, thinking I had received his letter. I was on that day the only guest, and yet my noble host left the entertainment with which the show concluded, and drove home to dinner in compliment to his humble friend. As a general rule, when visitors were in the evening laying out their proposals for the morrow's sports, his Lordship left the arrangements to themselves, and never even offered advice—for his advice he fancied might savour of dictation, and he might be held answerable for any failures of success. Sometimes strangers, unaware of this, would be at a loss where to choose and what to do; and it was occasionally my lot, as an experienced *habitué*, to be consulted on all the dispositions of parties for the various shooting grounds, from the rich home preserves of Drummond Mill to the wild mountain ranges of Glenartney, with its sanctuary for the red deer, untrodden by human footsteps. The principal keeper was then called in, and the necessary orders given accordingly.

Another rule was to leave a proportion of the game for the tenants on whose farms it was killed, and the result was, that every one was a diligent preserver, and a prompt guide to the localities where the best sport was to be found.

And, still far more laudable, the proprietors of these

splendid estates knew nothing of rack-rents, but took a deep interest and pleasure in the prosperity of all below them. What said his lordship one day, when I happened to mention that his agent at Perth told me the rental might be improved three or four thousand pounds a year? "Do you think it would make Drummond Castle more comfortable, or its inmates more happy? Did you remark the fine-looking young couple in the pew adjoining ours at chapel on Sunday? The bridegroom is the son of one of the oldest tenants, (your Vespasian *), and though he has been only three or four years in his farm, is already so well off that he can prudently afford to marry, and appear, together with his wife, gallantly dressed as you saw. Would a few pounds per annum extracted from him afford Lady Willoughby or myself aught like the satisfaction of such a sight?"

To this let me add another example of what a wealthy landlord ought to be. Lord Willoughby instituted a fund to which, from tenant to labourer, everyone was called upon to contribute in proportion to his means, as a reserve for sickness or misfortune. When the considerable amount was ascertained, their provident and generous superiors doubled the sum, and invested the liberal total on interest for their use.

No wonder that the owners of the Drummond estates were popular and beloved by all around. I arrived one evening, *viâ* Liverpool and Glasgow, too late to dine with the tenantry assembled in the Gate House (which Lord W. had, at my

* "On these mountains the Romans attempted to reign;
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain."

So goeth the triumphal national ballad, "In the garb of old Gaul," &c. and I mention it as a remarkable fact that many of the Highlanders in this part of the country bear striking resemblance to the busts of ancient Romans. In the instance here noticed, the farmer was so like the marble bust of Vespasian (if I remember), that being placed beside it, you might have sworn he sat for the likeness.

suggestion, re-edified and repaired), and on ringing the castle bell, was received by Lady Willoughby herself at the door, attended by the only servant left within from the adjacent *fête*, and had my cold chicken washed down by sherry set before me by the noble lady's own hand. I was then hastened to the banquet about to close for the ensuing ball, and, condescending as his lady, had my health proposed by the president, as an esteemed old friend, just arrived from London to join in their festivity. Of course I attempted a glowing speech, and when the heart is truly moved, the tongue seldom fails—even its hesitation and imperfection are expressive — and I cannot tell how advantageous the introduction was to me; for go where I would thereafter, over hill and dale, over moor and mountain, I never failed to meet an acquaintance of the Gate House to direct me whither I was sure to meet with the best chances to fill my game-bag.

I said I would illustrate my argument by stating some "minor points," which, nevertheless, strike my mind as forming very prominent features in a picture of True Nobility, and a pattern of those refined attentions which so essentially mark the captivation of high life intercourse. The very minutest proves the proposition most irresistibly. What you said one year is remembered and repeated the next. One year there was a discussion as to which of two clarets was preferable; I gave my opinion in favour of a Leith supply; next season it was the only wine of the kind placed on the table before me!

But the gratifications which flowed from this source were manifold and delightful in other respects. They led to connections, in some cases, only less welcome in effect from my not feeling the same extent of grateful and affectionate attachment to newer friends. Still they were

exceedingly pleasant. On one occasion Mr. P. Burrell, than whom no companion more agreeable could be found; Lord Boringdon (now Earl of Morley), his co-equal in all that was intelligent and sociable; and myself, left Drummond Castle to wend our way to London, inspecting the principal manufacturing districts and manufactories, at leisure, as we pursued our route. In this excursion we spent a busy fortnight, beginning at Glasgow and ending at Birmingham, and I, at least, acquiring more insight into such undertakings in that short time than I had by persevering reading throughout my life. Let me earnestly recommend the same course of study to all who are emulous of knowledge in these most important concerns. Begging for information, *ab initio*, as if we were school-boys, we managed to become acquainted with the processes of manufacturing textile fabrics, silks, woollens, cottons, flax; of iron in its transmutations for cutlery, and vulcanic agency for railroads and machinery; of glass and pottery; of chemistry, dyeing, tanning; of ship-building, dock-yards, and basins; of great wares and small, from steam-engines to dolls' eyes; and so, through all that challenged investigation, from Perthshire to Middlesex, *viâ* Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Staffordshire, Birmingham, and other sites of great commercial enterprise and industry. In every place we were treated with marked civility, generally attended by a principal; information patiently and liberally communicated, and, if I remember rightly, only in one trifling case permitted to give a douceur in acknowledgment of the attention shown to us. Of many entertaining incidents which enlivened our search for information, I can recall a hearty laugh at Manchester, where we followed the Turkish Ambassador in the survey of a silk factory. The master was a fine portly example of an honest John Bull, and in a spacious attic room, two or three

hundred young children, seated at desks like school, were employed in a minute division of the labour. The Pasha looked at the parties with a sort of astonished gaze, and turning to the manufacturer, exclaimed, "Ver fine famlee! how many wifes you got?" At Lord Morley's beautiful seat at Saltram, richly endued with the finest works of Sir Joshua, I had, some years after, the opportunity of renewing our laugh at the silk-family; and passing a charmed week of the British Association at Plymouth, there in company with the Marquis of Northampton, Dr. Buckland, Lady de Dunstanville, Sir John and Lady Charlotte Guest, &c., could I help thinking gratefully of Drummond Castle for having introduced me to so fortunate a treat!

From the same origin resulted visits to Ravensworth Castle and other seats, where I found all the joys which England, well managed, can so plenteously afford, and which no foreign land can approach; and I trust that I have not yet experienced the last of these pleasures, though age may have somewhat dimmed their brightness and rendered me more dull than of old to furnish my quota to the common stock. I may still live to see the lucky horse-shoe which I found in a field, and with genuine Highland superstition nailed to the entrance into Drummond Castle; and the decided consequence of which was, that on that very night Lady Willoughby and I turned the whist table effectually on Lord Cadogan and Mr. T. Liddell, who had beaten us unmercifully during several preceding evenings. I could long linger on my recollections of this earthly paradise, but I must tear myself away, and only notice the invaluable experiments in which I occasionally took part, and always strong interest, and by which Lord Willoughby succeeded in preparing compressed peat fuel from the turf, and led the way to an economic use of this material, which has been gradually expanding over the

kingdom, and especially Ireland, to the infinite benefit of the community. For many purposes it is superior to coal; in many places distant from coal, and destitute of wood, it is a domestic treasure; it may nourish manufactures in barren districts, where no manufacture could otherwise be established; it may enlarge the limits of steam; and it may be made a mine of national wealth: and for all this, and more, the country is indebted to Lord Willoughby de Eresby; not to a practical man of science, or able engineer, but to a high-born nobleman and British Peer. The theme is so worthy, that I seem to have slipped involuntarily from prose into verse; but an epic could hardly tell all I feel towards that scene where "My heart's in the Highlands." I venture on the freedom to append another brief note, one of many, to evidence the gratifying terms which led me, "wrapt in measureless content," to my worshipped turret-room, whence the lovely garden, in the perfect Italian style of the sixteenth century, was seen at my feet, contrasting with the distant expanses of rich heather, bearing the eye away to the splendid mountain scenery that closed the horizon. It is not surprising that our beloved Sovereign, her accomplished consort, and as many as can of her loyal subjects, should long for a breath of the Highland air. On me its efficacy was like magic. My gun, which was at first a load, within a week had not the apparent weight of a straw, so rapidly had health and strength been recruited by the glorious exercise and vivifying clime.

"DEAR JERDAN,

"I am sorry that you have put off your journey to so late a period, as I fear most of our friends will have left us before the time you mention; but if you will take your chance of finding us alone, it will give Lady Willoughby

and myself great pleasure to see you. This is not a good season for game, and the weather has been detestable, but in farming I never saw the country look better, and I have no complaints of any sort except against the bank. As you are kind enough to take such interest in this great concern, I am sorry to say that my experiments have been much restricted by the constant rain, and the imperfect construction of the machine, but I have great hopes of ultimate success. Send me a line to say the day we may expect you.

"Yours truly,

"WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY.

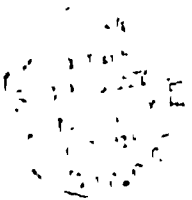
"Drummond Castle. Crieff, Sept. 15."

Too often high rank and riches are denied some of the best emotions which are naturally felt in the middle and lower classes. They have no experience of the difficulties that beset, the poverty that consumes, and certain sorrows of circumstance that blast the dearest hopes of the strugglers in life. They cannot, therefore, enjoy the perfect luxury of a fellow-feeling with the sufferers. But when, from observation, and the degree of sympathy it creates, they arrive at the same point, *homo sum, humani nihil à me alienum puto*, it is almost a sublime achievement, and the God within, though moved to tenderness and mercy by another sense, is as divine as where stirred by brotherly love, closer communion, and warmer sentiment!

I may note a short visit to Taymouth, and the Marquis and Marchioness of Breadalbane, as among my most pleasant reminiscences in the enchanting Highlands. With the noble Lady's family at Mellerstain, near Kelso, my boyhood was acquainted, and from her Ladyship I received rites of hospitality such as are given to an old friend. Taymouth itself, splendid as it is, possessed greater charms for me in its

northern antiquities, and, above all, in "the Black Book of the Campbells," an ancient domestic diary of the most extraordinary character, which the noble owner brought to my bed-chamber, and thereby bereaved me of a whole night's sleep: for I could not quit the grip of such an MS. as that.*

* Among instances of a similar nature, displaying the character of true nobility, I may mention an anecdote of the famous lyrist, Captain Morris, and the late Lord Lonsdale. When the Reform Ministry cut down the pension list, Morris's pension was reduced to one-half, which coming to the ear of this munificent peer, he indited an admirably delicate letter to the poet, reminding him of the debt he owed for many pleasant hours, and, though of the opposite school in politics, begging his acceptance of the amount of the defalcation, annually from him. Morris's answer was equally honourable in gracefully declining the boon, his old age not requiring the indulgence he had imagined so desirable in his youth!—W. J.



CHAPTER XV.

FORMATION OF THE ZOOLOGICAL AND FOUNDATION OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETIES—THE FOREIGN LITERARY GAZETTE— TALLEYRAND — INTRAMURAL SEPULCHRE-CEMETERIES—THE GARRICK CLUB.

"Quorum pars * * * fui.*"

From personal sketching, I shall alternate to a glance at public affairs, in which the "Gazette" took a prominent interest, and to which I devoted myself with much assiduity. With Mr. Vigors, in the establishment of the Zoological Society, I co-operated zealously, and was rewarded with the compliment of a perpetual ivory ticket, which I still retain, though I can very seldom use it. To this succeeded the formation of the Royal Geographical Society, the merit of originating which I claim for the "Literary Gazette" and its Editor.

The first idea and suggestion ever breathed for such an institution appeared in the "Literary Gazette" of the 24th of May, 1828, when, in answer to a correspondent, I wrote and published the following paragraph :—

"With regard to the hint that a Geographical Society

* A word illegible. It seems something like *mag!* Perhaps *magna.* —*Quære, by Printer.*

would be an excellent institution in England, we perfectly agree with our correspondent A. C. C. It is a great desideratum among our literary and scientific associations. Our numerous travellers returning home would continually bring novelty and information; and the meetings could not fail to be of the most agreeable and instructive kind. We are persuaded it only needs three or four active and influential persons to originate such a plan, in order to ensure its perfect success. * * * We trust to see this matter taken up by efficient hands."

From the egg thus dropt, the Royal Geographical Society was hatched; though a little time was spent in the incubation; for it was not until four months after, viz., the 20th of September, that the following appeared in No. 609 of the "Gazette":—

"SIR,

"After your favourable mention in the 'Literary Gazette' of the 24th of May, of the hint relating to the establishment of a Geographical Society, I confidently expected that some of your correspondents would immediately discuss the formation of such an institution. My expectations having, however, been disappointed, and fearing that the answer to your correspondent may have escaped the notice of those who feel desirous of promoting geographical knowledge, I request you will spare me a small portion of your columns to direct or recall attention to this important subject.

"No country is so deeply interested as England in the acquisition of a correct knowledge of the physical, moral, and political geography of every part of the world; yet, while we have societies for the cultivation of almost every other branch of knowledge, we have none for the cultivation

of that science on which our political and commercial prosperity so greatly depends.

"The non-existence of a geographical society in England cannot, I am certain, be traced to the want of persons to institute it: for no nation abounds so much as this country in voyagers and travellers; and the reading public generally considers the study of geography not less agreeable than instructive. Neither can its absence arise from the want of means for effectually executing the purposes, for we have active and intelligent countrymen either constantly visiting or residing in almost every part of the habitable globe.

"As we enjoy the benefit and pleasure derived from geography, and are better circumstanced, in reference to its cultivation than any other European nation, it may be inquired why a geographical society has not long since been established in England? It is simply because no person possessing influence and energy has proposed its establishment. If the formation of a geographical society was proposed, or zealously patronised by a few distinguished individuals, there is no doubt that a society, which would unite the suffrages of the politician, the man of letters, and the merchant, would rapidly become eminent for its numbers and utility.

"It would be easy to enumerate the objects to which a geographical society would direct its attention, and the means by which they might be obtained; but I will limit myself by stating, that I think statistics, the topography of the British empire, and history, so far as it is intimately connected with geography, should be included among its objects; and that furnishing travellers with topics of inquiry connected with the countries they visit, and encouraging them by conferring honorary distinctions, or pecuniary rewards, and by the publication of their observations, should be employed as means of increasing our geographical knowledge.

"In conclusion, I take the liberty of stating my conviction of the strong probability that geography, through being honoured and patronised, would be more generally and deeply studied, and thereby attain the rank of a science, which it should, but does not at present possess in England.

"I am yours, &c.

"W. H."

Still, after thus moving the matter in various likely quarters, and stimulating and negotiating, more than a year was spent before Mr. Huttmann, of the Asiatic Society, the writer of the foregoing letter, Mr. Britton, and one or two other individuals favourable to the project, with myself, and canvassed by him, viz., Captain (now Admiral) Smyth, Francis Baily, Lieut. Stratford, Colonel Colby, &c., succeeded in procuring the required co-operation. In consequence of a communication from Mr. Britton, with the first uncorrected proof of a Prospectus on the 8th of May, 1830 ("L. G.," No. 694), I promulgated the following notice:—

"We are very glad to have received the prospectus of a plan for forming a London Geographical Society, which we have long considered to be a great desideratum among our learned and useful national institutions. The Geographical Society of Paris has contributed, and is always contributing, much valuable information to the world; and assuredly this maritime country, with colonies in every corner of the earth, the most enterprising seamen, and the most zealous travellers, ought not to be in the rear, where it has the means of being at the head of such interesting inquiries. The prospectus for the establishment of the London Geographical Institution, after remarking on the paramount consequence of geographical science, and the want of any encouragement to its cultivation in England (of all the countries in the

world ! !) ; and after describing the progress and beneficial results of the Parisian association during the nine years of its existence, goes on to propose the formation of a similar society in London, whose object shall be to collect and register all the important facts comprehended under the two great divisions of political and physical geography ; those of physical geography, including mountains, rivers, soil, climate, distribution of animals, vegetables, minerals, &c. ; and those of political geography, comprehending ancient and moral civil divisions of the countries, sites of towns, both ancient and modern ; nature of government ; distribution of languages ; roads, canals, manufactures, population, education ; the whole statistics of a country, &c. A house or chambers ; a library, to contain all the best books on geography, with maps, charts, &c. ; a correspondence to be formed with similar societies and individuals in different parts of the world ; prizes for the determination of particular questions, and inquiries, which would extend our knowledge of geographical facts, and the occasional publication, in a small and cheap form, of all the useful results at which the society arrives, are among the leading features of this plan, of the success of which we cannot entertain a doubt, and to the advancement of which we shall be happy to contribute by every means in our power, especially as the idea was originally thrown out and recommended in our columns more than twelve months ago."

I made some corrections and alterations in this prospectus, and it was immediately printed and circulated among parties thought likely to approve of and promote the design. The result was all that could be wished. The original suggestions of the "Gazette" were adopted and acted upon. The hints, if they did not immediately fructify, took root ; and, at last, in the summer of 1830, a meeting of the Raleigh

(Travelling) Club took place, with Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Barrow in the chair; than whom there could not be a more desirable person to preside over the resolutions, seven in number, then and there agreed to, for "Establishing a Geographical Society." Farther, a potential provisional committee of individuals, distinguished for scientific knowledge and extensive travel, was appointed to frame the constitution of the society, and their names afforded to the public a certain assurance of success; for I have but to mention Mountstuart Elphinstone, Sir Thomas Brisbane, Sir A. de Capell Brooke, Mr. Cam Hobhouse (now Lord Broughton), Mr. Hay (of the Colonial Office), Colonel Leake, Captain (now Admiral) Beaufort, Captain Basil Hall, Sir John Franklin (alas!), Admiral Smyth, Captain Mangles, Mr. Barrow, Colonel Colby, Mr. Robert Brown, the great botanist, Mr. Henry Ward, Major the Honourable G. Keppell, Mr. Murdoch, Mr. Greenough, and though last, assuredly not least (and, in the result, the most ardent and efficient friend to the society), Mr. (now Sir) Roderick Murchison, in order to show that the work was now undertaken under auspices which could not fail to bring it into extended action, and direct its course to eminent utility and *éclat*. Captain Maconochie was elected secretary, and his indefatigable character also augured well for the infant association.

It is only justice to observe, that the parties who had stirred the business to this public demonstration, enjoying the prospect of a fruitful issue to their labours, displayed no petty jealousy on the occasion, but cordially joined, and gave their best support to the distinguished band which had, at length, embarked in the cause, and launched it with a wet sheet and a flowing sail on so bright a sea.* The

* Appendix K.

Dukes of Wellington and Bedford; Lords Melville, Aberdeen, Bexley, and Prudhoe, Davies Gilbert; Sirs R. Peel, George Murray, George Clerk, H. Inglis, E. Parry, George Cockburn; the Right Hon. C. Yorke, Mr. Wilson Croker, Captain Beechey, Dr. Roget, and many other men, eminent in the intellectual annals of their time, were speedily enrolled as members; and this great maritime country witnessed at last the foundation of an institute which has since done much for its honour and advantage, and will, I trust, continue for centuries to come, to expand and enrich the wide-spread field of its important labours.

Frequent meetings were now convened, the proceedings at which I had great pleasure in making public, and in consequence of which above five hundred adhesions were announced of noblemen and gentlemen of distinction in life and literature, such as I never knew combined before at the commencement of any undertaking of any kind. Mr. Barrow in an admirable address took a comprehensive view of the objects contemplated, and the ample means which a nation like England possessed, with its vast colonies and fleets covering every sea, to accomplish them all in a splendid manner. Before the end of the season Lord Goderich (Earl of Ripon) was elected President, and the Society entered fairly and fully upon the career of its imperial usefulness. There have been periods of comparative languor since, but feeling, as I think I have a right to do, somewhat *in loco parentis*, I take a papa's pride in believing that it is at the present day in as flourishing and beneficial a condition as ever it was at any preceding date.

In this year I was, as previously told, one of the half-dozen founders of the Melodists' Club; but had a far more busy time of it in making preparations for the issue of a new periodical, which required immense correspondence,

research, and application, yet which I was not afraid to face with one colleague, in whose intelligence and spirit I had the utmost confidence, and the alliance of others of great information and ability. This was no other than the weekly publication of a journal as full of matter as the "Gazette," of a similar form, and doing the same for the literature, arts, and sciences of the rest of the world, as its elder brother was doing for native land. The "Foreign Literary Gazette" offered a seductive prospect of valuable matter and promise of reputation and reward. My immediate associate was my friend Captain Williams, since and now so favourably known to the public in the official capacity of Inspector of Prisons; and I am inclined to fancy that the cultivation of his mind and practice of his pen in this literary pursuit may have had some share in producing that sagacity which he has displayed in performing the difficult duties of his office, and marked the lucidity which has imparted such high value to his Blue-book Reports. There are few schools superior to the school of literary reviewing and miscellaneous essay for developing the intellectual faculties and enlarging the understanding. To write even indifferently men must learn something; to write well they must study devotedly and learn a great deal, a certain degree of exercise and discipline of the faculties is indispensable. My friend was no superficial reader, and had seen much of the world to improve his natural qualifications. And so, we set to work upon the "Foreign Literary Gazette," of which thirteen numbers from January 6, 1830, are now lying before me, and seem to me, on perusal, to be most deservedly entitled to a warmer reception and a better fate than they met with either from learned or popular circles.

Our Adjutant-General was Mr. H. Smith, an assistant of

adequate calibre, a steady good hard-worker, who could go through a great deal and perform the service very satisfactorily. As Secretary to King's College, London, he has evinced the possession of these sterling requisites. Mr. Lloyd of the Foreign Post-Office (my diligent and laborious coadjutor in the "Gazette" for more than twenty years) and other allies formed a strong staff; and correspondents were engaged from Petersburgh to Naples. Publishers in every quarter were also enlisted, and in order to perfect the arrangements, Mr. Smith travelled into Belgium, Holland, and Germany, and Captain Williams into France, whilst I, at-home, obtained the ambassadorial patronage and co-operation of Prince Lieven, Prince Esterhazy, Lord Burghersh (then at Florence), and other persons in power who could facilitate our intercourse with distant countries, and help us in other respects to a most convenient extent.

An imposing field was chalked out and a flattering vista opened. Messrs. Longmans and Mr. Colburn for a considerable time debated on taking £500 interests each, but I believe it occurred to them that the task of editing would distract me too much from the "Literary Gazette" (then a very lucrative investment) and they threw cold water on the Novelty, from its concoction to its finale; to the need for which latter end their discountenance, in great measure, contributed. Mr. Murray did not coquette with my proposal to him to join forces, and his note in answer is so characteristic, that—here it is—

"Albemarle-street, December 23, 1829.

"My dear Jerdan,

"I have not been so inattentive to your former applications respecting the 'Foreign Literary Gazette,' as it may have appeared to you; for upon every occasion

that I received a letter from you on this subject I wrote to or inquired of Messrs. Longman what they intended to do; but I never could obtain a decisive or satisfactory answer.

"I decline joining in the 'Foreign Literary Gazette,' for no other reason than the thorough knowledge of myself—that I should be a restless and teasing partner—and indeed I can absolutely do nothing when I am obliged to act with others.

"With most sincere thanks for your very kind offer, and with the warmest wishes for the success of the undertaking (of which I have not the smallest doubt),

"I remain,

"My dear Jerdan,

"Most faithfully yours,

"JOHN MURRAY.

"W. JERDAN, ESQ."

It was, however, the stamp which defeated us. Some of the arrangements are of literary curiosity enough to be mentioned. In Paris, Captain Williams found it expedient to salary a literary agent, to visit all the booksellers' shops from week to week, and collect the budgets they professed themselves ready and desirous to forward for notice to England. The secretaries and reporters of the literary and scientific societies engaged to send regular reports of their proceedings. An eminent "hand" undertook the fine arts. A prospectus in French was published with Galignani's name at the foot of it; as was another in Italian, for circulation in Italy, with the address of Signor W. Jackson, of Rome, and recommended to the classics of that Carbonari country by "suoi devotiss. Servitori i Redattori della Foreign Literary Gazette!" In short Captain Williams' Parisian arrangements were upon a perfect scale, to secure

from persons of acknowledged talent in every branch we sought to illustrate constant communications of a superior order.

Mr. Smith was equally assiduous and successful in his mission, and in all the considerable places he visited, made engagements with such writers for instance as De Reiffenberg and Quetelet, at Brussels; Dr. Blume, at the Hague; got the assurance of my friend, Mr. Bosworth's best services; and at Berlin, Copenhagen, Leipzig, Breslau, Dresden, Göttingen, Darmstadt, &c., &c., &c., secured the co-operation of first-rate celebrities.

I look back on the excitement of this affair with astonishment. The paper was announced to be produced, but how? with already as much, or more on my head than I could do justice to, the brain-seething of the plans and details did not allow me to take into consideration. But it came out, with great novelty of information for English readers, and a very pleasing and instructive Miscellany it was. It would require more room than I can afford to attempt even a slight notice of its more important contents, but I rescue from its sad oblivion a few anecdotes of Talleyrand, which may not have crept out of it elsewhere.

"ANECDOTES OF TALLEYRAND.

"[Very many are the anecdotes recounted of the celebrated Talleyrand; we do not remember a tithe of those we have heard and read, which, like Lord Norbury's, sparkle and are partially forgotten; but the following will, we trust, be found to be original, and pregnant enough for a half-page of relievo in the 'Foreign Literary Gazette.']

"Shortly after the affair of Pichegru and Moreau, a banker who had been introduced to Talleyrand, and

admitted to the honour of several conferences with him, wrote to his Excellency to solicit an audience, which was granted. Talleyrand was at that time minister for foreign affairs. The report of the death of George III. had just obtained circulation throughout Paris, and was naturally suspected to produce a great sensation on the stock exchange. The banker, who, like many of his financial brethren, wished to make a good hit, and thought the present a favourable opportunity, had the indiscretion to reveal to the minister the real object of his visit. Talleyrand listened to him without moving a muscle of his phlegmatic visage, and at length replied in a solemn tone :—'Some say that the King of England is dead, others say that he is not dead ; but do you wish to know my opinion ?' 'Most anxiously, Prince !' 'Well then, I believe—neither ! I mention this in confidence to you ; but I rely on your discretion : the slightest imprudence on your part would compromise me most seriously.'

"Madame Flamelin one day reproached M. de Moutrou with his attachment to Talleyrand. 'Good God ! madam,' replied M. de Moutrou, with *naïveté*, 'who could help liking him, he is so wicked !'

"Talleyrand, speaking of the members of the French Academy, observed—'after all, it is possible they may one day or other do something remarkable. A flock of geese once saved the Capitol of Rome.'

"On a certain occasion, a friend was conversing with Talleyrand on the subject of Mademoiselle Duchenois, the French actress and another lady, neither of them remarkable for beauty. The first happens to have peculiarly bad teeth, the latter none at all. 'If Madame S——,' said Talleyrand, 'only had teeth she would be as ugly as Mademoiselle Duchenois.'

"A distinguished personage once remarked to Talleyrand, 'in the upper Chamber at least are to be found men possessed of consciences.' 'Consciences,' replied Talleyrand, 'to be sure: I know many a peer who has got two.'

"Madame de Staël, speaking of Talleyrand, illustrates his character in the following happy and familiar manner:—'The good Maurice is not unlike the mannikins with which children play—dolls with heads of cork and legs of lead: throw them up which way you please, they are sure to fall on their feet.'

"Talleyrand had a confidential servant excessively devoted to his interests, but withal superlatively inquisitive. Having one day intrusted him with a letter, the prince watched his faithful valet from the window of his apartment, and with some surprise saw him reading the letter *en route*. On the next day a similar commission was confided to the servant, and to the second letter was added a postscript, couched in the following terms:—'You may send a verbal answer by the bearer; he is perfectly acquainted with the whole affair, having taken the precaution to read this previously to its delivery!' Such a postscript must have been more effective than the severest reproaches."

But neither able reviews, interesting original papers, accounts of important scientific discoveries, nor lighter matter and amusing anecdotes, could prevail upon John Bull to disburse two shillings a week for two literary journals (the Foreign was published every Wednesday), yet the circulation was satisfactory, but the expenses (including considerable sums for expeditious translations from several languages) were consuming, and the advertisements did not come in flush (my partners in the "ould" L. G. setting the example of retentiveness); and thus, in spite of gallant exertions, we found it prudent to give up our arduous work

at the close of its first, and last, quarter. In bidding farewell, we stated that we had entered into the speculation in the belief that a desire to possess a speedy acquaintance with foreign literature and science was so prevalent in England, that a work of the kind would be encouraged to such an extent as to remunerate the very great labour and expense that must be incurred in carrying it on. Our brief experiment had convinced us we were partially mistaken in our opinion. It was true, the journal had met with liberal support, and most flattering testimonies of approbation; but the former had not been sufficient to induce us, on a rational view of the case, to proceed with the design. We had enjoyed, as our prospectus held out, regular contributions from the first men in Europe, and yet, great as the cost was of printing nearly every syllable from MSS. in modern and ancient languages, translated, we firmly believed that perseverance and the outlay of much capital, would have established the publication.

Thus we closed our well-intended labours, after thirteen weeks' incessant application, building on foundations expensively as well as extensively laid down; and my friend and myself, on counting up our comforts, found that we had lost, as nearly as possible, a hundred pounds per week on our foreign whistle.

Though losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where.

So singeth the Ayrshire bard, but whether I learnt anything worth while or not from this experiment, I always flatter myself that it was the best, and ultimately the most beneficial and productive lesson my esteemed colleague ever learnt.

The nature of my occupation, and the manifold connections to which it led, brought me into contact with all the schemes that arose, from time to time, for material and social improvement, or ameliorating the condition of such sections of the community as were suffering distress or wrong from the constitution of our revolving system, ever causing mutations, which, on the progress of events and the consequent prosperity of individuals and classes, irresistibly tend to the misfortunes and adversity of others. The general level is, no doubt, maintained; but, in preserving it, it is the fate of some to rise and some to fall, by the certain force of circumstances, and neither by error nor fault of their own. Works and efforts for the common good are almost invariably attended by partial, and frequently by wide-spread, injuries.

The feeling conviction of this law, and the hardships which it inflicts, is the origin of most of the benevolent institutions and charities which reflect so much honour on British humanity, and especially abound in the metropolis of the Empire. A number of these sprung up in my active time, and it is a source of heartfelt consolation to me that my humble exertions were never withheld from their aid to the utmost of my power. I can conscientiously lay the unction to my soul, that I was not one of the kind so poignantly anathematised by my friend Martin Tupper:—

Oh, but 'tis war to the knife man,
Selfish and desperate strife, man,
* * * *
What do they care for your cares, man,
Nobody heeds
How the heart bleeds,
Nor how a poor fellow fares, man.

On the contrary, I ever took a lively interest even in the minor propositions and processes devised for beneficial ends,

and in reviewing my life (with all its imperfections), I can safely say that I did not neglect my duties towards my fellow-creatures, nor fail to contribute my share of usefulness to the common weal. A refreshing evidence of this (recalling long-forgotten things to my memory) has reached me since the publication of my preceding volumes; and as the writer touches on improvements yet to be carried into execution, I beg leave to add his letter, and a sample of its enclosure, in illustration of the things which have since been done, and the things which it is still desirable to effect:—

"January 19, 1853.

"DEAR SIR,

"In your first two volumes of amusing autobiography, on referring to your editorial labours in the 'Literary Gazette,' you, with great truth, take credit for its influence on public opinion, as evinced by many of the hints scattered through its columns having been seized and acted on. You name some instances; you might have taken credit for more.

"I was for some years, though at distant intervals, an occasional contributor to its pages. The few prose compositions you may call to mind were all headed 'A Few Queries;' many of these related to architectural subjects. They were all accepted, and to one paper was assigned the post of honour, the first page. I have not a copy of each by me, but I can recall them to your recollection by a transcript of one, which I herewith enclose, and therein you will see the articles alluded to.

"I think, too, it was in one of these papers that the monstrous superstructure then overhanging the Mansion House, in the City, and since removed, was first brought into notice.

"It was there, too, that attention was first directed to the utterly neglected condition of the Parks, particularly Hyde Park,* now become undoubtedly one of the completest and finest promenades in Europe.

"You will make such use of these hints as you may think proper, and, with the best wishes for the success of your work,

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours,

"ALPHA."

"A FEW QUERIES.

"Take this,"
"What's this."—OLD PLAY.

"Whether Mr. M. A. Taylor, who undertook by his late bill to make steam-engines consume their own smoke, would have any objection to stand any day, a little before he dined, just for five minutes, on London Bridge, particularly on the western side? and whether, if he did so, he might not by the operation save himself the expense of a dinner, deducting only the necessary charge for a dose of physic, to clean out his inside after the treat?

"Whether it is quite fair to be always reproaching our Continental neighbours for commencing buildings which they never finish, while we exhibit Somerset House (the finest and most central object of our metropolis) with an entire wing yet unbuilt, and thus left for the best part of a century?

"For how many years is it to happen in this 'great nation,' as we delight to call it, that whilst other capitals boast of superb palaces for their national pictures, a foreigner shall be directed, when inquiring for ours, to a paltry little house, No. 100, Pall Mall, where he will find them disposed

* I remember a ridiculous con. at the time. "Why are the three parks like single men?—Because, if taken in, they are done for!"

in such rooms as many a retired cheesemonger would be far from being proud of?

"Whether, in these refining times, when a cowkeeper has named his cow-shed a Lactearium, the old-fashioned name of the City-road, leading to it, might not be considered obsolete, and changed to that of the Via Lactea?

"Why the great western door of St. Paul's, affording so fine a vista to the cupola, is never opened? Whether the Dean and Chapter are afraid that, by letting in so much light and air to the church, all the damp and mildew would be excluded? or whether it is intended for the benefit of the bun trade, the little door opened being built close against the pastry-cook's shop?

"Why the numbers of the pictures at our annual exhibition are so ingeniously placed as to make up just one-half of the fatigue of the day, in finding them out? whether there is any joke in the thing? and where the gist lies?

"When the opening into Lincoln's-inn Fields, begun twenty years ago, by the way of Pickett Place, shall be completed? and whether, whenever that event shall occur, it would not be a great treat to mark the astonishment of many of the neighbouring inhabitants at first sight of that terra incognita? many thousands having, from its always having been so carefully shut up, never so much as dreamed of its existence!

"What can possibly be the reason that this, the finest square in England (perhaps in Europe), should be so sedulously shut up from all observation, as a thing to be ashamed of; and, although within a few yards on each side of the two greatest thoroughfares of the metropolis, no access let into it but by by-ways and alleys? Whether any very atrocious act, any very horrible murder, has brought upon its precincts this heavy doom, or whether the

only reason it is deemed proper to conceal it is the great quantity of lawyers living in it?

"Whether the taste for music is not sufficiently spread to allow of the Italian Opera being thrown open to the public, at something like the prices at which it is enjoyed in other capitals? and, as under the present system of exclusion all who have anything to do in its management have been invariably ruined, whether it might not (just by way of experiment) be as well to try, in place of the patronage of the great, what might be done by the admission of the many?

"Why, as we seem at length awakened in this, 'the first capital of Europe,' to the propriety of a few statues here and there, one or two might not, just by way of change, be exhibited of marble? and whether, through the smoke which prevails always, and the fog which prevails often, those of bronze do not, at a very few feet distance, look wonderfully like huge heaps of mud?

"Why, amongst the many improvements for regaining land from the water, that great marsh within view of the Royal Palace, called the Parade, in St. James's Park, might not be advantageously attempted? or whether, as among the numerous Government offices which surround it, so many persons are presumed to be cooling their heels in attendance within, it is deemed but fair and equitable that the crowd should be allowed to cool their heels without?"

These and many other suggestions of a similar kind were perseveringly enforced in the page of the "Literary Gazette," and among others there was no design in which (as I have already noticed) I took a more zealous concern than in the proposal to prohibit intra-mural burial, and provide cemeteries in fitting adjacent localities, where the dead might repose amid beauties of external nature,

grateful to the senses of those who lamented their loss; and be resolved into their mortal elements without poisoning the health and shortening the existence of the living. This important subject has been ardently taken up since I first moved in it, and is, I now hope, in the act of being fully reformed. Kensal Green, Brompton, Norwood, Highgate, and other sites bear testimony to the eligibility of such establishments, but the good derived from them is as nothing when compared with the greater good of shutting up the gorged graveyards in London, and the horrible Golgothas in the vaults of churches, where thousands have been borne to "rot and rot," in most disgusting abomination. At the period of which I am now writing, I recollect one grand scheme which I warmly supported—it was for a spacious national cemetery, somewhat of the same character as that of Père la Chaise at Paris, intended to occupy a site of 150 acres about Primrose Hill, and to be divided into three regions of tombs, with catacombs, mausoleums, temples—laid out in the fine style of ornamental gardening, and adorned with rich and varied displays of architecture and sculpture. The estimated expense was 400,000*l.*, and it was calculated that the 30,000 bodies annually deposited in the midst of the crowded capital, could be solemnly interred here and remain undisturbed for generations, and until all that once was man should be undistinguishable from his mother earth. The plan, however, fell to the ground. The time was not yet ripe for so desirable a consummation.

But death and life, sadness and mirth sojourn next door to each other:

> Festinat enim de currere velox
> Flosculus angustæ miseræque brevissima vitæ
> Portio; dum bibimus, dum serta, unguenta, puellas
> Poscimus, obstrepit non intellecta senectus.

I think the next matter that occupied my attention was the formation of the Garrick Club. Accidentally meeting Lord Mulgrave in the street (having missed the subjoined and preceding notes*) he told me he was going to join a small party of friends and lovers of the drama at Mr. Winston's, in Charles-street, Covent Garden, in order to concert the initiation of a club for the promotion of dramatic and general interest of the stage. His Lordship at once put the imaginary shilling into my hand, and no recruit was ever a heartier volunteer than I was. I accompanied him, and 150 eligible members were associated on the broad principle that they would combine all the essentials of a club, limited to 200, with the advantages of literary society, by bringing together the patrons of the drama, actors, and dramatic authors, and gentlemen who were most eminent in their respective circles, and entertaining opinions congenial to the objects in view. The list of 200 was immediately filled up, the Duke of Sussex elected patron, the Earl of Mulgrave, president, and Sir George Warrender, vice-president. Committee, sub-committee, trustees, auditors, &c., were appointed, and the limitation of members extended to 300. Many suggestions of ways and means were offered, but finally everything was left to the discretion of the committee, which was composed of noble

* "My dear sir.

"I sent you a few lines the day before I left town, to express to you the pleasure I should feel if you would consent to be one of my *confrères*, to whom is confided the task of managing the concerns of the Garrick club. My servant (who is an Italian) does not seem very certain that he left the note at the right house. So I send this, lest by any mistake of mine the committee should be deprived of the benefit of your assistance during my absence from town.

"Believe me,

"Yours, very faithfully,

"MULGRAVE.

"Mulgrave Castle, October 27."

and distinguished individuals, deemed most likely to mould the undertaking into a successful shape. Probatt's hotel, in King-street, Covent Garden, was bought, and the interior skilfully and expeditiously re-arranged according to club requisites, by Mr. Beazeley, to the day of his death an active and pleasant member, contributing his talent to the needful alterations, and his wit and humour to the social enjoyment of the place. Into both these modes of doing my "possible" for the new-born society, I also took a busy part in union with the president, vice-president, Lord W. Lennox, Mr. Frank Mills, and Mr. Beazeley (perhaps another or two) in the choice of furniture, glasses, and other necessary articles, but particularly in the selection of wines, whereon there hangs a tale.

Samples were sent in from various quarters, either recommended by friends of the parties or ordered by the wine committee; and it so happened that Grove House was the most convenient place to try and pronounce judgment on these candidates for the Garrick custom. My coadjutors consequently did me the pleasure of dining several times at Brompton, and the specialties of the occasion induced much merriment, and relished the more on account of its difference from the formalities of set entertainments. The floor of one side of the dining-room would be studded with an array of phials, vessels such as anchovy-sauce or catsup are sold in, and bottles such as the parson stigmatised;

> Ye gods avert from eyes divine,
> Such eyesores as a pint of wine.

The whole, indeed, as the Yankees say, was "'larmin' to look at." However, somehow or other, we got through our task (generally washed or blotted it out by a cool bottle, of

which the worth was known, from the cellar), laid in for the club to begin with a sufficient quantity of what was most approved; and suffered the rest to sink into vinous oblivion. So I fancied, but not so some of the merchants who had been candidates for orders. Some months after I was rather astonished by the appearance of a few "little bills" for the phials, anchovy, and catsup and pint abortions alluded to. I remonstrated, in vain, and one after another as they were delivered in, I paid the charges for these small temptations, without troubling the club, as the club had not drank any; and not very reluctantly (except as to full price) where the specimens exceeded the *pintly* modicum appeal to taste. By accident I have yet one of these bills among my huddle of papers, and as its quantums exceeded the wee measures, to pay for which, alone, I objected, I just copy the list to show to what straits we were reduced in performing the dangerous service imposed upon us by our unthinking *confrères*.

"1. Light old Port; 2. Stouter ditto; 3. Pale Sherry; 4. Brown ditto; 5. West India Madeira; 6. East India ditto; 7. Hock; 8. ditto, red; 9. East India Bucellas; 10. Sauterne; 11. Pale Champagne; 12. ditto, Brown; 13. Claret; 14. ditto; 15. Whisky; 16. Pale Brandy; 17. Maraschino; 18. Noyeau Rouge; 19. ditto, Blanc; 20. Curaçao; and 21. Goldwater"—the sum total of which caused my eyes to water (after my mouth had), and a certain exchange of gold to pass from my pocket into that of the acute dealer, who had not, unluckily for me, been deemed deserving of any commission.

It must have been an inspiration of such revels that I bore off the bell, in a close competition, and linked my fame with that of the Garrick for ever, by devising the symbol under which it flourishes, viz., the globe and legend in a garter, "All the world's a stage." This was adopted

by acclamation, and to give it more public celebrity, I had a wood-engraving cut, and with the sanction and applause of the President and Committee printed it at the head of a series of sixteen papers which adorned the light literature of the "Gazette" during the first half-year of the Club, in whose library a letter-box was placed to receive contributions to illustrate dramatic matters, and advance the interests of the theatrical world. In both instances, so cordially did some of my "talented" colleagues second me, the proposed end was very agreeably answered. In the first paper, after a beautiful translation of the chorus from the "Seven before Thebes," of Æschylus, by Mr. Frank Mills, the question agitated two years before in the "Gazette," on the amendment of the law relative to dramatic literary property (on Mr. G. Lamb's motion in the House of Commons), was again taken up and the cause, which has since been carried, zealously advocated: and among the picked up facetiæ I see "I will never marry a woman who can't carve," said M——. "Why?" "Because she would not be a Help Meat for me." The next gave an account of the opening festival, at which the Duke of Sussex presided, and a charmingly appropriate song, written by James Smith ("pleasantest of pleasant men") was admirably sung by Braham; as were also a new glee, by a member, chaunted by the musical party, led by Sir George Smart, and a song composed and sung by M. Sola. But it would lead me a Will o' the Wisp chase to pursue the scintillations of this meteor theme, and with all my liking for it, I must away; only noting that farewell entertainments to Young and Charles Kemble on their leaving the stage (the former has retired from, the latter still graces the club with his gentlemanly manners and long collected theatrical anecdote and intelligence)

were very interesting assemblies; and that the picture-gallery of Charles Mathews (so exuberantly the delight of the Garrick) was purchased and presented to it by its constant friend the late Mr. Durrant, and is now one of the most interesting of the lions of London.

To finish this chapter agreeably to the spirit of its later pages, I have only to add a *jeu d'esprit* in which the initial letters stand for James Smith and John Robinson Planché.

THE ALPHABET TO MADAME VESTRIS.

Though not with lace bedizened o'er
From James's and from Howell's,
Ah! don't despise us twenty-four
Poor consonants and vowels.

Though critics may your powers discuss,
Your charms applauding men see,
Remember you from four of us
Derive your X. L. N. C.—J. S.

VESTRIS'S ANSWER TO THE ALPHABET.

Dear Friends! although no more a dunce
Than many of my betters,
I'm puzzled to reply at once
To four and twenty letters.

Perhaps you'll think that may not be
So hard a thing to do,
For what is difficult to me,
Is A. B. C. to you.

However, pray dismiss your fears,
Nor fancy you have lost me,
Though many many bitter tears
Our first acquaintance cost me.

Believe me, till existence ends,
Whatever ill beset you,
My oldest literary friends,
I never can forget you.—J. R. P.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION — SQUABBLE WITH DR. WHEWELL, MASTER OF TRINITY — JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD, IN LONDON — EDITING FISHER'S "NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY" — THOMAS GRENVILLE—LORD ELDON.

What cannot art and industry perform,
When Science plans the progress of their toil.

BEATTIE.

If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he has drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young Mistress' dog.

SHAKSPERE.

PASSING onward, a brief space of time opened a new source of pursuit in which I took great delight. I refer to the origination of the British Association, to promote the interests of which I immediately devoted the "Literary Gazette," and from that date to 1850, when my connection with the journal was unscrupulously severed by base intrigue, continued from year to year to labour in its service with untiring assiduity. I attended every meeting after the first; and to the last, with the exception of Belfast, took a share in the proceedings, and with the able scientific aid of my near friend and relative, Mr. Thomas Irwin, who generally

accompanied me to the later meetings, and the assistance, either purchased or volunteered from other quarters, made up the reports which filled hundreds of columns of my publication. This periodical was the foremost to perform the task, and its example was judiciously followed by others, to the great advantage of the Institution. With the burthen of all the work on my mind, I nevertheless found the meetings most agreeable and instructive holidays; somewhat costly perhaps, for "I guess" I spent a very considerable sum of money upon them; and reaped no pecuniary return: for it is a curious literary fact that during the weeks the "Gazette" inserted the transactions, it invariably decreased in circulation, its leaves, like those of the trees, falling in Autumn.

Still it was pains well bestowed, and funds disbursed in a way which brought no repentance. A multitude of useful and pleasant connections were formed during a score of meetings; new scenes were visited; and new attractions of antiquities, arts, and nature explored; and I can call to memory only one annoying incident that occurred to mar the general impression of gratification and instruction from the whole. I do not allude to gallanting Miss Martineau, after the brilliant and hospitable Newcastle meeting, to the sea-lashed terminus of Fingal's Cave, at Staffa, but to a succeeding rupture which took place at Cambridge, under the presidency of Dr. Whewell. With this learned and encyclopedial-minded, but somewhat arrogant scholar, I had maintained a social acquaintance, thankful for his familiar condescension, admiring his various and comprehensive talents, joining his friends for a season in regrets that they had not been suitably acknowledged by the "powers that be," and, when their great reward happened to fall into his lap, rejoicing in the lucky

chance which made the trump turn up so high. I was therefore the more sorry to discover that his good fortune had not had the effect of adding to his humility, and that like the mounting Bolingbroke, he was prone to kick down the Association ladder by which he had climbed to the Mastership of Trinity. He described it as declining and unable to support itself, and proposed biennial or triennial meetings, that it might drop off gradually and die a decent and unmarked death. Upon this conduct I ventured to make and print some free remarks, which it seems gave much offence to the master. At Newcastle, however, the grievance was condoned; Dr. Whewell entered into friendly relations for the next assemblage at Cambridge, and the Marquis of Northampton, ever conciliatory and kind, had the goodness to interpose his gentle offices to effect a personal reconciliation between the irate Professor and my humble self. But the sore was only apparently healed, and my presumption was not forgiven; and his resentment broke out in a very unseemly manner at a hospitable entertainment given to members under the roof of the College, over which, as well as over the dinner-table, he presided. Invited among others to this splendid festival by the, in every respect, truly excellent Professor Sedgwick, I was in compliment to my constant exertions in the cause, seated with Mr. Irwin, in a seat of honour at the board upon the dais, where, besides Mr. Romilly, a high officer of the University, Dr. Roget, my immediate host, and other amiable persons, I was enjoying the good things of college life, in an elysium of unconcern, and little dreaming of a cloud, when the sudden storm broke over me. But it was all the fault of the cross table; which made the Master crosser. I happened to sit at the farther end from that where he ruled the roast; and was

rather surprised that his lackey should walk all the way down with a message to me. I instinctively took a champagne glass in my hand to acknowledge the courtesy from so elevated a place, and could not but (hastily) think it odd that the message delivered to me was the inquiry whose guest I was? Perfectly unaware of any intended insult, I as innocently as one would say "very well thank you, how do ye do," answered "Professor Sedgwick's," and there the matter would have dropt, but from some suspicion flashing upon my neighbours that the communication was not such as could be tolerated by gentlemen belonging to the college. I explained the circumstance, and no slight degree of indignation was expressed. On withdrawing to the combination-room for the dessert, Mr. Romilly insisted on my abiding by him, and thus again carried me up to the top table, and seated me by his side within the distance of six or eight individuals from the chair. I cannot forget the fury which this insult elicited: in truth, it burnt so fiercely that the want of mastery over the Master's passion was but too obvious to the company.

Feeling no wrong, I should have been very glad if the silly matter had ended here; but the act of intemperance was taken up as an affront to the college, and, from the principals, the spirit of resentment descended among all classes, and a perfect turmoil ensued. At the next evening meeting, the Master's special invitations were disregarded, his rooms were deserted, and there was a crowded assembly in the common-hall. Sir R. Murchison and other leading men entered into the cause, and after considerable correspondence wrung an ungracious apology from the Master to me; who has, however, scowled upon me more angrily ever since, so that, when I have accidentally encountered him, I have ever rejoiced that his *caput* did not possess the

powers of the head of Medusa, for if it had I should have been a paving-stone, and perhaps Macadamised long ago. My chief vexation, at the moment, was occasioned by finding myself the cause of quarrel between Professor Whewell and Professor Sedgwick, but the latter set my heart at rest, by considering the act as only the last of a series of contumelies he had endured from the same quarter, and expressing his satisfaction that it had come to a climax.

Whilst going through this trouble, I had some amusing compensation, in the entertainment afforded me by numerous squibs and epigrams which I received anonymously from parties with whom the Master appeared to be by no means popular; as indeed he was not, as far as I could see, either with his equals or inferiors. These would make a laughable little chapter, but I will only mention one, as it illustrates the affair which I have so faintly described. It runs thus:—When Professor Whewell returned to Cambridge a benedict, and his lady discovered the estimation in which he was generally held, she is reported to have exclaimed, "Why, W., how is this? When I married you I was taught to believe my husband was the Lion of Cambridge, but I find to my sorrow, he is only the Bear:"

> Who, not content
> With fair equality, fraternal state,
> Would arrogate dominion undeserved
> Over his brethren.—MILTON.

From the Trinity College dinner I pass on to another of a different order, and leaving the impression of many bitter-sweet recollections behind. James Hogg, the far-famed Ettrick Shepherd, having paid a visit to London, there arose a pretty general *fama clamosa*, among the better classes of its Scottish residents, to give him a public reception, and pay a just tribute to his genius. Mr. Lockhart

and I inclined to take up the call, (and I will here seize the opportunity to say of my gifted colleague, that I have always, through a long sweep of years, found him warm and steady in his services to literary Scotsmen who have arisen in his day, witness Allan Cunningham, Mr. Gleig, and many more, to whose talents he has been no inefficient friend, and also in zeal to promote the best interests of his native land)—Mr. Lockhart and I were induced to take up the call, and what was much more exigent upon our capacities, undertake the arrangements for a suitable meeting with and welcome to the

> Bard, who from Scotland's Sons of Song,
> Had come to England's minstrel shore;
> Bard of the many voiced lyre,
> Waking alike the smile and tear;
> Now glowing bright with patriot fire,
> Now lilting songs to Nature dear.

We had only a short time for preparation, and it was most oppressively occupied; but the dinner, as the saying is, came off triumphantly, on the birthday of Burns, chosen as congenial with the occasion; though in consequence of an unannounced and therefore unexpected rush of nearly 200 guests, the tables had to be lengthened, and the feast about an hour delayed, causing a little confusion at the bottom of the Hall. Sir John Malcolm admirably filled the chair, and the post-prandial enjoyments were rarely or never surpassed by any banquet of the kind I ever saw. Two sons of Burns were present, and the boy to whom he had addressed his "Advice to a young Friend," and the toasts brought out, in delightful and characteristic force, the Shepherd in the Doric of Tweedside; Mr. Lockhart with interesting anecdotes of Scott, whose "happy return" was longed for in vain; Lord Porchester, the poet; Lord

Mahon, the historian; the gallant Sir Pulteney Malcolm and Sir George Murray, noble ornaments of the naval and military services, of whom Scotland was so justly proud; Patrick Robertson, the inimitable humorous representative of the bar; Sir Peter Laurie, than whom a more useful magistrate never sat on the London bench; Captain Basil Hall, author; Sir George Warrender, M. P.; Galt, the novelist; and a closing set the *finales* of which were, at a later hour, drowned in cheers and the loud notes of the festive bagpipe.

Hogg sang an original song, besides brewing sundry bowls of punch in Burns' bowl, kept sacred for such anniversaries by the convivial Archibald (*alias* Archy) Hastie, who is rich in relics of the Ayrshire bard; and there was a good laugh at the toastmaster's proclaiming silence for the pleasure of a song from *Mr. Shepherd*—Ettrick was *terra incognita* to him! Mr. Lockhart mentioned that Burns only met Scott once, when the latter was but seventeen years old, yet from something which then passed (no doubt Scott's exhibiting some of his early love for ballad poetry), he predicted that he would figure in his country's annals. Also that Scott while still young and ardent in his pursuit of legendary lore, found Hogg a poor peasant in a wild sequestered valley, possessed of a larger store of what he was seeking than lived in the memory of all the province beside. A characteristic anecdote of Hogg transpired from another friend. Being at dinner at a ducal table, the duchess said to him, "Were you ever here before, Mr. Hogg?" To which the poet with his usual candour, replied, "Na ma' Laddy, I have been at the yett (the gate) wi beasts that I was driving into England; but I never was inside o' the house before."

My intercourse with the Shepherd during the remainder

of his stay in town, was *de die in diem*, and his manners and joviality, combined with his shrewdness, discretion, and ready wit, imparted a rare degree of novelty and zest to the parties to which we went together. His simplicity and talent for entertaining a company rendered him the "Whistle Binkie," or soul of the revels, whether ruled by social sense or high jinks; and it was all the same who were his auditors, like the musician with the magic pipe, he enchanted every one to dance after him, and English and Irish, as well as Scotch, were sure to be charmed with his quaintness and his genius. At Sir George Warrender's, whose cellar was the *ne plus ultra*, he persuaded such a tri-national assemblage of a dozen to abandon the claret and stick to the whiskey-toddy, which he brewed with anxious particularity and ladled out with beaming good-will. At the Chief of the Macleods he sang an anti-Whig satire, and being told, when finished, that the Duke of Argyle was at the table, he quickly cried, "Never mind, mon," and rattled out the ballad of "Donald M'Gillivray," on the other political side of the question. At this party, I remember the Shepherd himself being astonished by the effect of a message whispered to a gentleman near him, in the midst of great hilarity; for wherever he was, after a jocund feast,

"Still the fun grew fast and furious"—

but now an ice-bolt, equivalent to an ice-berg, had suddenly fallen upon and transformed the scene. The gentleman jumped up from his chair, and laying almost violent hands upon several other gentlemen, hurried them reluctantly out of the room, with the bare assurance that there was a hackney-coach at the door, that would hold six! That individual was Billy Holmes, the occasion an unlooked-for

division and hurried whip, and the forcibly abducted convives Warrenders, Gordons, Cummings, gallant representatives of the land of the mountain and the flood.

I could recite many similar stories, but though delectable at the time, and not unpleasing on reflection, they would probably be less interesting to the reader than the writer.

> But pleasures are like poppies spread,
> You seize the flower, its bloom is shed.
> * * * *
> Nae man can tether time or tide;
> The hour approaches Tam maun ride.

Hogg's departure made quite a blank in my existence, and Grove House seemed to have lost its life, seeing his honest face look in daily no more, nor laughing at his jokes, nor listening with admiration and delight to his songs, nor hearing his most original description of all he had seen and all that had happened to him—the wonders of every twenty-four hours—in altogether novel situations, and in society of an order he had never mixed with before.*

From that period I took a deeper interest than ever in the fortunes of my countryman, and corresponded with him in terms of the warmest regard, to the day of his death.

* I copy here a characteristic letter from Hogg to his publisher Cochrane (who deserved from his liberality to authors better fortune than has befallen him), torn off a communication to me:

"(PRIVATE, TO BE TORN OFF.

"My dear Sir,

"I herewith send you the other two tales of *The Wars of Montrose*, which I mentioned, and which I am sure will please. I am afraid of the corrections of the press, especially the broken highland dialect, which none but a Scotsman can do. I must, however, trust it to you, for you put a work so slowly through the press, that I cannot and dare not come to London. Indeed, it is impossible to put every work of mine quickly through the press, owing to the closeness of the MS. Now it makes very little difference which of the tales go first or last, for they are all distinct tales, and allude to distinct battles, quite unconnected with each other, and therefore they may be arranged to suit the

I must add, however, a singular anecdote, which will strike my poetical readers as it did me. I was conversing with him about his poetry, and observed that he had put two exquisite rural images into a single line, quite equal to anything in Theocritus, or the most celebrated in Greek pastoral composition. "Hey, sir, what may thae be?" he asked; and I replied, "The delicious traits of evening-fall,—when the lark becomes a clod, and the daisy turns a pea," on which he immediately retorted, "Hey, sir, what's in that?—there's nae great poetry in that—so they do!" Was this beautiful passage suggested by unconscious inspiration? or did he think that pure invention alone, and not an actual perception of beauties in nature, was poetry—imagination, not appreciation?

I have alluded to the exaggerated gratitude with which the impulsive Shepherd overpaid the poor services I was enabled to render him, fancying at these moments that

vols., which is likewise of little avail. But the way they ought to stand is as follows:—

1. The Edinr. Baillie.—That being Montrose's first campaign.
2. Col. Aston.—That being the second.
3. Julia M'Kenzie (the above tale).—That being his third battle. This tale is accounted my best.
4. Sir Simon Brodie.—His fourth great battle.
5. Wat Pringle.—That being Montrose's last battle narrated here.

"Now I do not bind you to this arrangement, but it is the natural one, and the way they should be. They should just be printed in the style of the Waverley Novels (first edition), paper and type, which is by far the best style for a circulating library book. All well. God bless and prosper you, dear Cochrane. But before I close, I must tell you that I have a work for publication, a capital one, though I have little interest in it. It will form two handsome closely printed vols., like The Altrine Tales, it is entitled, *The Beauties of the British Poets* of the 19th century, contrasted and compared in copious notes to each extract. By Messrs. Hay, Howard, and Hogg. The conditions, *a moiety of the clear profits for the behoof of two fatherless babies.* It is by far the best collection that ever was offered to the British public.

"Your's most truly,

"James Hogg."

nobody else valued him in the same manner. But his northern friends, though they sometimes made a little mystifying game with him, were never insensible to his merits, nor regardless of his welfare. This will be shown by a portion of a letter from Blackwood, Edinburgh, dictated both by good feeling and delicacy.

"My dear Sir,

"I am just favoured with your kind letter of April 30. I am truly sorry that our worthy friend the Shepherd does not fall within the class to which your society gives pensions. If, however, great originality and true poetical genius could have given any title, sure I am there could not be so strong a case as our friend's for the society's extending their patronage.

"I feel much indebted to you for your most friendly offer of moving for a draft of 50*l*. This, however, is a matter of some little delicacy; and though, for my own part, I think our friend would most gratefully accept a favour so delicately and honourably conferred upon him, yet I do not like to take it upon myself to say so. I intend, therefore, to consult some mutual friends here, and will write you in a few posts."

I am tempted by a chain of ideas, linking the Scottish bards together, to insert here a letter which I am still gratified at having received from Allan Cunningham.

"Belgrave Place, 16th October.

"Dear Jerdan,

"I venture to enclose you a notice of a new work of mine. I have no desire that you should abide by any words but such as you like; therefore dress it up in your own manner, if you please. Some such notice before

publication will be useful; nor would a little kindness from critics afterwards, be at all amiss. God knows, I have much need of a kind word or two, for I have been working hard up-hill these many years, and William Jerdan and Sir Walter Scott have been almost my only friends—I acknowledge they have been good ones.

"Yours very truly,

"ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

"To Wm. Jerdan, Esq."

Ay, ay, my old, lamented friend, let inferior talent, which, but for newspaper employment, could not earn salt to its porritch by literature, prate of the dignity and productiveness of the "profession," and of the shame to say it is precarious and often humiliated; you and I knew many a worthy candidate for its honours and wealth, who fared little better than Otway, Churchill, or Savage, and never reached the medium poverty and neglect of Milton, Dryden, or Butler.

Though I produced no less than four quarto volumes, I had almost forgotten to record my Biographical Memoirs for "Fisher's National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century." His Majesty, George IV., graciously permitted the work to be dedicated to him, and it was extremely popular. Of all species of authorship, faithful and satisfactory biography is the most difficult. The impossibility of being perfectly certain of facts is the first stumbling block; the risk of drawing right conclusions from those you are fortunate enough to obtain is the next; and the delicacy required for steering by the lamp of truth, without flattery or offence, consummates the obstacles to authentic personal history. In the case of living individuals, the responsi-

bility is increased, and the dilemmas multiplied tenfold; and though I had only twenty-four, neither small-typed nor closely printed pages to provide per month, I found the onus lie on me like a load, and would rather have written ten times as much of any other kind of literature. In short I was so uncomfortable as to be almost miserable till the monthly "job" was done. The honorarium, as some publishers "like to phrase it," however, was liberal, and eased my uneasiness, till my engagement terminated. This event was precipitated by one of those circumstances which evince the uncertainty of literary pursuits, and though the defalcation of income was of little consequence at the time, it would have been the same had my entire subsistence depended upon it. My friends, Lord Brougham, Charles Knight, and a glorious company of associates, set up a wholesale literary manufactory, and among other publications, of books of all sorts, maps, and fine arts, included a Portrait gallery, the plan copied from, and in direct competition with Messrs. Fishers'. Supported by subscription in aid of their grand national design for the promotion of education, taste, and general knowledge, they could afford to undersell the private speculation of my employers, especially as they merely copied old engravings which cost nothing, and could advertise them far and wide (together with the rest of their doings) at very moderate expense. With the natural, proper, and unfailing sense of "the trade," Mr. Fisher (senior) immediately wrote to me and pointed out the hardness of his case—in which I entirely agreed with him—at the same time requesting me to reduce my allowance by one-third—in which I entirely differed from him. But it was not that the suggestion was unreasonable, but that the feeling I have described, had made me more than indifferent to the employment.

I therefore caught the opportunity to retire—counselled the worthy publisher on the course I thought he should pursue—and whether his own astuteness or my advice prompted its adoption, I believe it turned out to be not only a safe escape from a form of rivalry which ought never to be encouraged in this commercial country, but, in every branch, a very profitable concern "in variation and continuation" of my monthly labours.

In their performance many things happened which might make an amusing literary miscellany. At present, my limited space, and the end I have in my eye, forbid me to do more than adventure a sample. Let me, however, in the first place, say, that some of the memoirs are of the highest historical value. I speak not of the pains I took, or my writing, or any collateral commendatory quality; but of the intrinsic integrity of the materials and unquestionable veracity of the statements. There can be no mistake about these, and neither a future Hume, nor Hallam, nor Lingard; nor Mahon, nor Alison, nor Macaulay can depart from the facts therein contained without a sacrifice of truth to theory or party. In other respects some of the memoirs were but common-place, whilst, in a certain proportion, my very extensive intercourse with the world enabled me to enliven the usual routine articles with embellishments within my own knowledge which contributed to enhance their mediocre merit and consequent popularity. The memoirs of Percival, Huskisson, Canning, Lord Palmerston, (as far as his career had borne him then towards more important positions,) Lord Goderich (Ripon) who had passed his perihelion, yet still left much for honourable record, Lord Aberdeen to his advent at that date, and others of an official nature, are unimpeachable; and some of the more familiar kind, such as Dr. Gray,

Bishop of Bristol, Sir George Murray, Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, written by Lord Broughton, Sir W. Scott, W. Gifford, Sir Rufane Donkin, Sir Alex. Johnstone, Thomas Campbell, &c. &c., were only not enriched to the extent I could have enriched them, had the province of biographical illumination not been now and then crossed by the shadow of a cloud. The search for "facts" was often very entertaining, and let the acute inquirer, videlicet myself, into many little secrets which I had no business to promulgate to the long-eared world. But at other times, my seeking information interested me much, and this brings me to the samples at which I have hinted. The memoir of Mr. Thomas Grenville was "done" in four pages, and having had the pleasure of meeting that most accomplished gentleman in society, I took the liberty of writing to ask him if he would take the trouble to glance over the printed "proof." An invitation to breakfast at Stable-yard, with the paper to look over, was the result, and I enjoyed the gratification of a *tête-à-tête* of five or six hours with one of the most accomplished men of the age. It is impossible to tell how much you learn in such interviews—if you are fortunate enough to reach, and clever enough to put the "contents" of half a dozen of them together, I mean of persons of that "calibre," you may set up for a sage, and be the oracle of your circle, as long as the fountains last.

Well, with Mr. Grenville, *inter alia*, the authorship of "Junius" was discussed, and the impression of his guarded expressions on me was, that after the death of the speaker, and certainly among the muniments at Stowe, the secret would be disclosed. He is dead, and Stowe has been ransacked, and still "Junius" is a myth.* But my own

* The authorship of Junius has again become matter of controversy in consequence of Mr. Macaulay asserting the claim of Sir Philip Francis to

business was to take us a few minutes—simply to look over the dates, &c., of four pages. I will not attempt to describe my dismay, having consulted and compared all the ordinary annual and monthly authorities, at learning, that with regard to the few particulars of his political life, and the dates throughout, the former were erroneous, and the latter, in every instance, wrong! This was indeed a sickener to a careful biographer; but a literal truth, and I had to correct the births and deaths of George Grenville, the minister of George III., the Marquis of Buckingham, Lord Grenville, and other members of this distinguished family, and to restore my communicant to various momentous foreign missions and embassies, every one of which was perverted in the account I had, of necessity, consulted. Could I adduce a more striking proof of the difficulties that beset biographical compositions? I think Mr. Grenville was at this time between seventy and eighty; ten years after, I had occasion to write to him about some literary matter, and I received the following note, which I am proud to possess from such a man:—

"Mr. Grenville's compliments to Mr. Jerdan, and thanks

that dubious honour, and somewhat upheld by the coquetting with the question by that individual, and the mystifying reminiscences of his widow. The following amusing anecdote illustrates the topic. One summer day, at a dinner party at Holland House, the guests, among whom were Francis and Rogers, were, previous to the dinner-bell, sauntering in the open conservatory and terrace below, and in one of the promenades the Junius secret became the subject of conversation, and Lord H. suggested to the bold banker that it would be an excellent opportunity to put the interrogatory flatly to the suspected man. But Francis happened to overhear the plot; and a few minutes after as Rogers was sidling towards him, he threw himself into an attitude of violent defiance, and exclaimed, "By Heaven, sir, if you dare to ask me any questions, regardless of where we are I will fell you to the earth!" The little poet quickly enough shrank back appalled; but when playfully asked after dinner (in the absence of Francis) if he had discovered the author, replied "I cannot say whether or not Francis is Junius; but he has quite convinced me he is Brutus!"

him for sending the 'Literary Gazette,' though it was already on his table, as from early years Mr. G. has always taken the 'Literary Gazette.' Whatever are the courtesies to which Mr. Jerdan's note alludes, Mr. Jerdan's lavish hand has very far exceeded any that he can have received.

"Hamilton Street, 27th December, 1842."

The other illustration of my subject appertains to no less a personage than the celebrated Lord Chancellor Eldon. My correspondence with him (it was during the long vacation, when he was shooting in Dorsetshire) was very amusing. I sent down the printed pages, and had them back with many queries, "Where I got this, and how I had ascertained that?" True to the idiosyncrasy of the man, every minute particular was sifted, and its accuracy doubted and determined. One of the letters especially, required of me to state on what grounds I had fixed the date on which he was called to the bar. Instead of being the 15th of the month, he thought it was either the 16th or the 17th; and in order to be precise in the matter, his Lordship directed me to go to an office, which he described, in the Middle Temple, down the steps from the fountain towards the river, and turning round to the left, I should find it behind the angle of the Hall! If the information was not recorded there, I was to seek it in a locality equally well defined, in the City; and a brace of birds of the Chancellor's own shooting (though he was but an indifferent shot), arrived with the instructions, to reward me for my trouble.

But the most characteristic trait of the whole was a correction of my account of his runaway marriage. I had penned it in all the flourishing style of a penny-a-liner, much to my own satisfaction, and, as I fancied, hardly to be surpassed even in a novel description of a love event of the sort. The

finely-poised language occupied above half a page of type—so prettily expressed, and so delicately shaded, that it seemed impossible not to admire it—but what was my feeling of affront, when the "proof" was returned with my beautiful piece of penmanship ruthlessly struck out, and on the margin the following correction written in the Lord Chancellor's own proper hand.

"Soon after this distinction [gaining the Chancellor's prize at Oxford in 1781] an event took place which, by uniting him with a helpmate for ever, put fellowships and college provisions beyond his aim. Eloping with Miss Surtees, the daughter of a banker at Newcastle, to Scotland, they were married, as it has been reported, to the great displeasure of her family."

With this morsel, the only specimen that I am aware of, of the manner in which a really great and distinguished man would write his autobiography, and a model which I wish I could have more closely copied, I bid adieu to my memoranda touching "Fisher's National Portrait Gallery."

CHAPTER XVII.

OF LITERARY CHARACTERS—CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ: ROBERT MONTGOMERY, MARY ANN BROWNE, ELIZA COOK, DR. BOWRING, LADY BLESSINGTON, MRS. LOUDON, MRS. CARTER HALL.

Come like shadows—so depart.

FAITHFUL to my principle, ever as fresh candidates for literary fame arose, it was to me a source of great pleasure to do all that lay in my power to foster their aspirations, and, in many cases, to advise their course and guide their steps. According to circumstances, I thus became a sort of literary tutor, and the "Gazette" the expositor of my mind with respect to the talents and future prospects of the persons whose productions I exemplified, and whose hopes I cherished. In glancing through a portion of these endeavours I find the names of numbers who have since attained to eminence in the republic of letters; and it is a matter on which I feel something like pride, that my judgment in these cases has very rarely been falsified. As regards actors, artists, and authors, my predictions have been verified by the results with extraordinary fidelity; inasmuch as, among all my multitudinous adventures in the prophetic line, I can scarcely fix upon half-a-dozen which have not realised my opinions, and fulfilled my anticipation.

When Mr. Robert Montgomery commenced his career, he was roughly handled and greatly discouraged by the critical authorities. Well might he have poured out Churchill's denunciation :—

> Look through the world, in every other trade
> The same employment's cause of kindness made;
> At least appearance of good-will creates,
> And every fool puffs off the fool he hates;
> Cobblers with cobblers smoke away the night,
> And in the common cause e'en players unite:
> Authors alone, with more than savage rage,
> Unnatural war with brother authors wage.

I believe I stood almost alone in vindicating for Montgomery that poetic character which has since been ratified by the public voice, and even conceded by those who used to rail at his productions, and improve their critical censures by attacks of personal ridicule. He has, however, by strange good fortune, written down the former, and outlived the latter, by twenty-five or more editions of the "Omnipresence of the Deity," twelve editions of "Satan, or Intellect without God," ten editions of the "Messiah," eight editions of "Oxford, or Alma Mater," as many of "Woman," six editions of "Luther," and repeated editions of his minor publications! I persuade myself that this immense popularity proves more than I ever affirmed of the poet's merits, and augured of his success. My warmth in favour of his youthful efforts was no doubt founded upon the sense I entertained of their intrinsic deserts, but it was probably increased by the ungenerous, unhandsome, and unjust manner in which they were assailed by a clique of writers of that superabundant class who seem to fancy that authors are made to be tortured, as wicked schoolboys torment cock-chaffers, transfix them with a painful instrument, and then laugh at their writhing gyrations and wretched groans. The argument, from Fun to Death, is nevertheless a very

wanton and cruel one, and slight reflection might teach even the would-be clever, and the certainly thoughtless, that the offence of publishing a book ought not to provoke so severe an infliction as heart-breaking mortification and crushed hopes, and, not seldom, deeply-injured fortunes in the grand struggle of life: Heaven knows, the sin too often brings its own punishment, and heavy enough, without the bitterness of accumulated griefs and added penalties.

The adverse press, however, prevailed so egregiously against the *début* of Robert Montgomery (who was falsely accused of a wish to pass off his work as the performance of James, the beautiful and venerable bard of Sheffield), that, on his work being what is called "subscribed" by Maunder, then starting as a bookseller, the whole Trade took only six copies! But the "Literary Gazette" reviews soon turned the scale, and when the third edition was called, the publisher, in thanking me, stated that he had sold 2000 copies over the counter in ten days—a poetical sale unequalled since the days of "Childe Harold." The "Times" newspaper distinguished itself by opposing the run made against the young author, and a laudatory criticism in that powerful organ most materially improved his poetic and prosaic condition, and augmented the demand for his productions. Fame and Fortune are lovely twins, and so rarely born in the marriage state of literature, that we may well congratulate the party on whom such a blessing is shed. Professor Wilson, in the potent "Blackwood" also put in a good word for "Satan" and his followers, in verse; and Wordsworth, Crabbe, Bowles, Southey, and other eminent authorities, bore their friendly testimony to the accession of a brother poet. His great consequent success has furnished a remarkable comment on the cavil and, literally, hooting with which his early appearance was encountered. I believe

that little short of eighty or ninety thousand of his volumes have been circulated in various forms throughout his native country, besides large sales in America and to a great extent on the continent. I think the last publication, "The Christian Life," is running an equally successful course. Two elder pieces, a satire called "The Age Reviewed," and another "The Puffiad," I have lost sight of, and therefore I suppose they have not been reprinted; and the former met with strong and decided disapprobation at my hands, notwithstanding their author had been introduced and welcomed to very intimate terms and social attentions in my house, where he had opportunities of meeting persons to whom it was not undesirable that a rising bard should be known. Referring to the above-mentioned satirical publication, as it is not given to many to be able to write "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," its intemperate spirit and coarseness provoked my ire, and I visited it with the sharpest reproof I could pen; for *fiat justitia* was the motto, and I considered it an outrage upon public taste and justice. It was indeed altogether discreditable even to the boyhood of the author, and received that castigation from the "Literary Gazette" which was never applied except in cases of notorious delinquency. Next year, when the "Omnipresence of the Deity" was published, I hailed it with the applause it deserved, as belonging to the highest class of English sacred poetry; and the annexed letter will show how both censure and praise were received.

"My dear Sir,

"I trouble you with this line merely to say that Montgomery has written to me from Bath, desiring me to give you his most grateful thanks, and expressing himself in terms which do honour to him, and which are well me-

rited by you. He says the libraries literally rung with your praise. How your noble conduct has galled that cur, * * * [a literary gent. presumed to be toady to Richardson], he hardly knows how to be venomous enough. Poor devil! he puts me in mind of a yelping cur, with a tin-kettle (Richardson) tied to his tail. Lord! how the diamond poet* pays for his whistle. I am told their *bonâ fide sale* does not reach 250, but that they *give away* 500, many of which are stamped.

"I beg you will accept my sincere acknowledgments for all kindnesses, and believe me,

"My dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

"SAMUEL MAUNDER.

"The book goes off well."

When Mary Ann Browne, in her fifteenth year, produced her precocious poem of "Mont Blanc," long before Albert Smith got enthusiastic about, and ascended that giant mountain, I hastened, as usual, to welcome the bud of promise, which I pronounced to be fair and fragrant, and asking but fostering care and judicious training to make it a graceful and a lasting shrub beside our English Helicon. Such sounds were music to the young girl's ear, and a grateful letter from her father quickly acknowledged the kindness, and enclosed to me a sweet composition for the "Gazette," entitled "The Native Land," which received immediate insertion, and was the prelude to a number of charming poems from the same finely-gifted being. Among these was an attractive series called "Firsts and Lasts," to which

* This was D. L. Richardson, a poet of sonnets, &c., in a very small way, but so egregiously vain and greedy of praise, that he published a diamond edition of his volume, and appended to it a hundred quotations from provincial and other newspapers, &c., in its praise; nearly every one of which had been sent from head-quarters as puff paragraphs, together with the bribe of advertisements (see p. 90). This was a way to do critical business!

the following letter alludes, and the two which follow it refer to a momentary tiff between Mr. Editor and his petted contributor, and are graphic samples of the irritable genus, even in fair young bosoms :—

"My dear Sir,

"I send three more 'Firsts and Lasts.' I intend, if I can possibly squeeze as many out of my brain, to make this series consist of twelve. But if I cannot make so many, you're not to be affronted. I shan't make any apologies about these being longer than the first, because I 've known you put pieces of Miss Landon's in three times as long. By the by, I 'll get you to give her the enclosed note, if she is returned. If not, give or send it to her the first opportunity. Thank you for noticing * * * It's very well you did, or you would have been minus any more 'Firsts and Lasts,' as my patience was beginning to get rather threadbare, and it must be a great deal, indeed, that wears out my angelic temper ! ! !

"Love to all as usual, from Martha and myself; Papa and Mamma send kind compliments. Tell Agnes Martha has found the knife she wrote to her about, so she need not make any further search for it.

"I remain, dear Sir, yours very truly,

"M. A. B."

"Dear Sir,

"I am very much astonished you do not either send my 'Farewell' or the history of its fate. I had flattered myself it was not one of the very worst things I ever wrote, and its not having been in the 'Gazette' is a matter of marvel to me, my *puzzlement* not being lessened by your saying it was in print already. Where ? that is what I have

asked you twice before, and I take it unfriendly and unkind that you do not write a few lines, which would not occupy you five minutes, to satisfy me as to what has become of it. Pray let me hear as soon as possible. Yours truly,

"M. A. BROWNE.

"Worton Lodge, Isleworth."

"My dear Sir,

"When I last wrote I had not received your letter, mine must have passed it on the road. I write to say I am very sorry there should have been any misunderstanding between us, which I now discover was all through your substituting the word *print* for *type*. You sent me word the 'Farewell' was in print, which I always understand to mean *printed*,* and which I think most people would take in that sense. It now seems you meant in *type*, ready for printing.* I did not tell you to destroy the 'Farewell,' I asked you to send it back, or said I would transmit it to the 'Morning Post' on receiving the MS. from you. The piece I said I had sent to that paper was the 'Lines on New Year's Day!!' However, I should be very sorry, on account of former friendship, that there should be any ill-feeling between us, when it can be avoided. I thank you for your expressions of kindness towards me, which I believe to be sincere. Therefore, if you have no objection we will, though ten miles apart, mentally shake hands and give the matter *bon repos*. In future, therefore, let me subscribe myself,

"Your very sincere friend,

"MARY ANN BROWNE.

"By the by, you were in precious humour last time you

* Two neat blunders: for 1st, publishing, and 2nd, being really printed.—W. J.

wrote *Dear Miss Browne,* and every line as stiff as buckram —Good-bye.

(*On back of letter.*) "Pray read it, for it's the clearing-up shower."

There was much piquancy and charm in the conversation as well as the writings of poor Mary Ann Browne, whose early loss I sincerely lamented. She was a most unaffected and affectionate creature. I often had the pleasure of seeing her in Brompton, and her acquaintance with L. E. L. was all that was amiable and cordial.

For the sake of female union, I skip over a lapse of time (some ten years) in order to say a few words about another of my great poetical favourites, and her entrance upon the wild district of print (where types and troubles grow) which she has since so laudably cultivated and embellished; for I also had the satisfaction to welcome into the field the now justly popular Eliza Cook. Struck by some of her productions, which she paid me the compliment to submit to me in manuscript, I availed myself of the ice being broken to pay a visit to the unknown writer at her neat, quiet, humble cottage residence in the Old Kent Road; and found, what I expected from the specimens, a frank, feeling, and right-minded correspondent, not so juvenile as Mary Ann Browne, but yet so young and inexperienced as to increase my admiration of the talent she possessed, and its touching direction to the great end of ameliorating the condition of her fellow-creatures. As the needle points to the pole, so did her inherent philanthropy seem ever to point to the improvement of the lowly, and her sympathies to be awakened by the sufferings, only to be devoted to the promotion of the happiness of the oppressed. Her mind and heart were even then in the mission she has so zealously and beneficially pursued.

The interest I took in bringing her forward was rewarded by the presentation of a number of her most deservedly popular minor poems, and I may best explain the nature of the relative interchange of friendly good offices which ensued, by affording my readers a peep into the private correspondence of Eliza Cook.

The theme of her first letter was—

STANZAS.

Few years ago I deem'd the tomb
A dreary place to think upon ;
I shiver'd in the churchyard gloom,
And sicken'd at a bleaching bone.

Then all were round my warm young heart,
Each kindred tie, each cherish'd form ;
I knew not what it was to part,
And give them to the grave and worm.

But soon I lost the gems of earth,
I saw the dearest cold in death ;
And sorrow changed my laughing mirth
To searing drops and sobbing breath.

I stood by graves all dark and deep,
Pale, voiceless, wrapt in mute despair,
And left my soul's adored to sleep
In stirless, dreamless, slumber there.

And now I steal at night to see
The soft, clear moonbeams playing o'er
Their hallow'd beds, and long to be
Where all most prized have gone before.

Now I can calmly gaze around
On tablet stones, with yearning eye,
And murmur o'er the grassy mound :
" 'Tis a glorious privilege to die."

The Grave hath lost its conquering might,
And Death its dreaded sting of pain,
Since they but ope the path of light
To lead me to the lov'd again.—Eliza Cook.

On these lines it seems I had offered some critical remarks, upon which I received the following :—

"5, St. George's Street, Albany Road,
Old Kent Road.

"DEAR SIR,—

"My 'fastidious master' has a pupil, who deems herself honoured by the trouble he bestows on her, and begs to tell him his kind and just criticism is well appreciated; my muse is wild, and my judgment very immature and crazy, but such bland correction as yours at once quickens my perceptions and awakens my gratitude. I have endeavoured to alter the first stanza, whether for the better you must decide—

Few years ago I shunn'd the tomb,
And turned me from a tablet stone,
I shivered, &c.

and the sixth stanza thus:—

Now I can calmly gaze around
On osiered heaps with yearning eye.

"The lines were written in tears, very hastily, and rather from the heart than head, but I am glad you think them passable. Many thanks for your decision as to my right of selling the songs. I can now set all doubting fearing mortals at rest.

"My reason for paying the postage was this—I thought unpaid letters might be refused at the office, but I now address in your name; if I do wrong, tell me so. You had better not pay postage to me, so this is fair warning, there is much pleasure in spending some twopences. If you can conveniently forward me a 'Gazette,' I shall be a happy recipient.

"Yours obliged and sincerely,

"ELIZA COOK.

"To W. JERDAN, Esq."

The next inquiry, I think, led to a satisfactory result.

"DEAR SIR,—

"I venture to trouble you with a question, which I trust your kindness will excuse, as I know of none so likely to solve it, nor to whom I would so confidently apply. The affair is this. The songs of mine which have appeared in the 'Dispatch,' have attracted the notice of musical composers, who give me a fair price for them, lately I have sold many to N. J. Sporle, but he has been told by some person that the words being already published may be appropriated by *any one*, and turned to profit, that they cease to be my property, and that I cannot sell them. Now this seems hardly probable, and I am certain not *just*. I take no remuneration from the 'Dispatch' proprietors, consequently the copyright is not *theirs*. No composer or publisher has yet thought proper to risk publication without applying to me, and those who have been long in the trade have told me the poetry is still my sole property, although printed in a weekly journal; but the declaration that I cannot secure them has so alarmed my friend Mr. Sporle, that if you would enable me to give him a decided answer, you would much oblige me. Your knowledge on literary matters induces me to address you, and I only hope you will not consider me too presuming if I beg the favour of a line at your leisure.

"Yours most sincerely,

"ELIZA COOK."

To return to somewhat earlier dates, Dr. Bowring, only a few nights ago at a Lord Mayor's *fête*, did me the favour to remember that when he was, as yet, a comparatively little known author, and I, a popular wight with an influential

weekly trumpet at my mouth, I had paid just tribute to his productions, and helped to swell the note of his literary reputation. With a graceful acknowledgment of this old service, he introduced me to his son, who has so fully inherited the abilities of his father, and distinguished himself in the performance of official public duties which required no small degree of intelligence and capacity. I mention incidents of this kind, because they are very grateful to feelings unblunted by age, and because I am sorry to say they are by no means common.

Of Croly, Proctor, and others of yet earlier dates, I have already spoken so much that I need not include them in this list—though I have materials of much interest, tempting me to encroach even on my now prescribed limits —but I must run over a few other names, out of a great number, which I now at least am obliged to pass in silence, some of them endeared to me by strong ties of friendship, and others connected with agreeable recollections of mutual kindnesses and regard.

Mais encore places aux dames! Of three ladies as different from each other as the three Goddesses Venus, Juno, and Minerva, who contended for the golden apple on Mount Ida, I have therefore to speak; thankful that I am not the Paris, with the discordant task of awarding the prize to one, but simply the critic who has to pronounce a few sentences on the merits of all three. Lady Blessington, Mrs. Loudon, and Mrs. Carter Hall must therefore come into court. Of the first, having already spoken, I shall here merely repeat that having advised her with her first literary production "The Magic Lantern," from that period I visited her constantly in St. James's-square, Mayfair, and Gore House; and the more I saw and knew of her, the more I loved her kind and generous nature, her disposition

to be good to all, and her faithful energy to serve her friends. Full of fine taste, intelligence, and animation, she was indeed a loveable woman ; and, by a wide circle, she was regarded as the centre of a highly intellectual and brilliant society. As an author and editor of "Heath's Annuals," for some years, Lady Blessington received considerable sums. I have known her enjoy from her pen, an amount somewhere midway between 2000*l.* and 3000*l.* per annum, and her title as well as talents had considerable influence in "ruling high prices," as they say in Mark Lane and other markets. To this also, her well-arranged parties, with a publisher, now and then, to meet folks of a style unusual to men in business, contributed their attractions ; and the same society was in reality of solid value towards the production of such publications as the annuals, the contents of which were provided by the editor almost entirely from the pens of private friends, instead of being dearly brought from the "balaam" refuse of celebrated writers.

In the earlier trials of Miss Jane Webb, now Mrs. Loudon, I took an earnest interest : in fact, I saved her from sinking, when first exposed to the struggle which a female venturing upon the rugged path of literature is sure to experience. "The Mummy" is a production of great talent and imaginative power. After its publication, and ways and means were needed to "carry on the war," the amiable Miss Spence and Miss Webb concerted a periodical between them, which was to be called "The Tabby's Magazine;" and a gracious proposal was made that L. E. L. and myself should join the projectors, in which case Mr. Ollier thought it would do exceedingly well, and Miss Webb was convinced that Colburn would publish it, and it would have a prodigious run! The promise was that our true allies would trespass as little on my time as possible, undertake

any share of the drudgery; and Miss Webb could pledge herself to do a great deal if she had a master hand to direct her—as for dear Miss Spence, she would be perfectly tractable, as she almost worshipped me and thought my opinion infallible! What flattering creatures the sex are; especially when they wish to carry any object. But alas,

> The best laid schemes of mice and men
> Gang oft agee;

and of women too; and the Tabby design fell to the ground, without the experiment of a single scratch upon the public. Miss Spence, fortunately had a law-suit decided in her favour, but Miss Webb, thrown upon her own resources for several years after the death of her father and natural protector, fought a stirring fight with literary exertion, as her "Hungarian Tales," "Conversations on History and Chronology," "Stories of a Bride," and other clever works amply testify; but she fell into severe sickness, and it was under the concomitant circumstance that I had it in my power to perform the essential duties of a friend. Indeed if I had failed, the consequences would have been dreadful; but I lived to see my esteemed client united to my also much-esteemed friend and coadjutor Mr. Loudon, with whom she led a comfortable and happy life to the end of his days. Of herself, Miss Webb, in the time of her difficulty, truly said, "I have naturally an independent spirit and wish to maintain myself; but I am not fitted to struggle with the world. I cannot put myself forward, and I cannot make bargains [*i.e.* with publishers]. I am soon depressed, and when any one finds fault with any of my productions, instead of defending them, I throw them in the fire. I try to overcome this feeling, but I cannot. The phrenologists say that conscientiousness and

love of approbation are my two strongest qualities, and that I have no self-esteem. I believe they are right. Forgive this loquacity."

This is a lively sketch of author-feeling, and when one reflects on the sensitive traits it exhibits, it ought still more forcibly to impress the humane conviction, how base and cruel it is to lacerate and crush emotions so innocent and aspirations so laudable. In Miss Webb's "Stories of a Bride," was exemplified the benefit to be derived from attention to common-sense criticism. Whilst it was printing, a review appeared in the "Gazette," in which I censured the foolish fashion of interlarding English books with phrases and scraps of French on which Miss Webb (now in good heart with prospects of farther success) sportively writes to me, "I am sorry to say that my 'Bride' is rather Frenchified, and makes use of more foreign phrases than I should have permitted her to do, if I had read your very able and very witty quiz upon Frenchified English in last week's 'Gazette,' As it is, I have translated all the phrases that I dared, without running the risk of sending Mr. Bentley and all his devils to Bedlam." On the eve of her marriage, the last time before changing the name I had at any rate done my best to elevate on the roll of literary merit, my too grateful friend writes to announce the coming event, and to assure me that "Mrs. Loudon will never forget the kindness shown to the friendless and unprotected Jane Webb." And here it is fit to draw the curtain.

With Mrs. Hall I had not the pleasure of a maiden acquaintance; but I enjoyed that gratification with regard to her works, and, from the first to the last of them, have been their undeviating admirer and her steadfast friend. It is after so long an interval, a sort of literary and

human triumph, to confess that more than the panegyric bestowed was warranted, and more than the esteem deserved. The fancy of her mind and the purity of her taste seemed to my judgment to animate and refine her "Irish Tales," without the slightest injury to their natural or comic effects, or the portraiture of the lowest characters among the dramatis personæ. Her "Juvenile Forget-me-not," and all her writings intended for the moral instruction of tender years, also always won my warmest approbation. There are very few writers in this line of literature who do not grossly fail in their aim, and, instead of teaching the young idea how to shoot straight forward, push the shooters into so false a position, that if they shoot at all, they can only shoot round corners. Consistency in addressing unformed intellect and paring down thoughts and style to childish comprehension, so as to produce beneficial fruits, is a rare quality. The main lesson for good is often marred by bad lessons unintentionally woven into the details. A parent will tell a lie to induce a child to do something or other; and the child perhaps seeing through the transparency and laughing it to scorn, will be terribly punished for its crime of disobedience. I could point out many examples of the same kind of errors; but I never detected Mrs. Hall in the slightest mistake of such a nature, and therefore I ever prized her compositions for juvenile readers, even as much as the most popular of those she has produced for mature age. I cannot say I like too much of the schoolmistress, whose tiresome task often begets a spirit of prudish superiority and dogmatism (as male pedagogues are apt to become pharisaical and tyrannical); and it is one of Mrs. Hall's great merits to steer so clear of this rather repulsive habitude. On the contrary, there is a winning quietude and feminine persuasiveness in her teaching which

has always pleased me, and her purpose has always been of a beneficent order; just as in her "Barbara," intended for female children of a larger growth, she inculcated the useful truth that woman is never loved for her talents, but for her domestic and gentle virtues.

I suppose there never was a literary brain that did not, at some time or other, contemplate new projects, and indulge in episodiac escapades, which were either left unfinished, or finished only to be laid upon the shelf. Perhaps Mrs. Hall herself has forgotten the schemes respecting which she did me the honour to consult me, but I have met with her memoranda for writing a History of Music, with biographical sketches of celebrated musicians, and an account of the rise and progress of national music from the earliest syllables of recorded time. I think such a work would be likely to be well received, and that her pen would have done, and might still, if she has preserved the materials, do justice to it. Another note refers to a History of Birds, suggested by her fondness for natural history from girlhood; and which I have no doubt she would have written, as she thought she would, *con amore*; but there are so many and such various publications on ornithology, that it would not be easy for a fresh attempt to make itself heard among the scientific noises, fierce screams, charming melodies, and endless chirpings of such a number of clamorous candidates for notice. Then Mrs. Hall did actually write a play, in three acts, the fate of which is hidden from my sight: and I can but vouch for the fact.

Her contributions to the "Literary Gazette" were a grateful reward; but I may, I am sure, dip, without offence, into less public *litera scripta* to show how much the office of kindly, yet impartial, criticism is valued by the most deserving. In one instance I had pointed out

blemishes in one of her productions, and she, playfully in earnest, informs me of a domestic sick-room, which had occupied her time and feelings to the exclusion of everything else. "This," she tells, "prevented my looking over the proof-sheets as carefully as I ought. Must you indeed notice these blunders? I will never do so any more, I never did so before, and as it is my first offence! There is truly no valid excuse for presenting a faulty work to the public; but the theory of perfection and perfectibility ought, I think, and must, I fear, yield a little to the accidents and necessities of humanity." In another letter from Mrs. Hall, at Christmas time, in reply to one of mine, years after we had suffered deeply deplored losses, the sentiment is so touchingly, though familiarly, expressed, that I am tempted to transcribe it. "I quite think with you about this 'merrie season,' thank God there are blessings left to us! but the memory of the friends long linked together—gone for ever from our circle—of those whose voice was the music our hearts loved best, and whose place can never be filled up—comes to us all, and makes the small anxieties—the small and evil *nothings* upon which we are too apt to throw away both time and mind—seem mean and worthless. It makes us also regard those left still to labour through this world, with feelings of kinder regard. I think I discover new beauties in every face, and fancy the wrinkles of my dear old friends far more beautiful than the dimples of the new ones." . . . At the same season, in the following year, I am greeted with yet warmer expressions of regard, which I quote, not only on grounds of personal gratification, but as an example of the alliance which, in well-regulated minds, is almost sure to arise out of the collision of liberal criticism and meritorious literature. Integrity in the one, and superiority in the

other, lead to such proofs as the annexed, dated on Christmas Day :—

"The Rosery, Old Brompton.

"DEAR MR. JERDAN,

"Thank you a thousand times for your kind notice of my book. It would be impossible for any review to touch me as that has done : it brought back the last twelve years —it brought back the hour of *intense* anxiety, when the 'Gazette' lay for an hour upon my table, and yet I had not courage to cut the page—and when I read, I well remember the tears of pure joy that burst from my eyes ; those feelings do not often return, but I hope they are never forgotten.

"To me, your name has ever borne the consciousness of wise friendship. You encouraged and cheered me ; and I do not think I ever finished a chapter or a tale without wondering, 'What the "Literary Gazette" would say of that!'

"I think you must enjoy, even at this season, when we all look back upon what we have lost, much real happiness from the knowledge that you have always fostered young talent, given circulation to opinions calculated to promote the influence of religion and morality, and never inflicted a careless wound on any living thing.

"Yours, faithfully and sincerely,

"ANNA MARIA HALL."

As the Cockneys sing, "(H)all's well"; but other images crowd upon me, and the phantasmagoria is overwhelming. My endeavour to recal and revive them all is hopeless. A cyclopædia is wanted.

In short, the auto-biographic form will not admit of the weaving in so miscellaneous a pattern, and at this period of

my work I am only the more convinced of the fact that I had saddled myself with a most intractable machinery. By means of diary and correspondence, I should have been more orderly and lucid, and the draughts upon memory for the concoction together of connected parts, less imperative and less frequently dishonoured.

Upon this said Memory I have a word to observe to my contemporaries, who, like myself, are often complaining of its slips and deficiencies. Now, it appears to me that we have not quite so much reason for this murmur as we imagine. It is not, in fact, that our memory serves us so badly, as that, having so much more to do, so many more things to remember, in Age than in Youth, it is not surprising that it should be oblivious to a portion of the load! It gives more scope, too, for those curious phenomena of the mind, which, by the windings of a chain or its links, over which the Will has neither power nor control, works the strange work of Re-collecting, which, evolved by this process and in this manner, is a faculty widely different from that of mere direct Re-membrance.

Hoping that I may live and have the opportunity to fashion some of my multitudinous materials (embracing many busy years) into the more practicable shape I have indicated; I must now run very briefly and hastily over a summary of personal and literary relations, which sweetened and variegated the time to which my later chapters have been devoted, and trust to a few letters casually rescued from my heaps, to afford a little farther illustration of my imperfect roll-call.*

Again I give the first place to the sex, and mention with pleasurable feelings the immediate cheering I offered to the earliest publications of Mrs. Bray, Mrs. Gore, Miss

* See Appendix.

Costello, Miss Agnes Strickland, Miss Sheridan, Miss Emma Roberts, Miss Jewsbury, Lady Charlotte Bury, Miss Sinclair, Mrs. Shelley, Mrs. Jameson, and other female ornaments of our literature; not to mention my passing tributes to the works of the Misses Porter, Miss Benger, Hannah More, Lucy Aikin, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Hofland, and other established public favourites. With the majority of them I ever after maintained a cordial intimacy, and with nearly all the rest a very friendly acquaintance. Of the friendship with which Mrs. Bray and Miss Roberts, especially, rewarded my impartial testimony to their great merits, the former as one of our most eminent novelists, and the latter as a very successful cultivator of the belles lettres, was a source of much gratification to me. Mrs. Bray still lives to adorn her station, and listen to the applause of her country; the excellent Emma Roberts has fallen a victim to the climate of India, in the midst of the useful labours on which she was engaged for the beneficial development of our mighty, but yet very partially understood, Asiatic Empire.

But when I come to glance at the list of male friends, with whom my vocation and active enterprise in every matter that concerned the Arts and Literature connected me, I find myself overwhelmed even within the limited circle of three or four short years. I cannot enumerate them, far less describe the various kinds and degrees of future intercourse to which they led. Shall I try an approximate but very partial classification?

Pennie, the author of "The Royal Minstrel," a heroic poem of much poetic power, in twelve books, and afterwards of "Rogvald," both written in his humble cot at Lulworth, in the midst of mental distraction and (literally) physical starvation, was speedily brought under my notice, and had no cause to regret the circumstance. Haydon and his

miseries came closer home, and excited far stronger sympathies. Gerald Griffin has already been alluded to; and Miller, the basket-maker, when he began his chequered career, in an especial manner attracted my admiration, and won my esteem and services. A specimen of his handicraft is much cherished in my study, and when I look upon its neat construction, twistings, involutions, and pretty bordure (now somewhat the worse for wear), I cannot help breathing the heartfelt wish that the author who sprung from its lowly manufacture may, after all his twists and turns of fortune, be enjoying a like repose, and be viewed with as much regard both for his useful and ornamental merits. But, beyond this, I also sincerely hope that the various and remarkable talents he has displayed may have, at length, ensured that consideration to which they are so eminently entitled, and that the old school-book apologue of the travelled courtier and the basket-maker, who were cast upon the shore of a barbarous people, has been reversed in his case, among a people proud or boastful of civilisation. That such a man should have to struggle to the end, would be a shame to his country; but if such do fall on evil days, what can their country, as represented by its rulers, do for them? The resplendent government of England, which collects and dispenses above fifty millions of golden sovereigns every twelvemonths, has, at its disposal, just the amount of an upper clerk's or minor commissioner's salary, for the encouragement of the nation's genius and learning, and the succour of those who are reduced to distress or perishing in the cause. The parsimonious dole, indeed, is a national stigma: a beggar once solicited charity from an opulent passer-by, who seemed to regard him with looks of pity and compassion, and lamented his want of small money to bestow upon him. As it happened, there lay a halfpenny

before them on the road, which the miser hastened to pick up, and the poor man again put up his voice for the boon. But charity which begins at home, seldom goes out; and the answer he got to his prayer was, "No, no, find a half-penny for yourself, poor fellow!"

My countrymen who came to push their literary fortunes in London, were always welcome to my hospitalities and help in their pursuits; and those whom I only knew through correspondence, failed not to find my pen prompt to espouse their interests. Thomas Pringle, A. Picken, Wilson, the Scottish ballad minstrel, recommended by Blackwood, Mackay the famous Baillie Nicol Jarvie, recommended by Scott, and almost all the classes who had public objects in view, either came or were consigned to me as to a friend; and such honours to my native land as Professor Wilson, Moir, Pollok, Motherwell, Galt, Burnes (of eastern fame), J. B. Frazer and Baillie, Tytler and the two brothers Chambers—my compatriots, who have accomplished so much for the instruction and elevation of the humbler orders wherever the English language is read—all, received the earnest homage of the "Literary Gazette," and the use of its utmost exertions to promote the success of their delightful productions and augment the influence of their philanthropic labours. I was well kept up to the knowledge of what was doing in the Edinburgh school, which had raised itself from provincial dependency into so noble and flourishing a head of literary enterprise, by incessant missives from Constable, Blackwood, James Ballantine, Cadell, and others, writers and publishers, whose industry and kindness in supplying me with information, crammed me with the news, and were very valuable in filling up my weekly measures of intelligence.

Nor was I less fortunate in my relations with Ireland

and Irishmen. With Lover, from the first day he saw London to that which now shines over us, in spite of a November fog, and I listen, with new delight to the new lyrics he is adding to my ample "repertoire," of those which have charmed me for five-and-twenty years, I have been united in the bonds of uninterrupted friendship. Song he never sang that was not previously submitted to my judgment, and I think I may assert that my predictions with regard to their lesser or greater popularity were invariably realised. When they elicited tears of emotion, as in the "Baby was Sleeping," the "Fairy Boy," in which the climax of ultimate lines is so exquisite, the "Letter," the "Four-leaved Shamrock," and others of pathos, or when they provoked bursts of laughter, as "Molly Carew," "Widow Mac Cree," "The Shadow on the Wall," &c. &c., there was no fear of their not ringing through the length and breadth of the land; and when there was great approbation, but not quite so much enthusiasm, the compositions were generally obliged to range in the second rank. Poet, painter, musician, and Irish genre-novelist, and dramatic author—accomplished in all, the earning of such association is a requital for any number of literary good offices, done for any number of deserving candidates. In this way editors may balance accounts to their own manifest advantage.

Mr. Crofton Croker was for many years a great ally of mine in the "Gazette," and his very numerous contributions, derived not only from his own literary and antiquarian tastes, but from his access to information as a clerk in the Admiralty, were generally very acceptable. Our intimacy was consequently as close as our intercourse was frequent; and many a humorous ebullition and piece of practical joke attended it. For devising and executing these, his

better-half displayed a masterly invention, and I look back at their frolic and fun with a renewed sensation of mirth, which, as the sickly Yorkshire wench said when her sweetheart proposed—"maks be laugh, tho' I be scarcely yable." But the lady's talents for pleasantry were often exhibited in a most entertaining manner. She wrote in as original and clever a style as I ever met with, and I may venture to illustrate the good fortune of my ancient *confrère* in having so congenial a partner, by relieving this categorical list with three specimens of her amusing correspondence. The first relates to a part of Fisher's portrait gallery, in which there was a portrait of Earl Howe,

"My dear Sir,—

"Pray accept my best thanks for the beautiful number of the 'Portrait Gallery' you were good enough to send me yesterday. The two first engravings, I think *perfect*, but the third has (to my eye) a kind of *Howe-came-you-so?* expression about it, as if he had just taken what Captain Hall calls a north-wester—videlicet, a half tumbler of rum filled up with rum and water.

"I do not know whether your experience leads you far enough to know that favours conferred on the female sex emboldens them to ask for more. If, acquainted with this fact, you will not be surprised that I should make direct application for the boon of a stray cookery-book, should such a thing be lying useless on your floor after undergoing the ceremony of reviewal. I have frequently asked Crofton to beg for me, but he is not yet quite epicure enough to remember the commission—which I assure you, to a *very* ignorant housekeeper, would be a most desirable possession.

"I was very sorry to hear your interior has been

disorderly, but hope Wardrop has set you to rights, and have no doubt he would say to you, as he once said to me, 'I'll tell ye *whot* ye'll doo Mess Nicholson—ye'll just tak a little doss.'

"When I see you again, I have still more to say to you, but this is 'all at present' from,

"Dear sir,

"Yours much obliged,

"MARIANNE CROKER.

"Rosery, August 2.

"P.S. It might appear impertinent in me to hint at the very *talented* manner in which the memoirs of the present number are 'got up.'"

The drollery of the following I presume to be unique.

"The Rosery, Friday, 26th August, 1831.

Son.	Daughter.
One.	

"My dear Mr. Jerdan,—

"I have the pleasure to inform you I was this evening safely delivered as per margin, and that I am doing as well as can be expected.

"I am, my dear Mr. Jerdan,

"Yours very truly,

"MARIANNE CROKER."

The last is not unworthy of its precursors.

"October 26.

"My dear Sir,—

"If you have heard how ill your godson has

been the last fortnight, you would excuse my not having sooner thanked you in his name for the *exquisite* little fork you sent the *dandy*. If you would not think the remark too sharp, I should say that in sending him a fork, you have proved yourself to be no *spoon*, and if you had not cut our acquaintance you might be diverted to see how scientifically he wields it. He cannot yet master the letter F, but he calls fork his god-ka-ka's kork on the appearance of every meal.

"As he is now tolerably well acquainted with his alphabet, I should be glad to know when you purpose commencing his instructions in the Catechism. I have taught him some pretty little tricks myself, but I leave the moral and religious part of his education in the hands of his worthy sponsors.

"I am daily more and more convinced that the Rosery must have been a sweet, attractive spot, so many of our friends used to come to see *it*. 'With which I am.'

"My dear Sir,

"Ever yours truly obliged,

"MARIANNE GREEN,

"(CROKER,

"I mean.)"

The Irish humours of a facetious husband were surely well played up to by a spirit like this, and it was the case in many instances when I begged "Mirth admit me of thy crew," and reaped lots of recreation from my prayer being granted. I have only to add in explanation that the birth announced was that of a young gentleman to whom I stood (with Mr. J. Wilson Croker) as one of the godfathers, and who I believe, in spite of my neglect, has grown up reverentially to follow in the footsteps of his sainted sire.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LITERARY LIST CONTINUED—GENERAL AINSLIE—SIR RUFANE DONKIN—SIR JOHN MALCOLM—DANDIE DINMONT—MR. S. PRATT—JOHN DICKINSON, F.R.S. —SIR WALTER SCOTT—COOLNESS—ABBOTSFORD SUBSCRIPTION.

> O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
> Retreat from care, that never must be mine:
> How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
> A youth of labour with an age of ease.
>
> GOLDSMITH.

I COULD not continue a somewhat dry list in the same chapter which contained the "admirable fooling" at the close of the last; and must, indeed, fall into the commonplace of making an index, instead of fulfilling my purpose of introducing elucidatory details and anecdotes. In the Arts, I have the gratification to rank Maclise among my friends from the Emerald Isle, notwithstanding my felonious destruction of his portrait of Soane. A little antique ring, of which I made offering to condone this insult to his art, was received with the flattering assurance that he would wear it whenever he desired to finish an excellent picture. I also number Sheridan Knowles among my lasting friendships, founded on such circumstances as I have described; and of Lever, Banim, Griffin, Carlton,

Keightley, and many more I can speak in terms of like kindly brotherhood.

In the body of my work I have so far mentioned Hook, Barham, Hood, Planché, C. Dance, Cruikshank, Gleig, Gaspey, Mudford, A. A., and Walter Henry Watts, Dagley, Pinnock, Maunder, Wiffen, Roby, Leigh Hunt, and Bucke, *cum multis aliis*, that I need not, with my dwindling space, revert to them; and with regard to other names it must suffice to notice, that—

With Barry I commenced on his first work, Brighton Church, 1827.

With Parris I went along as he performed his extraordinary task, the view of London in the Colosseum.

With Lough, too pre-eminent in sculpture to be an R.A., I began when his wonderful "Milo" astonished the world, and L. E. L. sang its pæan in the "Gazette."

For Stanfield I have never ceased to express the fervour of my admiration.

With the course of David Roberts I have held equal time and tone.

With Macready, from his *début* to his retirement from the stage, I sailed along the swelling tide.

Barker, the Old Sailor, I launched and supported upon it.

The Lords Aberdeen, Normanby, Porchester (Caernarvon), Mahon, Lindsey, Londesborough, and their peers, received the homage of my applause for the example they set in adorning the dignity of their rank with the nobler accomplishments of literature.

Darley, and Neele, and Edmund Reade, and T. K. Hervey, Dr. Mackay, B. Barton, and Ebenezer Elliott, as poets—C. B. Tayler, C. H. Townshend, as moralists—Colley Grattan, Horace Smith, as novelists—Elmes as an architect—Colonel Hawker as a sportsman's guide—H. Turner and

Thoms, as literary archæologists—Roscoes, Ritchie, St. Johns, as diligent and successful literati—Jesse, as an agreeable naturalist—Dr. Prior and Dr. Beattie as biographers—Owen as an English Cuvier—T. Wright as a classic antiquary and Anglo-Saxon scholar (whose contributions in later years greatly enriched the 'Gazette')—Dyce, Collier, and Halliwell as dramatic critics and editors—Palgrave as a learned scholar—Sir R. Murchison, Sedgwick, Buckland, as able geologists—Prof. E. Forbes as a man of general science and art—Sir J. Clarke Ross, as the chief of gallant navigators, but including all the rest—M. Milnes, Sir Emerson Tennent, and Sir T. Noon Talfourd, as elegant writers—Captain Blaquiere as a Greek patriot and author—G. Grote as a Greek historian—Sir Gardiner Wilkinson and Lane as high Egyptian authorities—Faraday as a profound philosopher, and Col. Sabine and W. Grove as his companions—J. Roach Smith as a most energetic explorer and expounder of ancient remains—are all types of classes, to aid whose beneficent purposes, and celebrate whose instructive progress has been the business of my life; and to that business I have stuck without drawback or flinching. Such men did not go about

> To cozen fortune and be honourable
> Without the badge of merit,

and therefore I could have no claim upon them for simply doing my duty where they led the way; but by most of them I have been treated with consideration and kindness, as if I had conferred favours; and again I put this forward as a ground for the advantages to be derived from a liberal and generous discharge of the critical functions, rather than the spiteful carping of envy and waspish censures of malevolence.

Not that the paths are all flowery, and the proceeds

redolent of honey. Rough passages must occur now and then; a little of the bitter be mingled with the sweet. I cannot forget the excellent poet, Mr. E. Reade, on taking leave of me for Italy, in the fulness of his heart, foreshadowing that, although an author, I might perchance enjoy an old age of ease, *otium cum dignitate*, and die wealthy; for he assured me that he had made his will, and, in case of fatal accident by flood or field, had bequeathed to me the entire copyright of all the poetry he had written—a considerable legacy in print, and still larger in MSS. Luckily, my worthy friend returned in safety, has published more, established himself higher in public opinion, married, and is not likely to retain me in his testament as his heir.

In passing over the valley which shrouds old friends from my earthly view, I must devote a few lines to the estimable General Ainslie, the arduous pursuivant of numismatic rarities, and author of the sterling work on Anglo-French coins.* Whilst in France—ready to race from Paris to Marseilles, or Toulouse, or Douay, or anywhere, for the acquisition of an unknown Aquitaine *billon* or unique English Henry or Edward farthing, unmentioned by Snelling, Ducarel, Duby, Du Cange, or Clayrac—I had many interesting letters from him, describing his enthusiastic pursuits. No foxhunter ever pursued the chase more

* General Ainslie's work "Illustrations of the Anglo-French Coinage," 4to., published by Hearne, Strand, London; and Blackwood, Edinburgh, 1830, is not only valuable to numismatists for its intelligence on its immediate subjects, but for the very interesting general historical notes which are added in explanation of many of the coins. These are extremely curious, and throw much light on the Plantagenet dominion of England in France. Of Mr. Hearne, the publisher, I ought to mention that among his own services to numismatics he rendered one of no mean order, when he followed up his and my worthy friend's chase, and after his death published a supplement to his coinage, consisting of no fewer than twenty-seven new and rare, or unique specimens.—W. J.

ardently than the General followed up his tally-ho, if he heard the jingle of a rare specimen, however distant; and thus he made his collection so valuable and celebrated. When he returned to England, our correspondence ripened into warm personal regard; and I found his conversation as replete with sage intelligence and good-humoured views of life, as his letters had been full of instruction and entertainment, of that kind which is almost peculiar to an educated and travelled Scots gentleman, who has seen much of the world, with ability to appreciate its ways and people, and a happy talent to describe them. I think, with all my experience, I never could communicate any novelty in exchange, except once, when I did teach him a stratagem he was not aware of before. We were walking together in Edinburgh, to breakfast with that credit to his country, Robert Chambers, when in Charlotte Square we fell in with

Twa dogs that werena thrang at hame,

but unlike the immortal Cæsar and Luath, they were neither fain o' ither, nor unco pack and thick thegither, but on the contrary one was a big bully of a mastiff, and worrying to the death a poor thing of a lady's lap-dog. It was all but over with the wretched Chloe; pull as you would, Hector would not quit his grip, till I hastily begged my friend's snuff-box, and shaking its contents over the belligerent's nose, he in a moment let go his hold, and scampered off with tail between his legs, sneezing (as the Yankees say) like all wrath. The General's hearty laugh crowned the exploit, which he never forgot nor ceased to describe.

I sincerely mourned his loss, but have had cause to be and am thankful that the mantle of his warm friendship descended upon the shoulders of the estimable Philip B. Ainslie, of Chertsey; in whose society I can recognise and re-enjoy the social and cordial qualities of his departed brother.

Another shade of agreeable association clings to the recollection of my intercourse with another General, Sir Rufane Donkin, though it commenced in the storm of a quarrel he had with the "Quarterly Review," about an article upon his publication, on the "Course and Termination of the Niger," which he asserted was both misquoted and misrepresented. But after this literary broil was got over, I had many pleasant days with this distinguished officer, whose anecdotes of the Peninsular campaigns, in which he took so eminent a part, were most curious and interesting. From such sources as the foregoing, editors acquire the information which is so invaluable to them, and through them, so valuable to the public. Sir Rufane's descriptions were very animated, and gave me clearer ideas of battles and the horrors of war than all that I ever read. The night bivouac, after Talavera, was full of horror, where the outposts of the rival armies were lying almost mingled together with the dead and dying on the bloody field, covered with rough grass and herbage, which caught fire, and the flames sweeping along, consumed in one appalling annihilation the corpses as they lay, and silenced the groans and shrieks of the wounded in everlasting sleep. The account of a movement of light artillery to occupy a vitally important position, and obliged to dash on, crushing and mangling the wounded who lie in their way, presented to the mind's-eye another vivid view of destruction and dismay. And the ludicrous (as in ordinary life) comes into contact with the dreadful. After the storming of a town, the commanding officers' ordinaries had to secure quarters for their chiefs, chalking their names at large on the outside of the mansions, and Sir Rufane's among the rest—but he was an Irishman, and while the others readily found their billets, the Adjutant-General rode about the streets

looking in vain for his place of repose. At last he met Paddy, in no gentle mood, and angrily inquired why his duty had been neglected: "Neglectèd! yere honour," replied the accused, "sure it 'id be the last thing I'd do; [do a neglect!] be my soul yere honour's is the best house in the place, and—oh—but—bother—surely I didn't score up yer name the inside room, and how could ye find it in the street?"

A like and greater intimacy with Sir John Malcolm; was productive of like enjoyments. Sir John was wont to tell one unvarying tale at the expense of my good border name. An English traveller, benighted on a bitter night, in the wilds of Liddisdale (where in later years Dandie Dinmont dwelt) got at last to a straggling village, in one attic, *i. e.*, second-floor of which, there was a light burning.

> How far this little candle sheds its light?
> So shines a good deed in a naughty world,

thought the wanderer. By repeated knocking on the door, he at length roused the inmate, an ancient crone, who opened the casement. "Is there any christians here," he exclaimed, "if so pray let me in for shelter!" "Na, na," responded the old lady, "na, na, gif ye want Christians ye maun ride to the next town—we are a' Jerdans and Johnstones here!" As some apology for this inhospitable act, I should state, that the family name of Christian was equally predominant in the town referred to. But I cannot leave Liddisdale without an anecdote of Dandie, which Scott has not used, and which is eminently significant of the original character. Dandie, attended by Pepper and Mustard (one of the breed of which, by-the-by, Lord Cadogan made a prodigious pet of) had run a fox into its hole, and he set to work to dig it out. He dug, and he dug a long way, but found no bottom; so he thrust in his arm's-length to feel if he might be near the end. He was nearer than he

thought; for reynard at his last retreat, suddenly snapt his fingers between his sharp teeth. Anybody else would have as suddenly snatched away their hand; but not so Dandie: he instantly closed his finger and thumb like a vice upon the doomed animal's nose, and exclaimed, "Noo sir, ye haud your grip, and I'll haud mine; and we'll see whether ye get me in, or I get you out!" There was a brush without a fox to hang to as a tale, in Mr. Dinmont's cozy parlour on that eventful eve.

In the opinions I was often called on to pronounce on new inventions, I was occasionally assisted by a somewhat singular character, the late Mr. Samuel Pratt, of Bond-street, whose passion for patents ranged between locomotives to propel tons and carpet brooms to lick up their own dust, and save the scattered tea-leaves for a second sale. He was a very ingenious person; in fact a mechanical genius, and I reaped much advantage from his aid, when any fresh contrivance demanded notice. On more important matters of machinery, the agencies of air, mercury, steam, or other great motive power, I frequently obtained the able scientific advice of Mr. John Dickinson, F.R.S., to guide me in my judgment. The "Gazette" was thus almost an infallible authority on such points; and the advantage of having so competent a friend to consult, was not deteriorated by having it communicated, after inspection, at his charming seat in Hertfordshire, where kindness warmed the house, and a little quiet sporting enlivened the farm. Of that abode at Abbot's Langley, I shall only say in addition, that it appears to me still more graceful in the landscape, since its owner gave land near at hand for the building of the Booksellers' Provident Institution, towards the support of which he is also a liberal subscriber.

But, as I have often had occasion to remark, all things

did not go on quite so smoothly, nor did all persons continue their attachment so faithfully. Matters sometimes got to be troublesome, and cronies inconstant or cold. Small affairs, and smaller misunderstandings, usually led to these temporary vexations. In 1829, the "Gazette" had to fight the battle of the Newspaper Stamp-duty (only now set at rest) with the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury. I, however, got over the Exchequer process, and established the unstamped exception to the law, which has since rendered such important service to my brotherhood, rivals, and imitators. I obtained this consideration in consequence of representing that "the plan of a literary journal had not only created a new source of revenue, but had very favourable effects upon the periodical press of the country, and therefore deserved the liberal construction of the Government." That at the time the "Literary Gazette" commenced, the public was infested and over-run with a multitude of the most inflammatory and corrupting periodicals; and that it might, in a great measure, be attributed to its success, that a better and a useful class had almost entirely superseded these immoral, revolutionary, and deteriorating productions. It is well-known that one must display both truth and eloquence to induce a Chancellor of the Exchequer to forego a tax, and therefore I hope I may assume a decent pride in having prevailed in this instance, and opened the profitable course for all followers.

A few casual glances may dispose of all I choose to notice in this unattractive branch of the recall of former days.

I displeased Sir Walter Scott by my strictures on some of his works, and aggravated the feeling by some remarks in my review of "Brambletye House," which he erroneously construed in a charge of "delusion" against him—an idea that never could have entered into my brain. Two or

three years past, however, before the offence was forgotten or forgiven; and in the meantime the illustrious Wizard declined a visit from me to Abbotsford, in company with his and my intimate friend Sir Alexander Don, as I was passing through my fatherland. The mystery of this was a sore puzzle at the time, for I only received the explanation afterwards in a letter from James Ballantyne, who had remonstrated with Scott on the subject. During all the latter period of his life, however, I was on the most friendly terms with Sir Walter, and when he came to town, as with Moore, I was among the foremost of his associates, though never was man so overwhelmed with invitations as he was. I think I have counted above a hundred cards and notes on his chimney-piece within a dozen hours after his arrival. After his death it was a solace to me to take an efficient part in the subscription to save Abbotsford in the family (which I ought to state was set on foot entirely without communication with any of them), and to contribute a solid share to the 7200*l.* raised on that occasion.

I was slightly implicated in a slight question as to Sir Walter having done yeoman's service to Heber, in his editing "Ford," which was rather believed by William Gifford; but I had Scott's assurance that he had never seen a sheet of the work till after it was printed.

A more vexatious dispute arose on a report being carried to Mr. G. P. R. James, that a review of his "Richlieu," which appeared in the "Court Journal," was written by Dr. Croly; but I had ultimately the satisfaction of disproving the false allegation, and thus relieving the minds of two friends whom I so greatly esteemed.

A small controversy respecting the officials of the National Gallery, not then quite so fiercely arraigned as now, though it might show like a little balloon pilot what

way the wind would blow, led to the following settler for my instruction and guidance, from Sir C. Long (Lord Farnborough) :—

"DEAR SIR,

"The appointments to the care of the Angerstein Collection have been long since made by the Treasury. I am surprised that any person with scarcely a fact to bear him out, could have ventured to write such an article as that in the 'Edinburgh Review,' and still more that any Member of Parliament could have relied upon such information.

"Yours faithfully,

"C. LONG."

Among the few intimates in whose literary career I took a warm interest, which has been superseded by circumstances—age cooling the feelings of earlier days, and separating the ties of mutual regard—I shall only have to mention Dr. Stebbing, who was an occasional contributor to the "Gazette," and Mr. W. H. Harrison, the writer of a number of facetious productions, and sometime editor of an annual—"The Humourist." He also did me the favour to supply amusing pieces for publication, was a cordial co-operator with me in the Literary Fund and Club, and also took a very laudable part in befriending the first lowly condition of Miller, the basket-maker poet. Time brings changes on all sides; and we ought not to repine at them, especially when they are only of a homœopathic nature.

To turn to more general topics, I have to regret not having made myself master of the secret of a universal language, invented by Mr. John Trotter, and proofs of which he exhibited to me, and which convinced me at the time that what he presumed he had effected was, at any rate, prac-

ticable to a certain extent. But this great desideratum, which has attracted the attention and provoked the labours of so many famous men, to reduce the thousand (according to Balbi, the two thousand) languages of the world to one standard, it is not in my power to reveal; and I can only state, as far as my knowledge and memory serve me, that Mr. Trotter's scheme was founded on the seven notes of the musical scale, and therefore resembled a plan recently propounded by a M. Sudre.

But for myself, a more anxious concern cost me and my friends and patrons considerable expense, and involved the waste of much precious time. I allude to the bringing forward of a "Plan of a National Association for the Encouragement and Protection of Authors and Men of talent and genius." Unknown to me, an association of a similar nature and almost identical objects had been proposed seven years before (moved, I believe, by T. Campbell), in promoting which he, Mr. W. A. Mackinnon, Captain Chamier, Mr. Vigors, Mr. Ralph Watson, and other gentlemen proceeded for a season with some activity, but allowed the project to sink before the difficulties which opposed it. My design, however, took a far wider scope, and was sanctioned by a committee whose names are enough to demonstrate how powerful a patronage could be procured for any well-devised plan for the advancement of literature and the benefit of literary men. At the head of the list, with a hundred guineas, stood the Duke of Rutland, who was followed by the Marquises of Londonderry and Northampton, the Earls of Munster and Ripon, Viscount Canning,* Lord

* These five subscribed 20*l.* each, but with the exception of Lord Willoughby's 100 guineas, and 60*l.* from Lord Munster, Lord de Tabley, and Sir Wilmot Horton, no subscription was called in or expended, all the rest coming out of the pocket of the luckless projector.—W. J.

Willoughby de Eresby (with a hundred guineas), Lord de Tabley, Lord Nugent, Sir Wilmot Horton, Sir Gore Ouseley, Sir Martin Shee, Mr. Mackinnon, Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. Emerson Tennent, Mr G. P. R. James, Capt. Maryatt, and other individuals of eminent mark and likelihood, in rank and literature. The capital proposed was 200,000*l.*, in 2000 shares of 10*l.* each, and 9000 at 20*l.* each; the object of the former being to render it easy for the less fortunate class of literary men throughout the kingdom to possess themselves of a beneficial interest in the undertaking. It was also proposed that the capital should consist of two classes, viz., patron proprietors and subscribing shareholders, whose different positions I need not here enlarge upon; suffice it to state, that generous donations, without a view to any future fruits, were volunteered by a number of noble and of wealthy men; and it was estimated that the other class of shareholders would reap a handsome profit on their investments.

The prospectus farther laid these as the grounds—That our literature might be considered as presented to the public by three different modes of publication, each beset with difficulties and vexations. 1st. A few wealthy individuals published their own works, and, in addition to the heavy expense thus incurred, were obliged to submit to an enormous per-centage to their agents. 2nd. A small number of eminent authors, whose celebrity ensured a ready sale for their works, disposed of their copyrights to trading publishers, who appropriated to themselves, even in these cases, a disproportionately large share of the proceeds. 3rd. The most numerous class of works, produced by professional authors, who wrote for bread, and were totally at the mercy of publishers, who doled out to them, often under circumstances painfully humiliating, a scanty and uncertain

pay. [The aspirants to publication might also have been included.] But the projected Association was declared to be intended to rescue the intellectual character of the nation from these deteriorating and degrading circumstances, by providing capital for the less wealthy, ready access to fair competition for the deserving, adequate compensation for the skilful and industrious, diminished cost and increased emolument to all. I will not recapitulate any particulars of the machinery devised for carrying this well-meant project into effect, for it was devised in vain. As Campbell's association had been overthrown by the bankruptcy of the bankers, after he had strengthened it with a host of elevated patrons,* so was mine wrecked by the introduction into it of several City men of business, who were to undertake the issuing of the shares and other matters, of which I and my literary colleagues were profoundly ignorant. The result was, that they did manage the affairs into a ruin. A house was taken in Suffolk Street, Charing Cross, and I know not what all else was done; but I know that the whole fabric fell smash to the ground, and my ineffectual endeavour to found a National Association for the Encouragement of, &c. &c., left me several hundred pounds minus, that no one thanked me, that some laughed at me, and that my friends the publishers said it served me right.

It is a circumstance, however, of literary curiosity, that after I had framed my plan, I was informed by Sir Henry Ellis that a similar effort had been made a century ago, in behalf of the *then* suffering *literati* of England, the records of which were among the archives in the British Museum. I ran to consult this novel discovery, and found a most

* Including the Duke of Sussex, Duke of Grafton, Duke of Somerset, Duke of Buckingham, and other high noblemen, bishops, and other very distinguished persons.

interesting history of a society which was not only formed, but proceeded to publish, in 1735—49. See MSS., Nos. 6184 to 6192, B. M., where the project is thus announced :—

"To supply the want of a regular and public encouragement of learning.

"To assist authors in the publication, and to secure them the entire profits, of their own works.

"To institute a Republic of Letters, for the promoting of Arts and Sciences, by the necessary means of profit, as well as by the nobler motives of praise and emulation."

Having stated this most laudable design, the minutes proceed to give the signatures of those individuals who had "agreed to form a Society for the purposes abovementioned," and who immediately subscribed a fund of ten guineas each, with an annual subscription of two guineas, "for the support of the intended Society," and to give six months' notice of retiring from it.*

The signatures, of which there are above 120, are striking, and suggest many interesting reflections respecting their living owners, noble, or noted, or learned, or famed. Church, state, law, physic, and literature, have all their representatives, and some of them have come down with honour to our times. I ought to add a brief retrospect of the proceedings of this Association, so interesting to literary and publishing history; but the above is my page 350!

* Considering the difference in the value of money between that period and this, the subscription must be esteemed a liberal one.

CHAPTER XIX.

CLUB LAW—UNIVERSAL INTERCOURSE—FALL AMONG THIEVES AND UPON EVIL DAYS — DISASTROUS CONSEQUENCES—IDLENESS—DICKENS—THACKERAY —J. FORSTER—PENSION—TESTIMONIAL.

> Oh! that man might know
> The end of this day's business, ere it come,
> But it sufficeth that the day will end,
> And then the end is known.
> * * *
> Come what come may,
> Time and the hour ride through the roughest day.
>
> SHAKSPERE.

So much of literature and literary plots and literary plagues: there must be some relaxation, and during all the years of my pilgrimage I acknowledge to have received continual and intense pleasures from the enjoyments of little clubs or unions of congenial friends, meeting at stated times either in good hotels or at their own residences. I could fancy myself now restored to the elder dates of these "feasts of reason and flows of soul;" which, when well assorted, are susceptible of high delight in the communion of social sentiment, the interchange of instructive intelligence and ideas, the freedom of thought, and even the gaiety and hilarity which attend the unbending of the busy or abstracted being in those rosy hours. Of one

limited party of this kind, which met monthly at the Freemasons' Tavern, and lasted long, I bear a lively remembrance. We called ourselves the *Anonomi*, and were so pleased with the company of each other, that we would admit no visitors to interrupt or divert the usual current of conversation, which we found so entertaining and instructive. Mr. Robert Clarke, already mentioned in these memoirs, was an excellent chairman, and under his wise and temperate sceptre, sat his well-mixed subjects; F. Fladgate, also already mentioned; Vice-chancellor Stuart; Mr. Stewardson, artist; Mr. Cosmo Orme, publisher; Mr. Turner, secretary to the Horticultural Society; Mr. Thomas Clarke, solicitor; Mr. W. H. Watts, reporter; Mr. Simon Gray, an odd character, clerk in the War Office, and author of several pamphlets on "Finance;" Mr. Mudford, editor of the "Courier;" (for a while Curwood, barrister, and Charles Knight, bookseller;) and lastly, W. Jerdan, croupier. From these various sources there never lacked a good supply of intelligence, which it was useful to receive and delectable to comment upon. As I have praised literary associations and discussions for youth, I would as warmly recommend, both for recreation, the acquisition of knowledge, and the culture of salutary affections, such associations as I have indicated for riper years.*

Another society, held together by social entertainments, included James Stuart, of the "Courier," who died Inspector of Factories; MacCulloch, of the State Paper office, and eminent Author; Sam Anderson, of facetious memory; Seaton and Annondale, surgeons, and other worthies, well calculated to give a zest to such friendly intercourse. Out

* "What, do you philosophers eat dainty food?" said a pert Marquis to Des Cartes. "Do you think," replied the philosopher, "that God made all the good things for fools?"

of the Royal Society of Literature was created a circle with Burgess, Bishop of Salisbury; Gray, Bishop of Bristol; the Right Hon. C. Yorke, Archdeacon Nares, and other learned men; out of my political relations another circle, with the Foreign ambassadors, English ministers, and officials of public note; out of my peculiar pursuits a third wide circle, or rather series of circles, consisting of distinguished authors, artists, scientific celebrities, actors, and gentlemen connected with the press; out of concerns with publishers and booksellers, a large visiting community; out of sheer good-fellowship, other numerous social bands, as, for example, the "Juveniles," * in which the majority of the members were nearly or quite my own age, and which very lively society was only partially broken up some twelve-months ago by some of the young dogs getting married, and so being domesticated, and (as usual in such cases) estranged from their bachelor friends and habits; and the Britton Club, happily still flourishing in exuberant vigour, under the patronage of an upright Judge, and (since the loss of the late J. C. Humphery, Q.C., and the retirement of Mr. S. Gibbons into Devon, and Mr. Thomas Cubitt into Surrey) still boasting of the companionship of the respected author and antiquary whose name it bears, of Alderman William Cubitt and his worthy co-sheriff, Mr. Charles Hill, of Mr. Grissell, the present High Sheriff of Surrey, and owning the classic mansion, Norbury Park, of Mr. Nathaniel Gould, an eminent merchant, of Mr. William Tooke, well-known to the literary and benevolent world, of Mr. Peter Cunningham, a rising writer, and Mr. George Godwin, also rising in his profession as an

* Only one member was under fifty, and it was generally imputed by the orderly and consistent adherents left, that the matrimonial unions, which had so disastrous an effect in dissolving their jocund body, were absolutely prompted by, and the result of, the extraordinary sense of juvenility which their refreshing meetings produced.—W. J.

architect, and editor of the popular periodical, "The Builder." Nay, into the very heart of the City itself, in giving my best support to its charitable and patriotic institutions, I had so extended my agreeable relations, and attained so much favour, that I have been in the good usage of shaking hands, on meeting, with all the Lord Mayors, Aldermen, and other magnates, and of imbibing, even to the present hour, as fair a share of their turtle and other good things as falls to the lot of any outsider of Temple Bar; which I therefore hope may long stand open, to mark the boundary of an ancient and impregnable corporation, whose walls are *now* so terribly battered at, and still leave it the munificent giver of fêtes and feasts, *in secula seculorum.*

But, in truth, my acquaintance with the population of London was (owing to my position and diversified engagements) of really ludicrous universality, and embraced all the classes of men I have mentioned, and with whom I mixed in every possible or imaginable way. Frequenting public meetings of every kind, theatres, exhibitions, learned societies, lectures, conversazioni, *et cætera, et cætera,* filled up a measure of crowded personal intercourse, such as, I am sure, was never approached by any other individual. I rejoice to add, at the close of my prolonged career, that enow still remains for every distinction, gratification, and happiness, which my utmost desire could covet.

I must, however, revert to more important matters, and speak of an epoch on the turn of which the tides of my future life greatly depended for their ebb or flow. At the period of the general election in 1831, I stood so well in the opinion of government that, chiefly through the friendly offices of Lord Ripon, it did me the honour to select me as a candidate for the representation of Weymouth, respecting which borough there had arisen a disagreement

with Mr. Fowell Buxton. I was, of course, only too glad to aspire to such elevation, and forthwith set to work to do all I could for myself in aid of the ministerial patronage. I enjoyed at the time a large and not overpoweringly encumbered income, and, at fifty years of age, was neither deficient in mental nor bodily vigour, to fight for and sustain the victory. I consequently embarked heart and soul in the cause (a Mr. Clayton East retiring); and thus it "progressed!" I had some real property, but subject to family arrangements, and, at any rate, not enough for a qualification. But my good and most worthy friend and neighbour, Dr. Anderson, of Brompton, came forward to my aid, and I had assigned to me several houses in Alexander Square, and some lands and tenements on the river, near Richmond. I had also a chaise and posters at the Fulham-bridge livery-stables, to be always ready for a start; and I never left home without leaving a carte of my whereabouts, so that I could be found at a moment's notice in the event of a sudden message from the Treasury, represented by Mr. Edward Ellice, at whose abode in Richmond Gardens, Pall Mall, I was a daily attendant. During the month of May, through the medium of private friends, I was put into communication with Sir — Johnstone, one of the representatives of Weymouth (1832), and Major Weyland, and other parties possessed of leading influence in the place; and the result was on the whole so encouraging to my prospects, that it was resolved I should proceed thither and commence a canvass. On the eve of taking this step, I addressed a letter to Mr. Barnes, the then editor of the "Times," with whom I was on a very friendly footing, stating what my intentions were, and soliciting such assistance as he could conscientiously extend to my undertaking. But, alas! my confidence was sadly abused. Whether it

was owing to the fierce heat of the Reform question, in which the paper took so strenuous an interest, or some other over-riding reason, I never could ascertain; but the next morning after receiving the information from my letter, there appeared one of the stinging leaders of the "Times," in which any pretensions of merely "literary men" to be returned to the new Parliament were deprecated in the strongest terms, and ministers were menaced with popular odium, if they dared to countenance such preposterous doings. I was hoist with my own petard. Like poor betrayed Samson, my secret was ploughed out through the means of my own heifer. On calling as usual, I found Mr. Ellice with a long face, and, to cut the story short, he did not at this stormy and trying era, relish a quarrel with the "Times." A peace was patched up with Mr. Buxton, my post-chaise was counter-ordered, and after lots of conferences and conversations, I ceased to be even a still-born candidate for the borough of Weymouth! Barnes and I met afterwards, without alluding to the sore subject; but his able and honourable colleague, James Murray, wrote me a long letter, expressive of great regret for what had been done.

One whimsical circumstance followed this transaction. Tumbling over papers, some ten years after, I fell upon a bundle, on examining which I found that I was still legal proprietor of certain houses in Alexander Square, and an estate and tenements on the Thames. Neither Mr. Gray, the mutual friend and drawer of the deeds, nor the doctor, nor I had ever thought of cancelling these documents; and in the events of a few deaths in twenty or thirty years, there might have arisen, out of ignorance, a doubt as to the ownership of these very pretty properties. We had a hearty laugh at their obsequies by fire, and I rejoice to say that their rightful lord, at the great age of ninety-two, still

lives to enjoy them in excellent health and perfect possession of his mental faculties.

But in gravely reflecting on such chances as these, and, indeed, in estimating the probabilities from many contingencies which generally occur in every active life, and on the turn of the scale, in which prosperity or adversity, high advancement or low depression, may be weighed for all the future; it is curious to observe how much depends on accident and how little on ourselves. Thus, at one time, my brother Colonel Jerdan ranked among the foremost and most promising officers in the Indian service. He died on his passage home. His noble career was cut short, or else, where would he have been within a few years in the army, where he had laid the foundations of so much honour and military reputation. He never reached the home that longed for him with a yearning not to be described, but yet not commensurate with his deservings as a son and a brother. If he had, with the affection and means to enhance the actual powers of my situation, who can tell how different my fate would have been. How a lift could have defied injury and commanded fortune, and how circumstances would have been avoided which unfortunately led to very ruinous consequences. On the "turn," both in his case and my own, there was the fair prospect of raising the name and family to consideration and rank: he would have been a General, and I might have been a Legislator with all avenues open to our ambition; but alas, it was not so ordered in the inscrutable decrees of Providence: he moulders in a distant tomb, and I am a baffled struggler in the sore battle of literary life.

The heaviest of the blows that struck me down was given within three years of the time of my parliamentary hopes, and must be touched on (however guardedly) in this personal

history. Two young gentlemen, the sons of a wealthy father, who, after many years spent in India, settled in London to enjoy the fortune he had honourably acquired, were the cause. He lived in a handsome square and in a style suitable to his fortune. His sons consequently entered the world under the most favourable auspices. They were both gifted with almost brilliant talents, possessed of very gentlemanly and insinuating manners, and emulous of literary fame. It need hardly be told that their reception was as flattering as could be bestowed, and that they speedily became the cherished comrades and guests of many persons of similar rank and kindred pursuits. With me they established a most intimate friendship, and I witnessed rejoicingly their mounting, gaily and gallantly, step by step, up the mountain to an eminence of literary repute and adequate reward. Alas, the foundations were hollow, and after filling a prominent station for years, establishing and embarking in undertakings of considerable value and successful results, being the recipients of sincere attachments and substantial regards, and in every possible point of view enjoying all they could expect or wish for, the whole superstructure fell miserably to the ground, and the sunny times were lost in painful darkness. It will not do to dwell on the theme. Among the enterprizes produced during their connection with literary concerns, I had entered into several with ardour, but more as a friend than a coadjutor. I was, however, so far committed, and an admirer of cleverness and abilities they displayed. With one I was induced, for certain reasons, to negociate a contract for his relieving me of a portion of my labours in the "Gazette," and my partners were brought into treaty about the arrangements, which embraced the transfer of considerable sums of money. It was whilst engaged in this important business that the other brother entered into a copartnery with one of a

reputedly very rich Jewish family in the city, and the alliance was painted in such glowing colours to me that, in an evil hour, I put my name on several large bills, to enable him to *show* something against the leviathan fortune in the administration of which he was about to participate as a broker. To be short, the "Gazette" negociation was never completed, the brokers soon failed, and I was sued for between three and four thousand pounds for indorsements or acceptances. It is not in my nature to press hard upon the fallen, but the ruin which these unfortunates brought on themselves, their family, myself, and others, assuredly may point a moral. My nearest connection of the two was spirited, engaging, and liberal, altogether a person happily formed to be welcomed wherever he went with a cordial and kindly feeling, and this he met with everywhere. Neither was he vicious nor of an evil disposition. What, then, caused his downfal! Vanity! Vanity alone led to boasts and falsehoods—some quite innocuous—till the habit grew to be so confirmed as to merge into an utter disregard of truth. I am really inclined to believe into an utter unconsciousness of the difference between that virtue and lying. The consequence was worthy of the father of lies. The bankers who held my bills, among other securities for advances, when informed of the real state of the case, and my liabilities being entirely without a farthing of value received by me in any shape, very humanely offered to give them up on an acknowledgment to that effect from the principal. With elated mind I wrote to him to send this statement, which he could have done, on a page of note paper; but he had told so many and such enormous falsehoods on depositing the bills, that he could not muster resolution to write himself what he was, and fled to the continent, leaving me to bide the brunt of my unpardonable imprudence.

And my punishment was severe. My establishment was broken up. The contents of Grove House sold by auction, and the produce less than I had paid Mr. Wilberforce for the fixtures alone, so that I had nearly another thousand pounds to add to my losses, besides being obliged myself to take up my residence in the Westminster-bridge Road, in a locality with which I was acquainted, from having visited George Colman a few doors off, years before.

By every possible sacrifice I so far surmounted this crash, as to settle all just, and some unjust, debts; but the act loaded me with incumbrances; and I had the uphill work to achieve with gradually diminishing means. The circulation of the "Literary Gazette" was considerably affected by the "Athenæum" lowering its charge to half the price, and following up that sagacious measure by the most diligent adoption of all business resources, so essential to successful publishing. There was no longer any laughing at the fainting competition, and my witty correspondents' squibs on the subject became rather less amusing.*

People, especially people engaged in the publishing trade, instead of putting more energy into a drooping concern, are apt to get languid and tired of it, and therefore leave it to its own destiny. It so happened with the "Gazette." The sustaining punctuality of my partners, Messrs. Longman & Co.,

* Here is, nevertheless, a couple of samples to divert my readers from these uncomfortable statements, and at which the parties may now laugh in their turn. One writes—

"Mr. Buckingham's paper, notwithstanding Colburn's puffs, is *sad* stuff —heavy as unleavened bread, it cannot rise."

And another sends in the annexed impromptu!

Mr. Dilke, Mr. Dilke,
Tho' the Novice you bilke,
Be not hasty to sing the Te Deum,
No reader will quit
A print that has wit,
For your prosy and dull Athenæum.

indeed, suffered no change; but they became more indifferent to the task of forwarding its interests. Our publisher, too, had grown older, and got more to do than he could deftly manage; and though he got through the work somehow or other, it was after a fashion of his own, hieroglyphic and perfectly unintelligible to any other living being, and thus neglect and irregularity crept into every department. Ultimately, while I was losing more and more from week to week, one of my *employés*, at a guinea a-week wages, contrived, as I am informed, to save enough to purchase houses ! !

For a few years it was like the children's play at hide and seek, only it never was *hot* but ever *colder* and *colder*, till at last, with the aid of my family connections, I purchased their third shares of the "Gazette" from Messrs. Longman & Colburn; and set out again, sanguine, hopeful, uncontradicted, and uncontrolled, on my own capital. For a good season the efforts were crowned with a degree of success; but still there was not much to boast of. The counting by thousands, which had been reduced to hundreds, did not rise to thousands again. We went on, however, respectably, if not so very profitably, and I believe I may say that the journal did not fall off much, if at all, from the character which had raised it so high in public estimation.

Thus matters proceeded, in a sort of even course, till changes in the publishing office and printing, occasioned by death and retirement, rendered new arrangements necessary. I was by this means most unfortunately betrayed, yet by the best intentions of one of my best and dearest friends, into contracts with parties, who proved every way unworthy of trust. An aim to attain an ulterior object, and supplant me in my copyright property, was from the beginning cunningly and systematically pursued. Neither subterfuges nor

falsehoods were spared, and in the meanwhile needful engagements were unperformed and violated. More dependent than ever on the fidelity and regularity of others, the mismanagement and endless failures which were engrafted on this state of things, contributed rapidly to my being sunk into "the lower still." My habitual dislike to examine into business affairs, which I generally succeeded in confusing instead of comprehending, was converted into perfect antipathy. I had been so long used to rely on those with whom it was "all right," when they were right, that it unfitted me the more to be a match for the intrigue and plotting to which I was now exposed; and the consequence was a final contest, from which the much-damaged "Gazette" was rescued, but I fell a victim to as gross malignity as ever was foully resorted to in revenge for disappointed roguery.*

In consequence of such untoward circumstances, the "Gazette," in spite of all my continued exertions, dwindled, became small by degrees and beautifully less. Still it was an object of ambition in another quarter, and by a succession of acts, which I will not describe, I was finally and foully *done*, not only out of the property, but out of the editing and income attached to it by a regular written agreement.

I am obliged, in an account of my life, to state these facts, which I have done as cursorily as I could, and without comment. What I might consider dishonour or swindling could have little interest for readers, and long-winded tales of wrongs seldom awaken even as much attention as the

* An envenomed injury was done me, not as a gentleman, a man of honour, but as a *trader*, under which denomination, it seemed I barely fell according to the rigid legal rule; and the sternest Procrustean measure was meted out to me because I had not kept account books—every account in which I was ever concerned (and voluminous enough they were) having been kept in the large and unproducible folios of the largest publishing houses in London, and in the hieroglyphic jottings of a publisher, mixed up with all his other extensive business, over which I had no control.

accounts of sufferings consequent thereon excite sympathy. The least said is the soonest mended ; and a time may come for more circumstantial revelations touching such as—

> Full of fraudful arts,
> The well-invented tale for truth imparts.

Not three years ago, I was thus thrown out of harness, and with the Moor could exclaim, " Othello's occupation's gone ! " And it was a very poor case to be in, after all the busy turmoil I had gone through for nearly half a century. I was too old to expect to be softly treated, as a shorn lamb, and my quiver was stuffed with anxieties and cares. From my pen I could now only derive a precarious revenue (to use a grand name for a wee matter) ; but some employments have turned up, and I have wrought at them manfully as long as they continued. Others, I trust, will happen to provide for the remainder of my numbered days, and then let

> Faith build *my* bridge across the gulf of death
> To break the shock blind Nature cannot shun,
> And land *me* safely on the farther shore.

Till about six weeks ago, I superintended a newly started weekly journal, which rose to a wide circulation, at fourpence ; but it requires so very large a sale, little short of 20,000, to make a publication of this class, and at this price, profitable, that though we got above 10,000, it did not pay, and the experiment was tried of raising the price to sixpence. It fell more than half, and has since passed into new hands, Pharaohs who knew nothing of Joseph, and so I once more became a free man. If, after such vicissitudes, I appeal to the book-buying world to take my LIFE, and they respond to the appeal as they ought, it is evident that Virtue will not suffer, and that I may take a new lease, and continue to live all the better.

When the "*Hic jacet*" arrives, and a *Marble* bust by my young friend and feeling sculptor (I mean full of feeling as well as genius for his art), Joseph Durham, is put up by subscription, with a suitable panegyric upon the grateful *Clay* below, I hope that some weeping eyes may read the lines, and some fond and faithful regrets embalm the memory of the sleeper, who can never wake more to participate in a sorrow and bestow a solace, listen to distress and bring it relief, serve a friend and forgive a foe, perform his duties as perfectly as his human frailty allowed, never wilfully do injury to man, woman, or child, and love his neighbours—of one sex as himself, and of the other better.

But, my readers, you are tired with hearing, and I am sick of saying so much about myself; but it is autobiography, and my misfortune now is, that I have not time and space to draw the conclusions from the premises, which would be so instructive. But I throw myself on your mercy, and flee from self to better subjects. In recent times I have enjoyed the same good fortune which attended my earlier literary course, and lived on intimate terms with the popular writers of the day. With Dickens I can claim long friendly relations, and with Thackeray hardly less amicable intercourse. In the first morning beam of public delight upon the former, I felt the full glow, and looked with prophetic gladness to the bright day which I was sure must follow so auspicious a dawning. When Sam Weller appeared on the canvass, I was so charmed with the creation that I could not resist the impulse to write to the author, express my admiration, and counsel him to develop the novel character largely—to the utmost. My urgency was taken in good part, and we improved our alliance so genially, that when "Pickwick" was triumphantly finished, and a "semi-business, Pickwickian sort of dinner" ensued, I was invited

to be of the party, with the compliment from the author, "I depend upon *you* above everybody. Faithfully yours, always, CHARLES DICKENS." I cannot describe my gratification. The party was delightful, with Mr. Sergeant Talfourd as V.P., and there the pleasant and uncommon fact was stated (all the individuals being present, and toasted), that there never had been a line of written agreement, but that author, printer, artist, and publisher had all proceeded on simply verbal assurances, and that there never had arisen a word to interrupt or prevent the complete satisfaction of every one. On a later occasion of the same kind, at the Albion, I was flattered by the nomination to occupy the post of honour at the bottom of the table, and am happy to remember that I acquitted myself so creditably of its onerous duties, as to receive the approbation of the giver of the feast, his better half,* and the *oi polloi* unanimously. One other example of the happiness which has fallen to my lot, in reward for my devotedness to the cause of literature and literary men, and I bid a fare-thee-well (which I trust will never meet a cross) to Dickens and his genius. On an entertainment given to its friends, on the "Literary Gazette" attaining its majority (twenty-five years, *à la* periodical chronology), I received this answer to the invitation of my celebrated compatriot:—

"Doughty Street, Friday Morning.

"MY DEAR JERDAN,

"I was going into Yorkshire on Monday morning, but having fortunately been able to take a place for Tuesday, can accept your kind invitation.

* I slily introduced in something I had to say, a hint about a portrait of her husband which I knew she longed to possess; and the hint was taken in the right quarter, and the painting presented to her.—W. J.

"Be assured that among all the congratulations which will be offered to you on the delightful occasion of our meeting, there will be none more cordial and warm-hearted than mine. By the time we dine together again, to celebrate the fiftieth birthday of your healthy offspring, I shall study to find appropriate language to clothe them in; till then, however, I fear they must remain locked up in my breast—where they will, at any rate, keep warmer than on the lips of, my dear Jerdan,

"Yours most faithfully,

"CHARLES DICKENS.

"W. JERDAN, ESQ."

Of the other luminary I have named, I have not so much to say, in consequence of such *litera scripta* of his as have escaped my confusion and destruction of MSS. being, I see from a few strays, marked "private;" and therefore I shall content myself with a pretension, which I hope he will not repudiate, of being one among the first of his familiar friends, and the greatest admirers of his talents; which, after a hard and persevering fight, have asserted for themselves the rank and popularity I always anticipated, if the obstacles in the way were overcome.

The name of Dickens connects my thoughts with a numerous array of individuals with whom I have tasted many unalloyed pleasures, and for whom I entertain, severally, sentiments of warm esteem. Among these (but also for themselves) I may cite Macready and M'Clise, and Mr. John Forster among the foremost, I have not, or have only slightly mentioned, in my preceding pages. The last of the three, I take the most interest in venturing to introduce among these personal sketches, on account of the friendly part he has taken in the testimonial to my honour, particu-

larised a little further on. I fear I superabound with proofs of one of my pet opinions, that good turns are not only repaid by the internal satisfaction they afford, but are almost always essentially rewarded by good and serviceable offices. That I have not been unobservant of Mr. Forster's literary achievements, nor failed to do them justice, the "Literary Gazette" sufficiently proves; and my cosmopolitan love of literature has, in his instance, been particularly gratified by seeing success attend on merit. And yet the more, if private feelings accord with public duties. How intimately these have agreed and contributed to our union the annexed notes will show:—

"My dear Jerdan,

"It is proposed to *dine* Dickens at the Trafalgar, Greenwich, on Wednesday, 19th June, at 6 for half-past 6, on occasion of his leaving us for Italy. Lord Normanby will take the chair.

"You know the pleasure it will give Dickens to see you among his entertainers, and that you will be able to join us, I sincerely hope.

"Ever and always truly yours,

"JOHN FORSTER."

"58, Lincoln's Inn Fields,
"Saturday Morning.

"My dear Jerdan,

"I am just starting in much haste for Eton College, but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of acknowledging, in this hurried but most cordial line, your great kindness in the 'L. G.' this morning. I am very deeply sensible of it, believe me. It only adds another to the many

pleasant associations I have with you (some of them not less cherished because now something touched with pain) that you have so generously assisted me in my first appearance in a character I once thought very grand, and am taught by you to think still not very contemptible, as the 'author of a book.'

"Again, let me sincerely thank you, and beg you to believe me, dear Jerdan,

"Very cordially yours,

"JOHN FORSTER.

"W. JERDAN, Esq."

Having alluded to the testimonial, to promote the most advantageous disposition of which Mr. Forster, as one of the delegated committee, took so friendly and influential a part, I will conclude this penultimate chapter of my biography (leaving of necessity a mass of its later materials unused for the present) with an account of its origin, progress, and halt.

When it was known that my connection with the press had been violently and disgracefully terminated, two suggestions arose, and were enforced from so many quarters, that I may say they were generally entertained with good feeling among my friends, and approbation throughout the country, acquainted with my literary life. One was that I had merited, and ought to receive, a pension; and the other that a subscription should be set on foot for a public testimonial to me on the same grounds.

In pursuance of the first object, the annexed memorial was presented in July, 1850, to Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, and as it is not consistent with the etiquette of high judicial functions for a judge to sign such applications, my friend the Lord Chief Baron wrote a

private letter to his lordship on the subject, which the noble Premier acknowledged in a letter, regretting the scanty fund left at his disposal for 1850 ; and afterwards (through his secretary) answered Mr. Tufnell, who had interested himself warmly in promoting the claim, in the following note :—

"Dear Mr. Tufnell,

"I have mentioned your wishes in behalf of Mr. Jerdan to Lord John, and he has desired me to say that the pension fund for the present year is all but exhausted ; but that he will consider his claims with those of others at the commencement of the next year. He can, however, make no promise that it will be in his power to comply with your recommendation."

COPY OF THE MEMORIAL.

"We, the undersigned, having witnessed the literary labours of Mr. Jerdan, and deeming them well entitled to the favourable consideration of Lord John Russell, as highly beneficial to the cause of literature, in token of our approbation of his meritorious efforts during a long series of years, subscribe our names to this memorial, accompanying the statement of his writings and publications.

"Signed—Colborne, Londesborough, Willoughby de Eresby, Brougham, Henry Hallam, John P. Boileau, C. Winton.;" with the following voluntary addition by the bishop, in his own hand. "With special reference to the conduct of the 'Literary Gazette,' as regards its moral tendencies during a long course of years."

The Earl of Clarendon, the Marquis of Normanby, and other individuals of high station, whose praise (like that of Shakspeare's Sir Hubert Stanley) "is praise indeed!"

also endeavoured to interest the Minister in my behalf, and wrote to me, particularly Lord Clarendon, in a style so grateful to my heart and flattering to my self-love, that I shall never cease to estimate their kindness to my dying breath.

But the Lord of the National Purse and author of "Don Carlos," a tragedy, would not be persuaded that his old critic had done enough to deserve a dispensation of his favourable notice; and during the succession of the Derby administration, I had succeeded to literary occupation, and did not think it worth while to have the application renewed. On the Earl of Aberdeen coming into power, a very early opportunity was taken by that noble lord and elegant scholar, in the handsomest manner, to recognise the validity of the good opinions put forward on my behalf. A pension of one hundred guineas was conferred upon me; and the small fund on which it was charged was at the period so exhausted that I believe the Prime Minister had not as much more to draw upon.

Previous to this, however, the idea of a testimonial had been espoused by a distinguished phalanx of friends, as the following brilliant list will testify:—

The Right Hon. Lord Brougham.
The Lord Chief Baron.
Lord Warren De Tabley.
H. Tuffnell, M.P.
Lord Lindsay.
Vice Chancellor Sir John Stuart.
Hon. Francis Scott, M.P.
Sir E. L. Bulwer-Lytton, Bart.
Sir R. I. Murchison, F.R.S.
Sir Peter Laurie, Kt., Alderman.
Sir Charles Barry, R.A.
W. Francis Ainsworth, Esq.
Joseph Arden, Esq., F.S.A., *Treasurer.*
John Barrow, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A.
Wm. Beattie, M.D.
Robert Bell, Esq.
Francis Bennoch, Esq.
B. Bond Cabbell, Esq., M.P.
Joseph Cauvin, Esq.
Robert Chambers, Esq., Edinburgh.
James Colquhoun, Esq., Minister Hanseatic Towns.
Patrick Colquhoun, Esq., D.C.L.
Walter Coulson, Esq.
Rev. George Croly, D.D.
George Cruikshank, Esq.
Peter Cunningham, Esq., F.S.A.
Rev. John Davis.
J. C. Denham, Esq.
Charles Dickens, Esq.
Henry Drummond, Esq., M.P.
Joseph Durham, Esq.
Professor Edward Forbes, F.R.S.

Alfred Forrester, Esq.
John Forster, Esq.
Geo. Godwin, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A.
Thomas Grissell, F.S.A., Esq.
Wm. Grove, Esq., V.P., F.R.S.
S. Carter Hall, Esq., F.S.A.
Henry Hallam, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c., &c.
J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A.
Charles Hill, Esq.
Leigh Hunt, Esq.
Thomas Hunt, Esq.
Douglas Jerrold, Esq.
J. H. Jesse, Esq.
John Lauric, Esq.
P. Northall Laurie, Esq.
J. Gibson Lockhart, Esq.
Samuel Lover, Esq.
The Chevalier Isidore de Löwenstern.
Dr. Charles Mackay.
W. Mackinnon, Esq., M.P.
D. Maclise, Esq., R.A.
R. Monckton Milnes, Esq., M.P.
W. C. Macready, Esq.
Francis Mills, Esq.
F. G. Moon, Esq., Alderman.
James Prior, Esq., M.D.
B. W. Procter, Esq.
Frederick Salmon, Esq.
J. Shillinglaw, Esq., *Hon. Sec.*
C. Roach Smith, Esq., F.S.A.
Clarkson Stanfield, Esq., R.A.
Charles Swain, Esq.
Lieut.-Col. Sykes, F.R.S., &c.
Admiral Smyth, R.N., F.R.S., V.P.S.A.
J. G. Teed, Esq., Q.C.
W. M. Thackeray, Esq.
Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., *Hon. Sec.*

In April, 1851, the "Globe" newspaper correctly quoted the circular upon which this committee was summoned to act, and it met accordingly, on the stated grounds,

"'That the literary labours of such a man are well deserving of *a special mark of public estimation;*' and that it had been 'resolved to open a subscription for *the expression of this opinion by all friends of Literature, Arts, and Sciences,* who may have appreciated the devotedness of the Editor of the "Literary Gazette" and the influence of his writings during this long period' (thirty-four years); and farther, 'To acknowledge his services in *a gratifying and suitable manner by presenting him with a lasting token of the esteem in which he is held by the literary world.*'"

And to this the editor of the journal liberally added:—

"This task, so honourable to all concerned, has been undertaken by a committee of nearly seventy noblemen and gentlemen, representing every high order and class of intellectual society, and especially by Mr. Jerdan's distinguished literary contemporaries, who thus unanimously unite in

recommending his services in the Press to the notice of the country which has profited by them. In few words we may assert that the example of the 'Literary Gazette' opened the way to, and effected a complete revolution in, periodical publications. Previous to its appearance, literature, the fine arts, and the sciences, were very rarely mentioned in the journals; but now they have not only separate organs, but form prominent parts and portions of every periodical throughout the British Empire. Need we stop to observe the consequences of this system on their diffusion, encouragement, and improvement."

It would be an encroachment on my part to trouble the reader with an account of the committee meetings and proceedings which ensued. After the first, at which nearly twenty members were present, the attendance was but scanty, and indeed uncalled for, as the management of the design had been devolved on a sub-committee of five, a number much more eligible for business than any more numerous and fluctuating body. But alas, there is always a *but*, a difference of opinion unfortunately sprung up as to the best appropriation of the subscription fund, which crippled it, notwithstanding the zealous personal exertion of the sub-committee, and a too rigid economy in advertising it, had, as I have thought and ventured to represent, a still more obstructive effect. In fact, the list of subscribers has never yet been published, and volunteer offers of co-operation from various populous towns and the provinces have not been accepted and acted upon. It is now, however, my own grateful duty to seize this appropriate opportunity for acknowledging the generous support the proposal has received. The annexed is the list as far as I am able to give it, and I shall be happy to supply any omissions and make any corrections that may be requisite.

JERDAN TESTIMONIAL.*

Royal Society of Literature,
No. 4, St. Martin's-place.

As a public acknowledgment of Mr. Jerdan's services to Literature, Science, the fine and useful arts, and benevolent institutions of his country, animating to many, and instructive to all, during a long period of years, and especially since the commencement of the "Literary Gazette" in 1817 to the close of last year.

	£	s.
The Lord Chief Baron	26	5
Lady Pollock	5	5
Lord Willoughby de Eresby	50	0
Lord Warren de Tabley	20	0
Lord Londesborough	10	10
Messrs. Longmans	50	0
S. Carter Hall, Esq.	25	0
John Murray, Esq.	25*	0
Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart.	20	0
John Dickinson, Esq.	21	0
Lord Colborne	10	10
James Colquhoun, Esq.	5	5
Sir R. J. Murchison, Bart.	10	10
Sir Peter Laurie	10	10
Northall Laurie, Esq.	5	5
W. Cubitt, Esq., M.P.	5	5
Charles Hill, Esq.	5	5
Henry Hallam, Esq.	10	0
John Laurie, Esq.	5	5
Robert Ferguson, Esq.	5	0
Dr. Beattie	5	5
Wm. Thackeray, Esq.	3	0
Robert Chambers, Esq.	3	3
J. O. Halliwell, Esq.	2	2
Thomas Hunt, Esq.	10	0
E. Foss, Esq.	3	0
Francis Mills, Esq.	5	0
Henry Foss, Esq.	3	0
James S. Willes, Esq.	5	5
T. Stewardson, Esq.	5	0
Capt. Sir J. C. Ross, R.N.	5	0
Lady Ross	5	0
Rev. J. M. Traherne	5	0
J. C. Denham, Esq.	3	3
J. Prior, Esq., M.D.	5	5
George Godwin, Esq.	2	2
Daniel Ball, Esq.	2	2
Robert Gray, Esq.	2	2
Dr. Mackay	2	2
Geo. Cruikshank, Esq.	2	0
D. Roberts, Esq., R.A.	5	5
Dr. P. Colquhoun	3	3
J. E. Sanderson, Esq.	5	0
J. W. Butterworth, Esq.	2	2

* At a Meeting of the Council of the Royal Society of Literature the apartments of the Society were handsomely granted for the accommodation of the Testimonial Committee Meetings; and Mr. Nathaniel Hill, its very meritorious housekeeper and collector, gave his useful services not only to the meeting, but to considerable correspondence, and to the authorised reception of subscriptions, as at the several bankers who liberally opened their books for that purpose, viz.: Sir Claude Scott and Co.; Coutts and Co.; Barnard, Dimsdale, and Co.; Masterman and Co.; and Prescott, Grote, and Co.

	£	s.
B. B. Cabbell, Esq., M.P.	10	0
Walter Coulson, Esq.	5	5
T. Elde Darby, Esq.	2	2
Joseph Durham, Esq.	3	3
John Barrow, Esq.	10	0
Dr. Croly	2	0
Cap. J. Mangles, R.N.	5	0
R. Oakley, Esq.	1	1
George Grote, Esq.	5	0
William Tooke, Esq.	10	0
Mrs. Bray	5	0
F. Hodgson, Esq.	5	0
Lord Lindsay	5	5
B. W. Procter, Esq.	5	0
W. F. Ainsworth, Esq.	3	0
T. Wright, Esq., M.A.	3	0
P. Cunningham, Esq.	3	0
Thomas Grissell, Esq.	10	0
Joseph Arden, Esq.	5	0
John Forster, Esq.	5	0
R. M. Milnes, Esq., M.P.	5	5
J. R. Taylor, Esq.	1	1
A. B. Richards, Esq.	1	1
Joseph Cauvin, Esq.	5	5
Dr. J. Conolly	10	10
Frederick Salmon, Esq.	10	10
Francis Bennoch, Esq.	10	10
Mrs. Bennoch	3	3
C. Roach Smith, Esq.	2	0
J. Shillinglaw, Esq.	2	0
Mrs. Taylor	1	1
Ld. Bp. of Winchester	10	10
D. Nicoll, Esq.	5	5
Beriah Botfield, Esq.	5	0
W. H. Fox Talbot, Esq.	5	0
G. H. Virtue, Esq.	1	1
Thomas Cubitt, Esq.	5	5
R. Stephenson, Esq., M.P.	4	0
Col. J. Owen, C.B.	1	1
W. Martin Leake, Esq.	10	0
Sir J. E. Tennent, M.P.	5	5
Hudson Gurney, Esq.	25	0
J. Charles Swain, Esq.	3	3
M. A. Lower, Esq., Lewes.	2	2
Herbert Ingram, Esq.	5	0
Dr. Daubeny, Oxford	3	0
Charles Dickens, Esq.	10	10
W. V. Fox, Esq.	1	0
John Hogg, Esq., F.R.S.	2	0
— Holt, Esq.	2	2
John Brnham, Esq.	2	0
Thomas Tooke, Esq.	2	2
A Friend to Literature, per F. Bennoch, Esq.	5	5
Messrs. Blackwood	20	0
Sir T. D. Acland, M.P.	10	10
Bolton Corney, Esq.	2	2
Sir Charles Barry, R.A.	5	5
W. R. Grove, Esq.	5	5
D. Maclise, Esq., R.A.	3	3
Thomas Gaspey, Esq.	2	2
W. A. Mackinnon, Esq., M.P.	5	5
"Invitation to Malvern," A Poem by Dr. Prior, published for the benefit of the Fund	17	6
Farther Sale	7	9
Sir T. N. Talfourd, J.C.P.	10	0
C. Stanfield, Esq., R.A.	5	5
Prof. M. Faraday	2	2
Sir Gardner Wilkinson	4	0
Henry Drummond, Esq., M.P.	10	0
J. H. Jesse, Esq.	3	0
Miss How	1	0
W. A. Scripps, Esq.	5	0
Decimus Burton, Esq.	2	2
J. G. Lockhart, Esq.	5	5
G. P. Roney, Esq.	5	5
G. R. Corner, Esq.	5	5
C. Barber, Esq., by same	1	1
W. R. White, Esq.	1	1
Henry Ottley, Esq.	1	1
The Earl of Clarendon	10	10
Mr. Alderman Moon	10	0
Dr. Bemays	1	1
Henry Vaughan, Esq.	5	5
Vice-Chancellor Sir John Stuart.	20	0
C. M. Willich, Esq.	2	2
John Kenyon, Esq.	5	5
Listor Parker, Esq.	1	1
Cosmo Orme, Esq.	10	10
Wm. Read, Esq.	2	2
C. A. Smith, Esq.	1	1
Sir John Boileau, Bart.	5	0
Sir J. E. Tennent	5	5

	£	s.		£	s.
Rt. Hon. H. Tuffnell . .	5	0	Sir J. C. Pasley	1	0
A. J. Valpy, Esq. . . .	5	0	Per Dr. Beattie	0	5
C. E., by Sir J. C. Ross .	1	0	Lt.-Col. Sykes	5	0
J. F. Hollings, Esq. . . .	2	2			

Well may I be proud and grateful for such a testimonial, and I beg only to add my sincere thanks to the committee and sub-committee who gave so much of their time and countenance to promote and accomplish the end in view.

It might be deemed an involuntary compliment to the honour and independence of the "Gazette," that this tributary testimonial to its services to literature has not been signed by a number of publishers; but I am forced by truth to say that their public abstinence is of a different colour from their private assurances. I have quires of letters asking favours, and piles of letters returning thanks for them when they could be granted, from nearly every member of "the Trade;" but Messrs. Longman and Co., and John Murray, in London, and Blackwood and Robert Chambers, in Edinburgh, are the only exceptions to the rule of economic oblivion. I confess that I looked for many a token, and that the slightest would have been the most agreeable to me; but I reconcile myself to the condition of the world by re-perusing a few of the olden epistles, expressive of such everlasting gratitude. They are very edifying, and would make an amusing olio for publication.

CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUSION.

Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us with but age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways
Shuts up the story of our days.—RALEIGH.

I AM now warned that my task must come to a conclusion, and I have but a few memoranda to prefix to the brief remarks with which I shall attempt to satisfy the winding-up act.

I have quoted a number of letters for the reason I assigned for publishing these memoirs in my lifetime, namely to establish the perfect truth and accuracy of my narrative, whilst my contemporaries remained to contradict my statements, if wrong, and correct my errors where they accidentally occurred.

Among literary projects which occupied much of my attention, was a plan for a Juvenile Library (Colburn and Bentley), to execute which a number of the first authors of the day were engaged, but after some progress was made the design was abandoned by the publishers; in consequence of which several annoying disputes arose between them and the contributors, led to considerable expense, and vexed me

extremely. Notwithstanding all the novelties in this order of literature which have been published since, it is yet an excellent plan, and might be carried into effect very beneficially.*

When the "Gazette" completed its twenty-fifth year, as mentioned in a preceding chapter, its proprietors gave a pleasant dinner-party to its and their friends, at the Freemasons' Tavern, which was attended by a brilliant intellectual company of about sixty, and "went off" most agreeably and satisfactorily.

I hope that in relating the leading incidents of my busy and varied life, and alluding to the numerous interesting transactions in which my occupation led me to take an active part, I have not far transgressed the rules of propriety by unwarranted laudation of what I had it in my power to do. With a common Scottish provincial education, happily improved by accident, I have put forth no pretence to be

* Another project to make a fortune by was not very literary, but it was curious enough to deserve a notice—it was no less than the manufacture (or transmutation) of soap by a process which would render the necessary article much cheaper, and wonderfully enrich the inventor. Well, it was experimented upon by Mr. Hendrie, one of the best practical and most scientific as well as fashionable perfumers in London, and tried by Messrs. Hawes, the great soap-boilers; and *only* found to be a delusion, as in a short time the product shrunk back into its original capacity and *only* showed a larger saponaceous front and apparent efficacy when first operated upon. The recipe was imported from the backwoods of America, where it was declared to be successfully practised, and if any gudewife or housekeeper likes to repeat the experiment in the approaching winter, it is as follows:—"Take 6lb. of clean snow and put it in a saucepan on the fire till quite dissolved, then skim off with a spoon any dirty froth that may be on the top. After that cut into small slices 1lb. of the best brown, or any other soap, and add it to the snow-water. Let it boil an hour, stirring it frequently till the soap is quite dissolved, then add a wine-glass full of salt, again stirring it and letting it boil another ten minutes, and pour it into an earthen dish to cool for two days, then cut it out into thin wedges. The longer it is kept the better." [Quære?] Thus it was asserted, that by the addition of snow and salt, say 1lb. of sapon, 3lb. of snow, and a small quantity of salt, 4lb. of soap would be formed, solid and very clear, not producing so strong a lather, but exceedingly soft and pleasant to the feel, and washing well.

considered a great scholar; but by voracious reading, unceasing reflection on what I read, and the necessity of forming and delivering opinions thereon, and by a general and free intercourse with the best-informed men of my time, I have believed that I so far succeeded in cultivating my mind as to be competent for the duties of my position in a respectable manner, and to have produced a work which will be found rationally entertaining, useful, and instructive to future generations, who have need to refer to the literary and scientific annals of that considerable portion of the nineteenth century which my labours have embraced.

Were all my writings collected together, they would fill very many volumes; and I know of nothing, not a syllable in the whole of which I have cause to be ashamed. From toils on any great popular scale, I am now most probably released for ever; yet am I ready and willing, if called upon, to put my shoulder to the wheel, with what strength remains, and I trust could exhibit some of the blood of the old racer still. The *mens sana in corpore sano* at all events sustains me with passive endurance of what cannot be helped or cured; and it is only when health is perilled by troubles hard to bear that I feel myself incompetent to the performance of tasks which 'twere well, for me and mine, were done quickly. Of the shock received by the death of L. E. L., I dare not trust my pen to write. The news stunned me at the time it was told—I fell down insensate—and the memory is too painful for even a line to bewail the sacrifice. No more.

Wellington modestly said—"War is a struggle between commanders who shall make the fewest blunders," and assuredly the same pithy apophthegm may be applied to auto-biographical writers; and truthful was the observation of an old friend of mine, "Every man begins life with

a measure of what he means to do; but he finds himself, year after year, compelled to cut the stick shorter; and is too often at the last, sadly ashamed of its diminutive size." I, at least, look back, with melancholy regrets on the poor proportions of my ambitious stick.

For I have lived in a stirring and wonderful period, and the retrospect exhibits such changes and revolutions that a man of ordinary talents and fair opportunities has cause to blame himself, as one wanting in some essential requisites, if he has not employed the former and availed him of the latter, to cleave his way to fortune and station. When I commenced my career, a Capet sat on the throne of France; a chimney at Old Sarum and its "likes," (as formerly Arundel and Berkeley Castles,) made commoners legislators as the highway to peerages; the King had "friends," and children were taught Greek and Latin or nothing at all; convicts were hanged by dozens at a time, the laws were deemed perfect, and judges infallible; it took four days to go between London and Edinburgh; and a thousand other things were not as they now are. To have lived from Louis XVI. to Louis Napoleon, is to have seen much abroad; to have lived from stage-coaches and Margate hoys, and laborious paintings, and tedious general-postage, to railroads and steam-vessels, and photographic art, and electric telegraphs, is to have witnessed not a little at home.

The changes in things, small and great, have indeed been a curious example of the "march of intellect." Such a medley! The Union with Ireland and the Irish unanimity ever since. The introduction of omnibuses and the supplement of cabs, instead of the ancient hackney-coaches. The battles of Trafalgar and Waterloo. Tobacco-pipes almost superseded by cigars, and the latter protruded from the

middle of the mouth, especially by boys and snobs, instead of the corner, as in the good old, old woman, piping times. Tunnels performing for bridges. Cholera doing the work of small-pox. Grave judges, as in Ireland, taking to be agents and auctioneers for the sale of estates, recommended to purchasers by being encumbered. Police magistrates adding charity commissionerships to their disposal of night-charges and the committal of humane husbands. The Reform of Parliament, and seats becoming more purchaseable, and candidates and electors more corrupt in consequence, so that the reform of reform is the universal shout. The game of *Puss* in the corner made part and portion of divine worship, and the restoration of the Romish hierarchy under a Wise-man.* Free trade and strikes—Oh, I might go on for a month! * * * So no more at present.

Among my pursuits, I have, for many years, felt a deep interest in the very difficult question of secondary punishments and criminal reform, and written a great deal on the subject. It does not yet seem to have attained a rational and practicable solution; but I cannot regret the time I have spent, nor especially my latest efforts in seconding the meritorious labours in the cause of Mr. ex-Sheriff John Laurie. His pamphlet, describing the proceedings, in which Lord John Manners took a prominent part, is well worthy of the attention of the public and legislature; and reflects much honour upon his benevolence and patriotism,

From the Asiatic Society I have repeatedly received

* Cardinal Wiseman about twenty years ago, a priest at Rome, was the intimate friend of the celebrated Angelo Mai, and his coadjutor in learned research into the literary treasures of the Vatican, and translating several oriental works. On account of his learning he was elected an honorary member of the Royal Society of Literature, which distinction he holds to the present day.

thanks, and not a long while ago served diligently upon a committee in which my late excellent friend Sir Charles Forbes, Dr. Royle, and other eminent East Indians, took active parts—a committee which might be called commercial rather than literary, and therefore one to which I could be of but little use, and where the information I received was out of all proportion to the assistance I could communicate. What struck me most, was the extraordinary absence of data relative to almost every important or interesting question. When we began to inquire, we found that little or nothing was known or could be learnt respecting the products of the country or the means of converting them into sources of improvement and prosperity. Certain scientific intelligence was nearly the sum total; but where drugs, or dyes, or timber, or other articles of trade could be cultivated to most advantage—or where there really were supplies in different provinces—and how they could be made available for beneficial commerce, was all but blank. As for sugar and cotton—their most advantageous soils, climates, and means of transport, &c. &c., our ignorance was astonishing, Dr. Royle especially, and Colonel Sykes, and others, have since that time thrown considerable light upon several of these investigations; but I cannot forget when the welfare of such an empire depended so much upon an accurate acquaintance with the particulars sought, my surprise and wonder at discovering that the want of knowledge was so profound. We sent orders out for samples of many kinds, and the condition in which we received them (nearly all) was a lesson in Indian affairs. Broken jars and bottles of liquids, crushed baskets and hampers of raw goods, cotton like thistles, and wrack of every sort were submitted for our examination, and if ever order could have been deduced out of disorder, this was the

committee to accomplish the task. Its appointment, nevertheless, was a great step in the right direction; and out of it sprung no small portion of the development of Indian resources now in progress, though far from being pursued with the energy it deserves and demands. China and the Eastern seas will speedily extend the already world-wide area, and kept, as when with his friend Rajah Brooke by such a gallant sailor as Captain Henry Keppel (who belongs to my theme as a literary man, though more promising, if his country wants such defenders again, to be a Nelson than a Walter Scott,) will in spite of our slowest, snail-like progress, entirely change the face of this richest region of the earth.

The drama has offered too wide a field for me to mingle at any length with the other concerns which have occupied my page. But it received my constant and sedulous attention through all the years of the "Gazette," and occupied my own pen to a considerable extent as well as my complete personal interest, and the pens of several superior critics. I can now assert on the retrospect, that I do not find one opinion in fifty, either in regard to performers, dramas, or dramatists controverted by the results. To the funds I also contributed my usual aid.

I know not, if, at my birth, some ill-natured fairy whispered, "William, have a taste," but in the drama, almost as much in the fine arts, bad performances had the same sort of effect in disgusting my mind as immoral actions. The offences, certainly, were of a very different order, but there was a strange approximating dislike to bad acting, bad writing, bad painting, and bad sculpture as to impositions, falsehoods, and rascalities.

Of the poets, whose compositions have shed the brightest lustre on the columns of the "Gazette," I have said the

least (for though early begun, they have chiefly belonged to later years) of the charming productions of my friend Charles Swain. And of him and his productions, what can I say to express my affectionate regard and great admiration? Possessed of every quality which can render a man estimable and dear in private life, I consider him to stand in the very foremost rank of our living bards. Sweetness, nature, feeling, pathos, playfulness, power, are conspicuous in his writings, and all the smoke and noise of Manchester have but slightly and temporarily obscured the radiance of his muse or dinned the melody of his song. I am persuaded that but for the circumstance of place, that high as his fame is, it must have been much higher and more universal had he moved in the London sphere. Yet time will right all, and Charles Swain stand among the noblest laurelled heads of the age. Even at the last moment, when this sheet is passing from my hands, I rejoice to be able to add that Manchester has done itself honour in offering a public tribute of its applause to the bard who has reflected so much honour upon it. A splendid entertainment has been appointed for the 30th November, at which the liberal representatives of commercial industry, enterprise, wealth, and intelligence will have shown how they appreciate the merits of their gifted fellow citizen, whose fame will last as long as the bronze statues they are erecting.

How I might dilate on these wonders and the other overwhelming discoveries and progress of the age; but so unimportant a being as I am, must leave the glorious and philosophical view of such themes to the master-spirits, some of whom I could conjure by name to do justice to so immortal an undertaking. I will but notice that since 1780, the persons who have appeared on the stage here and elsewhere, are perhaps not more eminent (indeed

generally rather less so) than the distinguished men of former times; but the historical events have been more striking, and the discoveries in arts and sciences, and the practical application of them to the useful purposes of life, have been so immeasurably superior to what was done before, that we seem at the commencement of a new era. The younger Pitt was probably a much greater man than his father. Wellington I. should put on the same level with Julius Cæsar, and Scott and Byron are on a par with any that ever went before them; but the general diffusion of knowledge has made it requisite that eminence should be very great to be conspicuous. Formerly stars shone in the midnight, now there is a twilight abroad which eclipses all but the brightest shining ones. What will it be when the full blaze of day shall appear? The events connected with the history of France during the last seventy years surpass in historic interest, and in the materials for philosophical speculations, any other period of the same duration in the history of man, and finishing (as it does) with the election of Louis Napoleon as a Republican President, and his becoming an Emperor within two years, baffles all foresight, and even speculation. The absence of European war is a most remarkable fact. My own impression is, that ere long the bulk of the community will directly, as here, or indirectly, as elsewhere, have such a voice in the public affairs, that no one shall ever see universal war again, threatening as the aspects now are. Those railways are the bands that will "*bind the kings with iron,*" and compel them to observe peace and allow "*The Progress.*"

In practical science immense strides have been taken, as, for instance, in the doctrine of polarised light yet in its infancy, though it has produced such beautiful and splendid results, at once gratifying and astonishing, especially when

assisted by the microscope; and on the advance of the mechanical arts alone a volume of eulogy might be written.

One who has lived to see the Sun made a Painter, Light a Chemist, Vapour a Coachman and Carrier, and Electricity a Postman, may yet even at a patriarchal age, live to see strange things!

But why have I even so hastily glanced at these marvellous improvements and the roads they have in all probability opened to yet greater discoveries to come! It is because, when I merely cast my eyes towards it I feel the more sensible of my own insignificance, and would fain close this book with a sincere and contrite apology for having written it.

There is one other name, among others, which I should like to mention in this volume. Above twenty years ago, my relative, Professor John Blacke, came to London with even then the reputation of being devoted to literature, and an excellent scholar, speaking Latin, German, Italian, and French as fluently as his vernacular: also well versed in Greek, having studied under a native, and thus mastered the modern with the ancient tongue. Only three years before he was intended for the Scotch church, but now, having his mind enlarged by foreign education, his views were directed to a professorship and the literary life he has since pursued, and in which he has so pre-eminently succeeded as to be one of the most distinguished ornaments of the University of Edinburgh, and a scholar whose reputation is even more than European, both as regards German and Grecian literature.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY as it ought to be, was defined by a great man as "a portrait of the mind of the writer," and, in order to come somewhat within this canon, I have not hesitated

to give such truthful lineaments as occurred to my pencil, though I was not artist enough to paint a complete picture; and yet I fear that these traits will naturally expose me to the criticism which all such revelations risk, namely, the imputation of egotism. But this feeling has hung over my whole work like a cloud, and I have only got through it by the conviction that it is a blemish quite inseparable from this class of composition.* At its close, I cannot help applying to myself the vain-glorious and flattering unction of P.P., clerk of the parish, and, sensible how liable I have made myself to the charge, I take the liberty to anticipate the good-natured quotation.

"Now were the eyes of all the parish upon these our *Weekly Councils.* In a short time, the minister came amongst us; he spake concerning us and our councils to a multitude of other ministers at the visitation, and they spake thereof unto the ministers at London, so that even the bishops heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover, Sir Thomas, Member of Parliament, spake of the same unto other Members of Parliament, who spake thereof unto the peers of the realm. Lo! thus did our counsels enter into the hearts of our generals and our lawgivers; and from henceforth, even as We devised, thus did they!"

APPENDIX.

A. p. 24.

The following correspondence and extracts will, I trust, possess some interest for literary readers.

GERALD GRIFFIN TO HIS BROTHER.

"London, Nov. 10, 1824.

"My dear William,—Since my last I have visited Mr. J—— several times. The last time he wished me to dine with him, which I happened not to be able to do, and was very sorry for it, for his acquaintance is to me a matter of great importance, not only from the engine he wields—and a formidable one it is, being the most widely circulated journal in Europe—but also because he is acquainted with all the principal literary characters of the day, and a very pleasant kind of man. He was talking of Maginn, who writes a good deal for Blackwood, and spoke in high terms of his talents; nevertheless, though he is his friend, he confessed he did not think him a very considerate critic, and thought there was something unfeeling in his persecution of Barry Cornwall, who by the way is an acquaintance of my Spanish friend's. You may have seen those letters to Bryan Proctor in "Blackwood's Magazine." Barry Cornwall is, he says, one of the mildest, modestest young fellows he ever saw, and does anything but assume. Maginn, however, imagines that those he attacks, think as little of the affair as himself, which is by no means the case. The other day he attacked Campbell's

'Ritter Bann*' most happily, and at the same time cuttingly, and afterwards wanted J—— to get up a dinner and bring Campbell and him together. J——.begged leave to decline. He is a singular-looking being, Dr. Maginn. A young man about twenty-six years of age, with grey hair, and one of the most talented eyes, when he lets it speak out, I ever beheld. Banim, who is his bosom crony, says he considers him one of the most extraordinary men he ever knew. He attacked Banim too before they were acquainted, but that's all forgot long since. Hazlitt praised Banim in the 'London Magazine' and of course rendered it imperative on Blackwood to abuse him. Have you seen Campbell's late poems, any of them? I have been told that the volume of his, which is coming out shortly, 'Theodric,' &c., is very poor indeed—lamentably so. Campbell is the most finical exact kind of fellow in the whole world. As an instance, I have heard that he was asked to write a little poem some time since for the occasion of Burns's monument, which was then in agitation, and in which my informant took great interest. Campbell consented, but directed that proofs should be sent to him to the country, and before the poem appeared, had actually sent five or six messengers back and forward to and from town with revisions of commas and semi-colons!!! There is a young writer here, Miss Landon, the author of the 'Improvisatrice,' a poem which has made some noise lately, who has been brought out by J——, and to be sure he does praise her. She sent some pieces to the 'Literary Gazette' a few years since, and through that journal (without intending any insinuations as to desert) has made herself popular enough to run through a few editions. J—— has asked me to meet Alaric Watts† at his house, when the latter comes to town, which he intends shortly. Watts is a very sweet writer in his own way, and rather a favourite. I have got a few days since a note from my friend Banim to know what has become of me? and he adds as a spur that Dr. Maginn has just been with him, and said that Mr. J—— expressed himself highly pleased with the series I am at present furnishing him. I dined the other day—at least about a month since—with him

* "The Writer Tam" was the name of this burlesque.—W. J.

† Watts was also so offended with some of Maginn's devilries, that in one of his letters to me he denounces him, in his wrath, as a —— blackguard.—W. J.

and a friend of his, an artist of the name of Foster (to whom, if you recollect, Madame de Genlis dedicated one of her works, and expresses her gratitude for his assistance in some of her literary labours). He is one of the most delightful facetious fellows I ever saw.

"My dear William, ever affectionately yours,
"GERALD GRIFFIN."

* * * * *

In this instance he (Foster) was the chief cause of Gerald's deliverance from his embarrassments, though the latter did not know at the time the full extent to which he was indebted to him. Immediately after the visit alluded to, he went straight to Dr. Maginn and described what he saw. Dr. Maginn with extreme good-nature immediately communicated with the editor of the "Literary Gazette," and this led to the engagement which Gerald alludes to above, and to the series of papers he there speaks of.*****. I brought him a number of the "Literary Gazette" one day, which contained a review of the work (Holland-tide), in which it is said, some of the shorter tales were contributed by a friend, some of the offered contributions were rejected by Griffin on the ground that they would be thought to resemble in their manner the writings of Mr. Crofton Croker, that I thought would give him very high satisfaction, as its praise was almost unbounded. I was surprised, however, to find that it produced quite the contrary effect, and threw him into a state of agitation that I little anticipated, one expression in it appearing to neutralise all its approbation. Indeed I had no conception before of the degree to which an author could be affected by so simple a thing, as a review of his work in a periodical, and that review a favourable one. He seemed to read it with much gratification, until he came to a part where the reviewer spoke of the shorter tales, and giving them also a considerable degree of praise said, that "Little Jack Edy" *was almost Crofton Crokerish!* The moment Gerald came to this passage, I never saw anything like the state it put him into. It was not rage so much his countenance expressed, as an appearance of the most violent agony. He crumpled the paper in his hand, raised it high above his head, stamped violently, and almost dashed it to the earth in the excess of his feeling. "Oh!" he said, "Oh!" with a

prolonged, and deep, and painful emphasis on the word, "This is just what I feared. I told —— these tales were like Crofton Croker's." I was perfectly astonished and said, "Why what signifies it?" "Oh?" said he again, "you don't know the effect of these things." "*Only think*," he repeated with the utmost vehemence, "*Only think of being compared with Crofton Croker.*"*

B. p. 25.

Among incipient authors whom (to use a common phrase) it was in my power to "take by the hand" and pull up the steep, few had a heartier help than Mr. William Harrison Ainsworth, whose literary propensities were strong in youth, and who has since made so wide a noise in the world of fictitious and periodical literature. From some cause or another, which I cannot comprehend, he has given a notice to my publishers, to forbid the use of any of his correspondence in these Memoirs, though on looking over a number of his letters I can discover nothing discreditable to him, or aught of which he has reason to be ashamed. If the reluctance to have them referred to was founded on a dislike to have my early regard and its consequent amicable acts recorded, I think he need hardly have entertained an apprehension of my boasting too much; and especially, as the circumstances were always his own common and continual boast, and but too flatteringly proclaimed on every apposite occasion to be agreeable even to my self-estimation. He was only one of many to whose first essays I paid similar attention; and that I maintained the same line of conduct in his case for years, as he pursued his popular career, only proved that my first impression of his talents was confirmed by his sequent productions. From "Sir John Chiverton," so full of promise, to "Jack Shepherd" (the evils to be caused by which I did not foresee, and then spoke favourably of the graphic power it displayed), and from "Jack Shepherd" to the writer's latest performance, it has ever been a pleasure to me to set him in the fairest colours before the world; and he

* See "Life of Gerald Griffin, Esq., by his Brother," prefixed to the collected edition of his works, 1842.

need have been under no alarm for the betrayal of private confidences in my illustration of our literary, or even social relations. As far as gratitude was concerned, I must on the contrary say that he evinced it for my services, "such as they were," by all such returns as good feeling could prompt; and that I was, by these friendly requitals, more than compensated for the prominent part I took in promoting the interests of the Opera-house when Mr. Ebers, his father-in-law, was the lessee; or his own views when, for a short season, engaged in the publishing trade. In his latter capacity, it afforded me high satisfaction to second his zealous exertions towards bringing the first delightful poetic volume of Mrs. Norton, in its best but true light, into public notice; the success of which must have been heartily grateful to him as it was highly satisfactory to me. Then with respect to his publication of the illustrious "Ude's Culinary Book," it was the source of a hundred entertaining mental and corporeal treats which all the puffs in the English tongue could not over-pay. Laughter at Ude's quaintness and drolleries, and dinners of Ude's own cooking, after superintending which he dined with the *convives*, were unique in their way as his ideas and conversations were original. His lamentation for the loss of his *cher* Prince (the Duke of York), who "shall miss me wherever he has gone to" was ludicrously pathetic; and his theory that the art of cooking in England should be studied and practised in subserviency to the British Constitution, was superb, for he held that there ought to be the first, highest, and most *recherché* preparations for His Majesty; a second and hardly inferior course for the peerage, with an addition of painstaking for the bench of bishops; a third still excellent for the legislators in the House of Commons, and the orders on a level with these favoured members; and lastly, for he would descend no lower, a suitable provision, richly sauced, piquantly seasoned, and handsomely served for the gentry and upper commercial classes! Such a system he contended, politically, must put an end to all discontent throughout the country, and render Great Britain as peaceful and happy in reality as it was in the hypotheses of foolish reformers and brawling patriots. Such was his notion of a Udine Constitution, founded on the stomach, and upheld by the gustativeness of the lieges. As for his literature, I subjoin a specimen submitted to my taste as one of the additions to the second

edition of his work, to which our joint efforts very speedily conducted it.

"*Potato Souffle.*—This dish as the good adventage to be good and cheep. Take as must large potato as you have gest for dinner, as thi dish don't looke well to be cut, whash them well, and select for that dish the better in shap, put them in the owen to be donne as well as to eat them with butter, then cut one opperture at the top, take out the in side with a spoone and put this in a stewpane, with two or three spoone of double cream, a small bit of butter, little salt, some sugar, litle lemon peel rasp in sugar, too yelk of eggs, and add to it the white well frosted, and put the appareil to the potato, and put this to the owen pretty hot, and warie the taste, some time lemon, same time orange flower water, &c. This dish is very prety and not vulgaire."

But to return for a moment to the author of "Rookwood," "Crichton," and other deservedly popular productions—an author who is rarely surpassed in spirit when his characters are in action, and some of whose ballads and songs partake of the same sparkling vivacity—I shall only mention that after the Review of Crichton in the "Literary Gazette," Mr. Bentley waited upon the writer the next morning, and offered him 500*l.* for a new novel. As *Froth* (whose disciple I, on some occasions, feel myself rather disposed to be) says in the play, "I hope here be facts."

I do not remember what became of a project for a "Lyceum Club," built upon the pleasures of the Ude *gourmet* symposia, but the mighty minister of amphytrionic luxuries has retired to his mould, and Soyer, the magnificent, reigns, cooks, writes, and publishes in his stead.

In speaking of Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth, I may take the opportunity of setting many readers, particularly in the right, in respect to another author of nearly the same name, viz., Mr. William Francis Ainsworth, whom I have frequently seen confounded with his cousin, though nothing can be more opposite than their literary pursuits and works. Whilst Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth has revelled in the fanciful field of invention and lighter composition, Mr. W. Francis Ainsworth has delved deeply into the mines of learning and science, and classic antiquity. In geology I am not aware that he has any superior, and his description of the marvellous caves of Bally-

bunion, lashed by the stupendous Atlantic wave on the southern coast of Ireland (which I have visited in consequence with intense enjoyment) is an interesting proof of the truth of my opinion. His toils and their results on Colonel Chesney's memorable exploratory voyage down the Euphrates, have contributed a very important share to the geographical and other scientific values of that expedition; and his admirably instructive papers and communications to the Syro-Egyptian Society (of which he was a president), and to the Ethnological Society (of which he is one of the most distinguished members), not to allude to his innumerable contributions to general literature, mark him out conspicuously among the foremost of our living teachers of useful knowledge. His noble enterprise in following the route of Xenophon and his ten thousand Greeks, and describing it halt by halt, and step by step, is alone a monument of scholarship and ability enough to perpetuate his fame to a late posterity. With modesty equal to his attainments, he seems to me to have shrunk too much from the public reputation which is his due; and I am well aware that if a man, however pre-eminent, does that, the noise and clamour of the host of pretenders will bar him from being heard, and that this is not now the country in which such qualities are sought out to be acknowledged and rewarded with the distinctions they deserve.

C. page 25.

The straightforward and coolly intrepid character of Weddell, stamped him the perfect successor to the bravest nautical heroes of the elder times, who, in their small frail barks explored the wildest seas and most desolate regions of the earth. On his return from his Antarctic voyage, he was greeted with great applause by all who were interested in Polar discoveries, and received many deserved compliments and marks of honour. It was my good fortune to hail his book (1825) in a style which procured the annexed acknowledgment, and led to a lasting friendship.

"Your very able review has given my book a stamp of

respectability, and conferred a most flattering compliment on the author.

"With respectful remembrance,

"Yours very faithfully,

"JAMES WEDDELL."

I am sorry to confess that a (what shall I call it?) of four dozen pints of the finest Malmsey Madeira, brought from the Island, attended this seaman's thank-ye, and I could only requite the "what shall I call it," by hospitalities and attentions to the bestower when in town, and a continued tribute to his persevering conduct, as opportunities arose for its public notice. Among the aspirations of my warm friend was his candidature for the post of superintendent of Leith docks, for success in which he was, notwithstanding my efforts, too late in the field, and the office was carried by my jovial steam-vessel intimate Captain Dall. Weddell's narrative of his Antarctic voyage, on which he penetrated to a higher latitude than had ever been previously reached, even by Cook or any other navigator in expeditions fitted out for discovery by Government, made a great sensation; and until the last splendid achievements of Sir James Clark Ross, he stood at the head of the gallant explorers of the southern hemisphere—as it still does among the foremost of enthusiastic private enterprise, in any age or perilous sea. I am proud of my name being given in his map to an Island, though at Cape Horn, and so desolate and unproductive, that even in my worst days, I have never thought of proceeding to that stormy region to take possession of my undoubted property, with its icebergs and pen-guins (such natural subjects for a pen-man), and, it might be, a native Patagonian or two, only I should have been afraid to attempt the rule over the females of so gigantic a people, however loyal and attached!

Poor Weddell did not long survive to enjoy the triumph of his brave exploits. He was more wrapped up in the ambition to follow up his brilliant naval adventures than to look out for and realise the fruits of commercial industry in the ships entrusted to his command—and ship-owners do not enter, with eagerness, into such feelings. The result was that the strong-built and strong-hearted sailor fell into embarrassments, and sank under their pressure. He had, however, from his own

resources, and the co-operation of confiding connections, who had experienced the benefit of his integrity and ability as the skipper of a merchantman, succeeded in equipping a handsome new vessel, of about 400 tons, and taking one trip more, though only a short one. I allude to this, as it produced a scene of such unequalled merriment, that it is yet vividly present to my mind and eye. There was a *fête* on board to christen the bark, as she lay in the West India Docks; and I was one of the guests. The dinner was excellent, though not à la Ude or Soyer (*vide* preceding note); for the cook, as was afterwards ascertained, was of another complexion; and it went off with adequate satisfaction. The cloth was removed, bumpers filled, and the company "upstanding," with "three times three" in the vista, having been suitably addressed, were lifting the wine to their lips to toast the health of Captain Weddell and prosperity to the ——— (I forget the name, it was a pretty feminine one in accordance with a pretty figure-head) when lo, a crash was heard, the broad cabin light above us was dashed into fragments, the shivered glass and frame-work descended in showers, and in the midst the cause of all this confusion, a huge black pig, which they had been trying to stow away on deck, and which, objecting to the process, came tumbling through the sky-light, not at all like Mercury alighting on a heaven-kissing hill. Some of us were knocked under the table, the upheld bumper-glasses accompanying the fall of man, and we had no time to recover from our amazement, when a half naked, and much over-heated, huge negro rushed down the ladder into the cabin, and springing on the pig, the cause of all our woes, and clasping the also black monster in his arms, hugged it up to its destination in spite of struggles and shrieks the most swinishly desperate and deafening. The denouement was followed, as we gathered ourselves up, with roars of uncontrollable laughter, and, as none of us were seriously damaged, the jollity was renewed in a humour which did not tend to diminish the succeeding revels of the day.

Hogarth, Cruikshank, or Leech might have envied the spectacle of this baptism, and their pencils have immortalised this story of a pig without a poke.

To poor Weddell, even in this vein of merry recollection, I must, however, bid adieu. He was a worthy of the right sort for sea or land,

An honest man, the noblest work of God.

D. page 26.

THE LAST BOTTLE.

"Death's Doings," with twenty-four plates, designed and etched by Mr. Dagley, as dedicated to his friend Mr. Douce, and composed of several original productions of his own, and contributions from various writers. The etching I endeavoured to illustrate, represented, the Skeleton, as a butler, or waiter, drawing a magnum for four convivial fellows boozing at a table, whose appearances are alluded to in the text—as follows:—

"An' if it be the last bottle, Death is quite welcome; for then Life hath run to very dregs and lees, and there is nothing more in it which can be called enjoyment. Ah, whither have ye sped, ye jovial Hours, which on bright-winged glasses, far different from yon sandy remembrancer, floated away so blissfully; as the bird poised high in air, the trouble of the ascent over, glides without effort or motion, through the brilliant pleasures of yielding space. How ye sparkled and ran on, like gay creatures of the element gifted with more than magic powers. Beautiful and slight ephemera, fragile as you seemed, what mighty loads of cares did you easily bear off in your aërial flight! Ponderous debts which might weigh nations down; the griefs of many loves, enow to drown a world; the falsehoods of friends, the malice of enemies; anxieties, fears, troubles, sorrows —all vanished as drinking ye proceeded in your mystic dance! I picture ye in my fancy, now, ye Hours, as sparkling, joyous, and exquisite insects, flitting past with each a burden of man's miseries on his shoulders sufficient to break the back of a camel, and borne from the lightened hearts of your true worshippers. But, alas! alas! for all things mortal—we must come to the last at last.

"Yet let the grim tyrant approach at any time, sith it must be so, and at what time can he approach when we should less regard his frown. Like the unconscious lamb, which 'licks the hand just raised to shed its blood,' we play with his bony fingers as he presents the latest draught; and let his dart be dipped in the rosy flood, we die feeling that wine gives to Death

itself a pang of joy. Herodotus must have been wrong when he told us that the *Maneros* of the Egyptians was a mournful and wailing song; and Plutarch's is the best authority, for he says it was a joyous chant. So believed the merry party assembled in our faithful picture: their round of song, of toast, of cheer, of laughter, and of shout, was such as Plutarch paints of the wisdom of antiquity, when the figure of a dead man was shown to the convivial souls, and they melodiously joined the chorus—

Behold that breathless corpse;
You'll be like it when you die:
Therefore drink without remorse,
And be merry, merrily.
Ai-lun, Ai-lun, Ai-lun,* quo' he!
Our only night, no sky light, drink about, quo' we.

"Time they tell us, waits for no man;—

Time and Tide,
For no man bide;

but here we can make Death himself a waiter, while the cup is drained and the jocund catch goes round. Hark, whose voice among the happy set is that which sings—

While here we meet, a jovial band,
No Son of Discord's impious hand
Dare fling the apple, fire the brand,
To mar our social joy:

Free, as our glorious country free,
Prospering in her prosperity,
With wine, and jest, and harmony,
We Pleasure's hours employ.

But lo, he whose face is half concealed by that arm uplifted with the sparkling glass, he has drunk till the tender mood of philosophy steals over his melting soul. His maudlin eye would moisten with a tear at a tale of sorrow or a plaintive

* Literally in the Greek, "Behold that corpse; you will resemble it after your death: drink now, therefore, and be merry."—(See Herodotus and Plutarch, on the Egyption Maneros, *passim*). The fine chorus of Ai-lun, "He is dwelling with the night," is, we trust, pathetically rendered.

air; and it is thus he gives vent to his soothing melancholy sensations—

Death comes but once, the philosophers say,
And 'tis true, my brave boys, but that once is a clencher:
It takes us from drinking and loving away,
And spoils at a blow the best tippler and wencher.
Sing Ai-lun, though to me very odd it is,
Yet, I sing it, too, as my friend quotes Herodotus.

And Death comes to all, so they tell us again,
Which also I fear, my brave boys, is no fable;
Yet the moral it teaches, to me is quite plain:
'Tis to love all we can and to drink all we're able.
Sing, again, Ai-lun, though to me odd it is;
But 'tis Greek, very good I hope, and comes from Herodotus.

The old Trojan himself tucks his napkin under his arm, the whetting of his scythe is forgotten, and he wishes (miserable sinner), that, instead of sand, his double glass were wetted full with burgundy. How it would refresh and revivify his dry ribs! how it would re-create and beautify his filthy skeleton form! but he must do his thankless office, while he listens to that third glee which he with the plumed bonnet trolls forth:—

Let the sparkling glass go round,
The sparkling glass where care is drowned;
For while we drink, we live, we live!
Let the joyous roof ring with the measure,
The sweetest of the muses' treasure
That Music's voice can give.
Thus crowned, the present beams with pleasure,
The memory of the past is lighter,
The prospect of the future brighter—
And while we drink, we live, we live.
Chorus.—We live, we live, we live, we live,
For while we drink, we live, we live.

"Another cork is drawn. At the smacking sound cares, fears, pains, fly from the unruffled soul of man, as wild fowl fly from the placid lake at the report of the fowler's gun. The undulating agitation of the instant,—the centric, concentric, elliptic, parabolic, and every imaginary shape into which its glancing bosom is broken, ripples and sparkles with light, and all then gently subsides into smoothness and serenity.—The calm is delicious, and the bowl becomes more and more brimmed with

inspiration as the flood within it ebbs. Whose turn is it now to entertain us? What, Square-cap! thou hast stood or rather sat the brunt of many a deep-drenched table; the words of discretion must flow from thy lips so often steeped in the fountains of truth and wisdom. Oracle of the holy well—the 'Trinc, trinc, trinc,' of Rabelais drops from them as emphatically as upon the ear of the weary Panurge:—

Alexander and Cæsar have vanished away;
And Plato and Cicero now are but clay;—
The brave, and the learned, and the good, and the wise,
All come to the same simple close of "Here lies."
Then let us employ
Our moments in joy—
And before the sure end make the best use of Time.
'Twere folly to pine
O'er generous wine,
Since sadness is madness, and gloom is life's crime,
'Trinc, trinc, trinc,'*—I speak,
French words and French wines are far better than Greek.

Look along the bright board, like a river it flows
With a liquid whose sparkling no water e'er knows;
While the banks are with friends in good fellowship crowned,
Who bathe deep in the stream and ne'er fear being drowned,
'Tis Bacchus' hour,
So let him out-pour
All his treasures, while we make the best use of Time;
Friendship and wine
Are union divine,
And when drunk, mortal drunk, mortal man is sublime!
'Trinc, trinc, trinc,'—I speak,
French words and French wines are far better than Greek.

"Encore, encore—no more, no more: the last measure is full, the last verse is sung, the last cork has left the neck of the last bottle open. The gloomy assassin strikes—He who has been so often dead drunk, what is he now? At the next meeting there was one chair empty, one jolly dog absent—Ai-lun. And what

* When the oracle of the Holy Bottle was pronounced by the *trinkling* of the drops which fell from it, quoth Panurge, "Is this all that the Trismegistian Bottle's words mean? In truth I like it extremely, it went down like mother's milk."—"Nothing more," returned Bacbuc (the high priest), "for TRINC is a Panoimphean word, that is, a word understood, used, and celebrated by all nations, and signifies *Drink*."—See Rabelais for this adventure of Pantagruel and Panurge.

said his disconsolate companions—they missed him, they mourned, they lamented, no doubt:—ay, and they joked too. One said he had never paid any debt till he paid the debt of Nature; another remarked that he was just wise enough to prefer a full to an empty bottle; and the third wrote his epitaph over the third bottle per man:—

HABEAS CORPUS! HIC JACET!

Here lies William Wassail, cut down by *the* Mower;
None ever drank faster or paid their debts slower—
Now quiet he lies as he sleeps with *the Just.*
He has drank his *Last Bottle*, and fast, fast he sped it o'er,
And paid his great debt to his principal Creditor;
And *compounded* with all the rest, even with *Dust.*"

E. page 27.

Carrington died in 1830, and in 1849, his poems complete in the popular form of one small volume were published; and received from my pen the melancholy tribute justly due to them as natural purifying and beautiful; proceeding from an intense love of nature, and displaying descriptive powers of the finest order. I also expressed my gratification at being enabled to recal to memory, at the distance of time which had elapsed since my first friendly intercourse with him, the cordiality of my welcome to his "Dartmoor," and his over estimate of my praise and services; and it is a congenial addition to the enjoyment of such feelings to insert here a letter on the occasion from a son worthy of his sire, in talent and every estimable social quality.

"Bath Chron. Office, Sept. 15, 1849.

"DEAR SIR,—

"Allow me to offer you my sincere thanks for your very kind notice of the little volume containing my late father's poems. Your remarks are not only valuable to me as embodying a favourable opinion of my father's writings, but peculiarly so on account of the friendly feeling which you manifested towards him personally. He always attached great importance to your

critical opinions, and when I was a boy, I have frequently heard him speak, with gratitude, of the notice which you had taken of him and his literary productions. Now that he can no longer thank you for himself, it is a great gratification to me to do so as his son.

"With every good wish, and begging you to accept my best respects,

"I am, dear sir,

"Faithfully yours,

"H. E. CARRINGTON.

"W. JERDAN, ESQ."

F. page 44.

I had purposed, notwithstanding what I have elsewhere said about the Literary Fund, to have entered into some farther details of my connexion with it, and my strenuous exertions for a number of years to augment its resources and extend its benefits; but on arriving at this point of my undertaking, I find that it may not (at the present) be. I must content myself with the briefest possible notice of a few, as I think, curious or interesting particulars, which belong to byegone times. On my joining the supporters of the "Charity," the late Mr. James Christie, was first my leader, and then my warmest coadjutor in every effort suggested for its benefit. We recruited stewards, we solicited and obtained subscriptions, and we suggested plans of improvements together. Two-and-thirty years ago we endeavoured to accomplish for the anniversary, a recitation by Macready of a poem by Hookham Frere (then in Malta); and about the same time I joined the club, so advantageously presided over by Sir B. House, with the soul of humanity incarnated in the massive frame of the Rev. Dr. Yates, the treasurer, and his constant V. P.* I was also elected on the general committee. Of Fitzgerald's annual recitations, however well meant, Mr. Christie was no admirer; and I remember his endeavours

* My practice in transferring to the fund any monies mistakenly forwarded to the Gazette as a remuneration for supposed favours, helped somewhat to gratify the longings of the worthy treasurer.

occasionally to wedge in substitutes, but the force of custom prevailed, and Fitz., in spite of Canning's "*Poeta nascitur non,*" held the laureateship, often to our great amusement, for a series of years. Some touching lines by Mr. Snow, were once admitted; and the amiable secretary showed that his feeling and eloquence were equal to his delicacy and diligence in the good cause.

On the election of a successor to the office, a very eligible candidate, in the person of Mr. T. K. Hervey, had thoughts of standing; but the previous canvas, on behalf of a gentleman who has since raised himself to merited public distinction, and whose pretensions I cordially supported, had confirmed the general opinion in favour of his fitting qualifications, and secured his being chosen; and consequently no contest ensued. He was elected accordingly, and filled, while he occupied it, the station much to his own honour and the advantage of the fund—need I name Mr. (now Sir) C. P. Roney. I fancy the greatest shock he received in the discharge of his duties was when I cut Soane's portrait into ribbands, and carried the slip of canvas with the eyes on it to show him at the Opera, where I knew he was; and which drove him in dismay from a ballet that no young Irishman could dream of leaving except under very violent pressure indeed. I was menaced with heaven knows what vengeance for committing this atrocious (and I confess half-crazy) deed, but the impulse was defensible, and the annexed squib, at the time, set it in its true light.

"The feud between Sir JOHN SOANE and the Literary Fund has at length 'in hollow murmurs died away;' the talented but too zealous perpetrator of the mutilation has been gently rebuked, and there the matter ends—unless, indeed, the suggestion given below be acted upon, which we scarcely anticipate:—

(Dr. T. *loquitur.*)

Ochone! Ochone!
For the portrait of SOANE!
JERDAN! you ought to have let it alone,
Don't you see that instead of "removing the bone
Of contention," the apple of discord you've thrown?
One general moan,
Like a tragedy groan,
Bursts forth when the picturecide deed became known.
When the story got blown,
From the Thames to the Rhone,

Folks were calling for ether and Eau de Cologne,
All shocked at the want of discretion you've shown.
If your heart's not a stone,
You will forthwith atone,
The best way to do that is to ask Mr. RONE—
—Y to sew up the slits; the Committee you'll OWN,
When it's once stitched together, must see that it's SOANE.*

Of other zealous co-adjutors I shall merely mention Mr. Gent, in conjunction with whom at one anniversary, we brought a larger sum of subscription into the treasury, than all the other members and stewards put together (1823). But my annual efforts were (as I have stated) incessant and very productive. Another name I ought to record with eulogy, is that of Mr. William Tooke, still an ardent friend to the Institution; and another, Mr. John Britton, who has retired from his active and beneficial labours—so effective for many years—in the cause. Sir Henry Ellis, and Mr. B. Cabbell, were also prominent and important contributors in the benevolent design; and one of my later acts in the concern was to form the third party with them, as a deputation to the Duke of Somerset to obtain his Grace's assent to accept the Presidency of the Fund. Later still I performed a similar duty in the application to the Marquis of Lansdowne, now so auspiciously at its head.

I continue to take a sincere interest in its good management and faithful administration; and am therefore glad to learn that a proposition is on foot to give up its present unnecessarily expensive house establishment, and obtain more appropriate and less costly accommodations in a more convenient locality. Of old, economy at home, and liberality to the unfortunate, were the rigid principles upon which the Literary Fund was established and governed.

* Qu. Sewn?—*Print. Dev.*

G. page 207.

A playful note of L.E.L. will farther show from what a height I have fallen.

"Thursday, December.
ad libitum.

"You see I have obeyed your orders and dated. I own the day of the month is wanting, but you must make allowance for a * * * beginner.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have not been out of the house till yesterday, when Mrs. Windham called, and would take no denial—so home I went and dined with them. She desired me to ask you if you thought you could procure a box at Drury-lane or the Adelphi. I did not like to refuse asking you—as at the worst it only costs you a civil excuse. She asked me to go and see Gustave on Tuesday, which I declined; and I suspect Mr. W. won't stand two boxes in one week. Saturday is the night she wants it, but of course don't bother yourself. I am very anxious to hear what you are doing—I think if you could manage it, a run down to Clifton would do you a world of good. I want so to know if you approved my review of the 'B. of Beauty.' I miss so very much not being able to talk to you about my judgments before they become quite definite. There was such handsome mention of my story and poem of the 'New Monthly,' in the 'Morning Post'—and even the 'Atlas' praises my tale of 'The Pleiad.' I was so sorry to hear of your sore throat. I have seen nobody, heard nothing—begin to despair of Bentley publishing my novel. I do consider myself such an ill-used person.

"If you should send before I come in, this will be ready. I am going for some paper.

"Yours truly,
"L. E. L."

H. page 212.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Considering that the original projectors of this important Society have hardly received the credit due to them for their exertions in bringing it to the point when it was publicly adopted and organised on their basis, I deem it an act of justice to print the following statement and data. The first suggestion was conveyed to me by the letter signed A. C. C— (a clerk or librarian in the India House), and its substance noticed in the "Literary Gazette" of 24th May, 1828. The annexed is the letter, which I did think it requisite to publish entirely :—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY GAZETTE."

"Sir,—Few occurrences in the literary world are, I think, calculated to produce greater pleasure than the establishment of the Asiatic Translation Fund, which has just taken place. As a whole its regulations are excellent, but there is one to which I wish to call attention by the medium of your paper, which has, I know, been pretty generally disapproved of. This is the proposal to publish certain translations in the French language. Far be it from me to depreciate that language or to undervalue its excellences, which all must acknowledge to be great; but still at a time, when our own tongue is advancing into popularity on the continent, and when it is in fact commencing a struggle for supremacy with the French, it must be owned to be unwise to play into the enemy's hands in this manner. Nothing more contributed to the universal spread of our antagonist's arms than the universal spread of her language, and nothing has more contributed to the universal spread of her language than the custom prevalent amongst too many of our authors of taking for granted an acquaintance with that language, and thus, in a manner, enforcing the acquisition of it. Let us hope that this want of generalship will soon be amended, that our future fashionable novels will not like Almacks be written half in one

language and half in another, and our future Oriental scholars will not like 'Sir William Jones, translate into French or English as indifferently,' to quote the deemster's oath in the Isle of Man, 'as the herring's backbone doth lie in the body of the fish.'

"Having thus given vent to my patriotic feelings on this subject, you will allow me to inquire in what manner the Fund means to proceed with such translations from the Sanscrit, as are executed by foreign writers. It is to be hoped that the English translation of these will be superintended by some one acquainted with the original (the foreign translator if possible), or otherwise it is to be feared that much of the spirit of the Sanscrit will be suffered to evaporate in this complicated process. I am glad to observe that such numbers of learned foreigners have come forward on this occasion.

"This Society has certainly filled up one great hiatus in the list of the English literary associations; but there is another almost equally important to supply, which no steps appear to be taking. I allude to the want of a Geographical Society—a want which is the more singular, as our nation has always been, and still is, the very foremost in promoting geographical discoveries. The establishment of a society would of course do little if anything towards the augmentation of our spirit of enterprise, because it is already at the greatest height it can be supposed possible to attain to, but still it would furnish a point of union to travellers and scientific men, and a depository for geographical information, which it is shameful that we should want. I am convinced that if such an association were now to be formed it would in a few years become even more eminent and more eminently useful than the famous society of Paris. A library would soon be formed, for it cannot be conceived that the travellers who have shown themselves so eager to present their works to our continental rivals would be backward in paying the same compliment to us. Few things could be conceived more interesting than an evening party (what our neighbours would call a *soirée*) at the rooms of the Society, after the return of some distinguished traveller, his drawings, maps, curiosities, &c. lying on the tables, and himself in the centre of a circle of busy inquirers, anxious ever to catch a glance at the celebrated man.

"With the earnest wish that these hurried remarks and suggestions may, by their insertion in your journal, attract the attention of some one of influence in these matters,

"I remain, sir, yours, &c.

"May 19th, 1828. "A. C. C.

"P.S. I am irresistibly induced to make this rambling letter yet more rambling by inquiring whether Sir Walter Scott is yet in town, and what is his residence. I would keep watch at his door for four and twenty hours, were it only to catch a momentary glimpse of the wizard of the North. Please to answer this in your next."

On the 20th of September, Mr. Huttmann's letter (in my text) kept the subject partially alive, but 1829 passed away without any very strenuous efforts in private, and the proposal seemed to be all but asleep.

On the 8th of May, 1830, however, appeared the observations also given in my text, and embodying the steps which had then recently been adopted to revive the scheme, which was acknowledged in a letter of the 18th, from Mr. Britton, and farther particulars of the progress made, promised; but I do not find any published trace of the communication, and presume it was superseded by the meeting under Mr. Barrow, on the 24th of the same month. But Mr. Britton had previously addressed the gist of what had been concerted in the following letter to Mr. Davies Gilbert, and the prospectus which I have specified was issued.

"It appears, from what has come to my knowledge, that several gentlemen, wholly unconnected, both in London and in various parts of the country, have meditated on the formation of a Geographical Society, some of whom have their favourite schemes, some have vague and crude theories, some have made collections on the subject, and others, a large majority, are ready to co-operate in any judicious plan that may be calculated to promote the science by means of a respectable and effective institution. Hence it is evident that the friends to the cause are numerous and ardent, and in my own estimation it is equally evident that, as soon as an efficient committee be formed, and 'a local habitation and a name' be obtained, that the accession of members will be rapid, and of the most

respectable class. I have been induced, and without the slightest feelings of arrogance or presumption, to take an active interest in the cause, and venture to place my name in the front ranks, from a conviction that unless one person volunteers his services and even makes a sacrifice of some private comforts to attain a public object, it never will be effected. Some years have passed away since a Geographical Society was first suggested, and wished-for; and we know more would be likely to expire, were not some individual to undertake the unenviable task of bearing at once the brunt and slavery of business. 'I will gladly aid in the cause,' say A. B. C., and nearly all the capital letters of the alphabet, 'but do not expect me to work.' Unless, therefore, some of the smaller letters either volunteer their services, or consent to labour, we shall find that the Geographical Society, like the perpetual theme of 'reform in Parliament,' will continue to be long talked of, without being effected at last.

"The following will convey some idea of the extent of the objects contemplated by geography, with the variety and interest of their tendencies."

The printed prospectus, dated May 16, was, when the proof was corrected, as follows :—

"PROSPECTUS FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE LONDON GEOGRAPHICAL INSTITUTION.

"Among the numerous societies of this vast metropolis, there is not one devoted to *geography*, yet it is generally admitted that this is a science of paramount consequence to the interests of a nation. It is also a lamentable fact, that the geographical writings of this, and indeed of other countries, are still very imperfect and defective. The Society founded at Paris for geographical purposes, in 1821, almost immediately enrolled the names of 300 members. By the activity of those members, by the *éclat* attached to their proceedings, and by the numerous prizes they confer, it may be presumed that both new inquiries have been excited, and useful results obtained. England, however, requires for itself a Geographical Society, and the present epoch may be considered favourable to its establishment. Profiting by the constitution and laws of its foreign precursor, and also by those of other institutions in London, if may be founded

on a basis of durability and utility; and produce many advantages.

"In order to show, at a glance, the beneficial and various inquiries which it is proposed to encourage, the leading divisions of the science may be arranged under the following heads:—

GEOGRAPHY.	ABSOLUTE.	Of the mass and form of the Globe; motions and intrinsic properties of the Globe; of effects from celestial causes.
	PHYSICAL.	Natural divisions and geological features of the world; mountains, plains, deserts, mines, and minerals; particulars of the animal and vegetable kingdoms; seas, lakes, rivers, and springs; currents, tides, hydrographical data; climate, winds, weather, and seasons; volcanoes, earthquakes, and other phenomena.
	SPECIAL.	Ancient and modern history of the earth; the distribution of races and languages; names, derivation, and revolutions of states and cities; latitudes and longitudes, astronomical and geodesical; the variation, dip, and other magnetic phenomena; determination of heights and distances; relative magnitude of all countries and nations.
	POLITICAL.	Population, division of the people, general statistics; artificial division of lands, agriculture, produce; commerce, manufactures, fisheries; government, manners, customs, laws, policy; canals, roads, mills, bridges, markets; religion, education, forces, arts.

"The object of the proposed society is to collect, register, and digest all the useful facts comprehended under the above titles; and it is considered that, with moderate funds, the following objects may be readily accomplished, viz.:—

"I. A convenient house, or chambers, for the members to meet in at stated times; to preserve their books, papers, and other property; and to which strangers and foreigners may be admitted.

"II. A library to contain all the best books on geography, with maps, charts, and plans, old and new.

"III. A correspondence to be formed with similar societies in different parts of the world, or with natives of foreign countries

engaged in geographical pursuits, and also with the most able British residents, who are stationed in remote settlements.

"IV. The society may be a depository for all the geographical knowledge that exists: from its books, maps, &c., the most exact information may be obtained by persons who propose to visit foreign countries; and our own travellers, who often collect much useful information that is never published, might deposit the results of their observations or inquiries in the library of this society.

"V. Were prizes occasionally offered, as in the Parisian society, for the determination of particular questions, many of our countrymen, who visit remote regions, would doubtless be stimulated to those diligent observations and enquiries which would extend our knowledge of geographical facts.

"VI. In a short time the society would possess a mass of materials and information which they would wish to communicate to the public; for the society, to be extensively useful, must impart its acquired knowledge to the world.

"VII. Instead of printing occasionally an expensive volume of transactions, accessible but to few persons, except members, it is thought that it will be more advisable to publish periodically, in a small and cheap form, all the original communications of approved merit, as well as the useful results at which the society arrives. Such a geographical journal, it is presumed, will be likely to find a sufficient number of purchasers to defray all its expenses, and even add something to the funds of the society.

"The preceding plan and remarks are committed to the press, and submitted to the consideration of a few literary and scientific gentlemen, merely to direct their attention to the subject; to call forth their opinions and suggestions for the furtherance of the object; and to solicit the advice and aid of those who are at once qualified and disposed to co-operate in the establishment of a British Geographical Society.

"The secretary arrogates no merit on the occasion but that of volunteering his services as a medium of communication between parties, and undertaking to act as an official adviser and agent till the system be matured, and the society be organised. He will then readily resign his post to any person who may be chosen by the body of subscribers; and further pledges himself to present some useful books, maps, &c.,

towards the formation of the library. It may not be irrelevant or impertinent for him to remark, that he has devoted nearly thirty years of his life to topographical and antiquarian literature, and that he has had some experience in the formation and delineation of maps and description of places. Knowing that obstacles are often thrown in the way of the best and most sincere plans, he hopes to obviate some by this declaration. He has, lastly, to observe, that he will speedily summon a meeting of gentlemen to adopt resolutions, name honorary officers, and carry forward the proposed society.

"JOHN BRITTON, Hon. Sec., *pro tem.*

"17, Burton Street, May 18, 1830."

I. page 247.

BABY.

AN AUTO-BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR COLLECTED AND EDITED BY W. JERDAN.

"Death sends Truth before it as its messenger."
Romance and Reality, by L. E. L.

Every reader of common sagacity will readily perceive at once how the following auto-biography was communicated; and therefore I will not, as is too much the fashion among authors by profession, trouble them with unnecessary explanation. Suffice it to say, that the authenticity of the narrative is unquestionable; for I had it out of the individual's own mouth, and I have not altered one syllable. Sceptical persons might doubt the existence of those precocious talents which enabled Baby at the early age of twenty-four hours to deliver the painful relation of all its experience and sufferings in this world; but when it is recollected that the human mind often exhibits wonderful phenomena amid the bright glances which precede death, it will be acknowledged that the present memoir is the result of one of these half-mundane, half-celestial illuminations of the spirit.

"My first perception of life," said *Baby*, "or at least the first particular which I consider it fitting to record—for I am

not like a German biographer, who would go farther back, to the very beginning of things—was my being handed from the rough grasp of man into the arms of a filthy old woman. I cannot describe to you the disgust I felt at the hag. Her countenance was most forbidding, her eyes inflamed, her nose reddened towards the tip, and her breath abominably infected with the odours of a transparent fluid called gin. I did not know on inhaling the scent of this offensive compound what it was; but the wretch was determined that I should not long remain in ignorance of its effects either in a gaseous or a liquid form. It was evident from my entrance into the world that this monster entertained a design against my life, and though I resisted with all the energy of a free-born and independent infant, the contest was too unequal, and I finally sunk beneath her machinations and those of my other cruel persecutors.

"The moment I perceived that her intentions were fatal, I set up a squall which you might have heard, in the stillness of the night, quite across the square; but it was utterly disregarded, or made the subject of mockery. 'There's a stout boy,' cried the demon, 'I'll warrant ye, that will expand the bones of his head for him.' My poor head indeed was the immediate object of her attack; for taking another gulp of gin from a glass, and spouting some of the fiery fluid into her hand, she instantly deluged my skull with it, and rubbed with all her might. Oh, the dreadful torture which I endured! The burning substance penetrated through the fontinelle, or mole of the head, to my very brain, and scorched it into agony. I writhed and screamed in vain; and, the paroxysm of madness over, uttered a low and piteous moaning which might have melted the heart of a fiend. But mercy was never meant for me. Conscious of my inherent rights and dignity as a British man-child, and resolved to support both at the expense of my fortune and existence, oppression and tyranny were soon leagued against me, and I was crushed by the foul combination.

"Not yet a quarter of an hour old, the barbarous usage I had undergone was but a prelude to the whole iniquitous course which was systematically pursued against me by all but one being, who, from her affection to me, was exposed to almost equally relentless persecution. My poor mamma, she alone showed any sympathy for Baby; but she was too powerless to afford me sufficient succour in aid of my own brave exertions.

"Finding that the application of the gin, though it turned my brain, did not absolutely destroy me, the old woman, whom they called Nurse (Curse would have been a juster title) endeavoured to kill me in another way. There was a large brown pan in the middle of the appartment filled with tepid water, and into this the murderess plunged me headlong. She thought she could drown me, but again my activity and presence of mind prevailed, and I saved myself from a watery grave by the vigour with which I kicked, and the force with which I squalled. Astonished by my courageous conduct, and baffled in her vile scheme, the tigress was compelled to desist; but if she could not accomplish the murder she could gratify her hellish spite, which she did by taking an opportunity to scrape me from head to foot, more in the manner of a dead pig than a living boy. I was much hurt by this process; my excoriated skin smarted all over, and I could do nothing but cry and howl as if my lungs were bursting. To this natural appeal no attention whatever was paid by my unnatural enemies.

"The next attempt upon me was of a different, but hardly less infamous character. You are aware how they used to treat their mummies in Egypt in the olden time. From this I presume the hint was taken for the new torment practised upon me. Laying me in her lap, the malignant old woman took a long roll of linen and began to swathe me up as if indeed I were a defunct Egyptian, never intended to stir or breathe more on this earth. Round and round did she whirl me; and I never experienced such a sensation of giddiness before, as that which now overcame me. I could frame an idea what it was to be tumbled about, but to be tossed and gyred in this violent manner was too much to be borne. I was, however, reduced to passive endurance by being so tightly bound, and so worn out by the conflict I had inflexibly maintained, that I seemed almost reckless of what was done to me.

"I fancied at last they were going to execute me without the formality of judge or jury, for they put an ugly cap upon my head, and brought a band under my chin and across my throat to strangle me, drawing the ligature even to suffocation. I cannot tell how I escaped, but I did escape this, the third attempt upon my life, within the first thirty minutes of its duration.

"A very few moments' repose being allowed me, I began to

reflect upon my hapless condition. Here was I without a friend in the world who could help me, with a bold and uncompromising spirit it is true, but comparatively weak and defenceless; here was I naked and exposed to the most diabolical malice of foes, who had obviously entered into a conspiracy to make away with me by some means or other. What could I do? to whom could I appeal? there was no one to take my part. But I will not anticipate events; they crowded facts enough into my miserable span, as you shall now hear without being troubled with any reflections upon them.

"Having walked into the world about midnight, I looked at the time-piece on the mantel-shelf, and found that I had been more than two hours in this busy life; but circumstances had crowded so rapidly into that space, and I had been made so utterly miserable by the stirring scenes in which I acted so important a part, that I felt no appetite whatever. On the contrary, I seemed to entertain a loathing for food; my indignation may therefore be conceived when I observed the odious female, to whom I have so often already had occasion to allude, preparing some diet, and evidently for me. I knew it by the scowl upon her countenance, as she took up a bottle and poured some of its contents into a silver teaspoon; my presentiment was almost instantly realised. Seizing me quickly unawares, I had barely a moment to extend my jaws in the act of bawling for assistance, when the gag or spoon was thrust into my mouth, and the whole of its nauseous freight forced down my throat. Scream I could not—a sort of gurgling noise was all that could be heard; I sank back, and thus tasted the first of bitterness my youthful stomach was doomed to receive.

"I have intimated that, like other geniuses, I was born with literary tastes, and a taste for the fine arts. I am sure, had my life been prolonged, I should have turned a celebrated author as well as painter. As it has been decreed, I can only claim the fame of being 'The Little Unknown.' But there was something curious in the coincidence that my earliest acquaintance with literature and painting should be so vastly disagreeable as to consist of my reading *Ol. Ricini* on the bottle whence I had been poisoned, and swallowing that oil which might have been the medium of a nobler production than it was now destined to produce. Mingled with the tints of a Titian, it

might have created an immortal Venus. But I will not pursue the contrast.

"A sense of sickness took possession of me. I asked myself, Is this the food of human beings? Is it for the enjoyment of such delicacies as this that gourmandism and sensuality fill so prodigious an extent in the existence of men? If it be so, how I pity them! Ah! were their palates as pure as mine, how would they abhor and nauseate such indulgences! I am ashamed to own it, but as this is a biography of truth (and I believe the only one ever written), I must confess, *à la Rousseau*, that I internally exclaimed with an oath, 'It is d——d bad.' The recording angel, I trust, considering my provocation, would deal mercifully with this offence.

"Fatigue had now completely exhausted me, and sleep began to steal over my faculties. A yawn was the sign of this soporific condition; and will it be credited that the wretched Nurse would not even permit this natural symptom? She who had violently forced my mouth open for her own cruel purpose, would not suffer me to open it myself, but the moment she saw me seeking this relief, she clapped her finger and thumb under my lower jaw, which she pushed upwards till I thought it would have cracked again.

"Inured to suffering, sleep at length closed my weary eyelids, and I slumbered free from sorrows for awhile. But it was the mere insensibility of tired nature—not a sweet and refreshing repose. Ignorant people, and especially poets, talk of balmy sleep being like an infant's. Bah! they must have forgotten their infancy—the swaddling which precludes free respiration—the other incumbrances of babyhood. For my share I had a horrid dream. I fancied I was put away from the world again, and I could, but I will not, a tale unfold.

"I woke but to fresh troubles, to new and unheard-of inflictions, of which it is almost impossible to state whether the utter nastiness or the barbarity were the most shameful. Like a criminal from the rack condemned to undergo further ordeals, no sooner did the Nurse notice that I was taking a survey of the chamber than she immediately darted upon her prey. From a small skillet or pan she spooned forth a thickish unpleasant substance, whether called pap or gruel I never could learn, for I heard both names applied indiscriminately: and first—oh, beast!—drawing the mess through an ordeal of mouth never to

be forgotten, she poked the revolting spoonful almost into my throat. Reject it I could not; down it went. In flavour certainly not so abominable as my breakfast of castor oil, this my second meal was rendered no less obnoxious by the process of its administration or service. Surely in this instance, whoever sent the meat, the devil inspired the cook.

"The consequence might easily have been foreseen, but it was very hard that, from no excess of my own, I was attacked with cholera—the fashionable name for what my grandmamma in ultra-refinement termed a stomach complaint. But whether called by a learned Greek, a fashionable, or a vulgar name, I was compelled to indure what I had been compelled to incur. I was no volunteer glutton or drunkard: superior to man I had not made the ill of which I had so much to complain.

"Had it not been for the continuance of my malady, I might have fancied that the world was not a perpetual hell. For several hours I was not meddled with. A great piece of flannel was wrapped round my head and shoulders, and I was smothered in the bed, which had something of warmth more consonant to my constituted habits than the cold of a winter night, to which I had been so much exposed.

"A weary period having elapsed, I was removed from my nest. The fire yet burned cheerfully, but the candle had grown to an immense wick with a top like the dome of St. Paul's, and a light dim and flickering. Nurse sat by the fireside in a great arm-chair, smelling more than ever of the beverage which was as the breath of her nostrils; that breath, by-the-by, was ever and anon turned to a deep, but by no means musical diapason. Lying on her knee during one of these naps, I gazed around with that degree of curiosity which new situations commonly excite, for I naturally wished to become acquainted with the manners, habits, and customs of my fellow creatures. The view impressed me with no idea of comfort. Phials with labels about their necks, pipkins, napkins, basins, clothes, chairs, and tables at all sort of angles, &c., &c., seemed so untidy that I could well understand why it was called a sick-room; it was enough to make any body sick.

"As morning approached, two or three maids began to peep in. They giggled, walked on tiptoe, and appeared as highly elated as if each had borne a son of her own. They drank with the Nurse, and carried off some tea and sugar to make breakfast.

One or two of them looked at me, and observed that I was a nasty looking animal. After which they laughed and took a glass, whispering, as far as I could gather, a great deal of impertinent nonsense.

"Carrying me in her arms, the Nurse about this time went towards the window, and quietly withdrawing the curtain, lest my mamma should observe how malignantly she was treating me, exposed me to the full glare of morning. The flash of pain was excessive; instinct shut up my eyes, or I should have been blinded for life. But this was only one of the slightest of the miseries heaped upon me.

"Soon after, my first acquaintance on earth returned, under pretence of inquiring about my health. The villain, in my own hearing, approved of all that had been done to me, and spoke of repeating the same kind of usage, if I presumed to dispute their authority. While he was talking another man came in, who I soon gathered was another ruthless enemy of mine. Indeed I saw now that he was the origin of all my distress—the instigator of my persecution, and like a coward bribed others to commit the crime he had not courage to perpetrate with his own hands. I tried hard to divine what new plot was hatching against me, but could not make it out. I only observed this fellow slip the bribe into the open fingers of the other, who—though called doctor, which is derived from learning—looked smilingly like a murderer, evidently promised acquiescence, and walked away, grinning most diabolically as he conveyed the gold to his pocket.

"The noise, I presume, waked my poor mamma, for she uttered a low noise, and moved slightly on her pillow. Alas! it was but to provoke outrage; the second savage strode up to the bed, and putting his face close to hers gave her a smack, which, though partially concealed, was perfectly audible to my ear. How I longed for a giant's strength to punish the miscreant! but I was condemned to a similar fate. The suffering saint was so accustomed to ill-treatment, that she only smiled faintly and waved her pale hand, when the assassin quitted his prey and advanced towards me. My rage and hatred were inconceivable: I think I could have repelled him had he assailed me alone, but one of his infamous associates was still left to help him; she held me towards him, and he served me exactly as he had served my martyr of a mother. Till then I

knew not the pang she had borne with such patient resignation: of all the pains I had yet encountered it was the most poignant and severe. His chin was armed all over with sharp spears, and short but cutting knives; and these, by a dexterous motion, such as only long practice could have taught the tormentor, he contrived to stab into every pore of his victim's face. I screeched aloud, and I saw the tear come into mamma's eyes; but the others, as before, only made a scoff of my agony. 'He is a charming boy, and your very picture! He is indeed his papa's own!' said the Nurse (as confounded a lie as ever was uttered! and besides, my countenance was so distorted that I was like nothing human); and then Papa chuckled out a horse laugh, and taking out his purse, without the least affectation of secresy, bribed and rewarded his other vile companion.

"A few words passed between them; and again inflicting the torture upon his unhappy and unresisting wife, the flinty-hearted tyrant withdrew.

"I had hitherto preserved considerable resolution under the indignities and dangers of my situation; but the last occurrence depressed me exceedingly. I clearly perceived that the only living creature attached to me by sympathy was exposed to the worst of injuries on that account: I saw that she was broken-spirited and uncomplaining, though decidedly unable to undergo, as I had done, the continued attacks of our adversaries: as a proof of this, I may state, that she took a cup of the oil, which the nurse presented to her, without even kicking or squalling. My soul died within me, and the shock of my feelings, I have no doubt, hastened my own dissolution.

"Well, the day wore on: several women called in for a few minutes, and all seemed of a mind that I ought to be made away with. One advised a second spoonful of oil as the means; another something named Daffy's Elixir; a third, a drop or two of gin—on which the Nurse swallowed a bumper aside, to show, as it were, how it might be taken without flinching. Among the rest, was a very old female, whom they styled grandmamma, because she was dressed in a stately guise: this hideous person disguised herself by putting two round glasses over her eyes, and then came close to me. Oh, the insufferable beldam! a powder, of the most pungent and acrid nature, which she had concealed about her nose till near enough to shake it over my innocent organs, was so cunningly applied that I was not even

aware of the insidious act, till in the midst of fondling the whole catastrophe overwhelmed me. I endeavoured to ease myself by sneezing; upon which the company burst into a titter:—my curse be upon them for their inhumanity.

"By degrees we were left again to night and solitude; but my nerves had been so lacerated, and my constitution so impaired, that it soon became too evident the machinations of the conspirators were likely to terminate to their contentment. Lest it should be too slow, one of them was again sent for—my first worthy friend—and he ordered more poisons to be forced down my throat. In nothing was I left to nature; my very limbs were encumbered as if they had dreaded that being born a *sans culottes*, a *sans culottes* I should die: the inconveniency of this I will not describe. I was born to ill-luck in everything —to good-luck in nothing.

"Flayed, drowned, insulted, incapacitated, smothered, abused, tortured, poisoned, is it to be wondered at that I resigned myself quietly to the prospect of a release? My poor mamma was unhappy, and cried; and the last of the conspirators appeared upon the stage. He was a ferocious looking fellow, with a red face and twinkling eyes; and I suppose he was brought at the late hour from a masquerade as he was dressed in a domino. I fancy he had taken off his mask, but I will not positively assert aught of which I am not sure. Be that as it may, he took a little book from his pocket, and mumbled a few sentences (it would have gratified the literary taste with which I was born had he uttered them distinctly); he then dipped his fingers into some water, and contemptuously threw it in my face. Previous to this, however, there was a dispute among the actors in my tragedy. Mamma said softly, 'Let it be William Frederick Augustus Gustavus: I so love a beautiful name, and one of which he may be proud hereafter.' But my ruthless Papa replied, 'No, it must be Peter Nathaniel, or uncle Peter may be offended, and old Nat. Curmudgeon, who has promised to stand godfather, forget him in his will.' 'Peter Nathaniel,' accordingly exclaimed the black ruffian, when he dashed the water over my piteous countenance.

"It was of less consequence, for the curtain was now about to fall; I felt too weak to resist this last contumely, and submitted to be placed on the bed of my sorrowing parent. She laid me gently on her bosom, and the sight was so affecting that

the bearded barbarian, Papa, seemed to be moved by it. He dropped some consolatory words, and said if anything could restore me that loved bosom would. I was sorry to be obliged to agree with the murderer in any one opinion, though I felt I was fast departing; but in truth this soft and yielding breast was delightful whereon to rest my fevered cheek; I raised my little hand towards it—I threw the latest glance of my closing eye upon it—I drew one draught of nature from its fountain—I uttered one short sigh—I had for one moment tasted an earthly heaven, and for an everlasting heaven I winged my flight."

With this beautiful sentence Baby concluded his autobiography, to which I have only two particulars to add, which I did not introduce into the narration for fear they might interrupt its simple pathos and elegant connexion. When I heard Baby state in the course of it, oftener than once, that he was a genius and born with a natural taste for literature, I thought it right to ask him for a definition of a man—a definition which Plato, and a considerable number of philosophers since Plato, have failed to reach. To this he replied, with wonderful promptitude—

MAN IS A WRITING ANIMAL.

Astonished by this immortal answer, I could scarcely breathe out—"Oh, young but mighty sage! can I perform aught to perpetuate my veneration for the memory of so extraordinary a being?" To which Baby sweetly rejoined, with the humility of a child, "Engrave this distich upon my monument:—

"Since I have been so quickly done for,
I marvel what I was begun for!!!"

Palmam qui meruit ferat.—W. J.

THE END.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

00140789

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 27 February, 2016